The Outlook

Vol. 76 April 2, 1904 No. 14

CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

War and Rumors of War 759
German Southwest Africa 760
French Drastic Legislation 761
Sir Edwin Arnold 762
The Rhodes Scholarships 762
Congress as a Court 763
The Pension Extension Ruling 764
New York Legislation 764
Trees and the City Streets 766
The Greek Play in New York 767
An East Side Social Center 767
The St. Batholomew Conference 768
Richard Strauss 768
The Free Churches of England 769
Protection for the Family 770

EDITORIALS:

An Easter Thought: The Light of Life 771
Make Washington Beautiful 772
The Freedom of Wealth 774
The Papacy in International Affairs 775
The Spectator 776

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

The State Buildings at the St. Louis Exposition 779
By Charles B. Wells
Two War Leaders 786
Portraits and Sketch
Competing with the Saloon 788
By William H. Tolman
Titian's Most Intimate Friend 794
By Paul van Dyke
The Lumber-Jack and His Job 803
By William Davenport Hulbert
Some American Trees 817
By J. Horace McFarland
By Firelight 827
By Agnes McClelland Daulton
April (Poem) 833
By Sara Andrew Shafer
The Makers of the Panama Canal 835
Portraits and Sketch
Easter Morning (Poem) 836
By Edith L. Smith
The Little Still 836
By Margaret Sutton Briscoe
Spring in the South (Poem) 854
By Henry van Dyke

BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

Sabatier's Religions of Authority 846
Our National Military Policy (Upton) 848
Books of the Week 850

The Outlook is a Weekly Newspaper and an Illustrated Monthly Magazine in one. It is published every Saturday—fifty-two issues a year. The first issue in each month is an Illustrated Magazine Number, containing about twice as many pages as the regular weekly issue, and many pictures.

Price.—The subscription price is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is Prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila Samoa, Canada, and Mexico. For all other countries in the Postal Union add $1.56 for postage.

Change of Address.—When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect.

Discontinuances.—If a subscriber wishes his copy of the paper discontinued at the expiration of his subscription, notice to that effect should be sent. Otherwise it is assumed that a continuance of the subscription is desired.

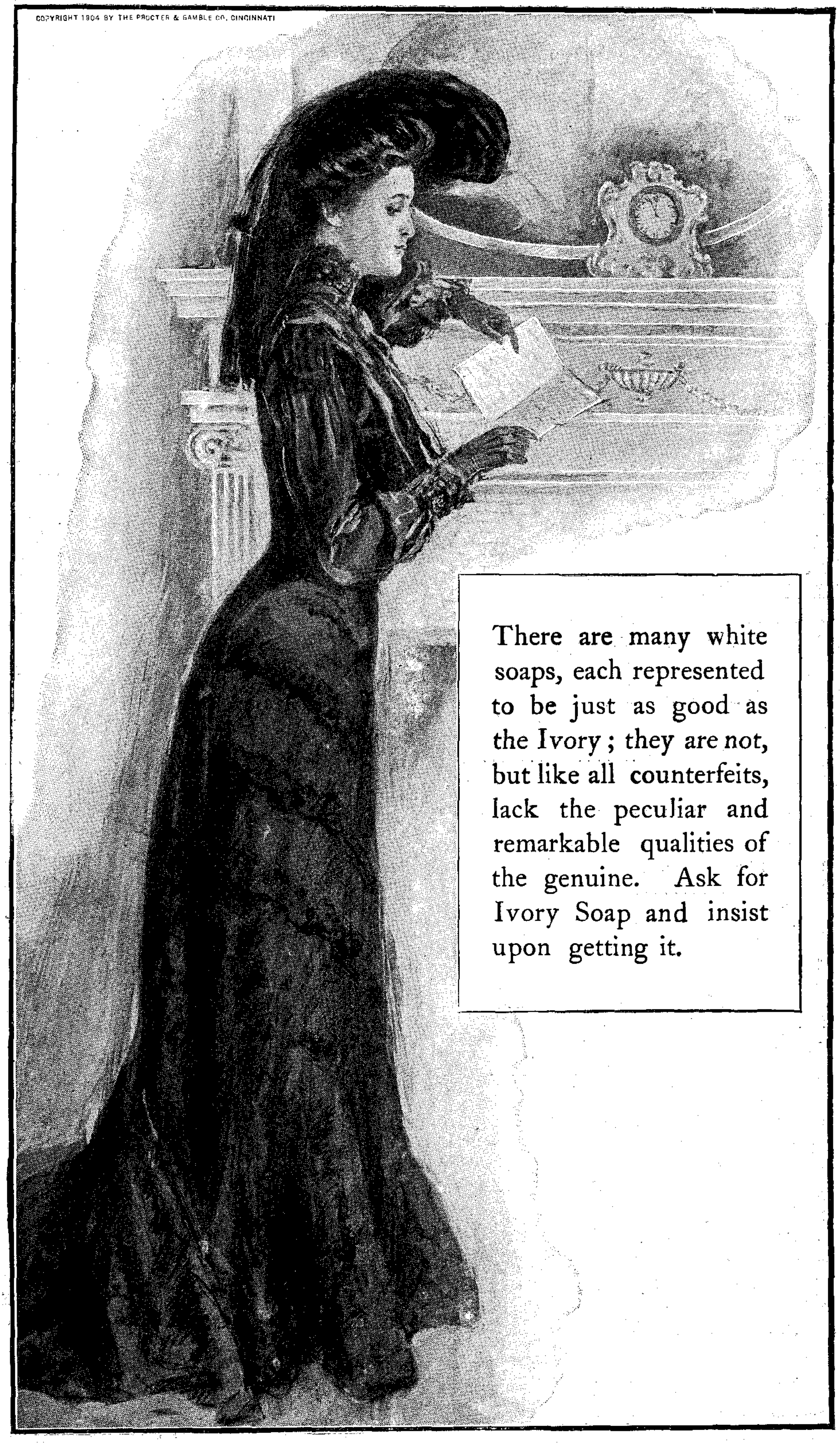
How to Remit.—Remittances should be sent by Draft on New York, Express-Order, or Money-Order, payable to order of The Outlook Company. Cash should be sent in Registered Letter.

Letters should be addressed:

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building
287 Fourth Avenue, New York

Copyright, 1904, by The Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

COPYRIGHT 1904 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI



There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

The Outlook

Published Weekly

Vol. 76 April 2, 1904 No. 14

War and Rumors of War Admiral Togo's fleet again bombarded Port Arthur on March 22. This is counted by some as the fifth bombardment of Port Arthur, although there is a question as to the exact number. An interesting illustration of modern scientific methods of naval warfare is found in the fact that the Japanese fleet lay at a distance of eight miles from the Port Arthur fortifications, and was entirely out of sight of the point attacked, while reports as to the effect of their fire were conveyed to the attacking ships by other Japanese vessels at a distance and within sight of the forts, by means of wireless telegraphy. Another interesting phase of this attack upon Port Arthur was the number of Russian vessels which appeared at the entrance of the harbor. This was stated in Admiral Togo's report to have been five battle-ships, four cruisers, and ten torpedo-boat destroyers. If this account is correct, it shows conclusively either that the Russian ships at Port Arthur have been less disabled than had been supposed, or (and perhaps more likely) that the repair of vessels has been carried on most successfully. Originally there are supposed to have been at Port Arthur seven battle-ships and eight cruisers. The Czarevitch and the Poltava are both still disabled, as appear to be also several of the cruisers. During the past week contradictory despatches have been received from Russia and Japan as to the fate of the cruiser Boyarin, which is confidently affirmed by the Russians to be uninjured, while the Japanese are equally confident that it was destroyed by a mine. The total damage done by the repeated bombardments at Port Arthur is probably not great absolutely, but the moral effect upon the garrison of these repeated attacks may be of some consequence, as the concussion produced by the high explosive shells used is described as stunning, nerve-racking, and demoralizing. Early on Sunday morning of this week another attempt was made by the Japanese to block the channel at Port Arthur by sinking in it four steamships heavily laden and filled with explosives. The attempt was a complete failure; a Russian destroyer, the Silni, crippled one of the steamships and drove it on shore, where it was soon followed by the others. Russian sailors boarded these vessels and at imminent risk cut the electric wires connected with the explosives. The conduct of the Silni's crew was exceedingly gallant; she engaged, according to the Russian account, six of the enemy's torpedo-boats, had about twenty of her own officers and crew killed or wounded, and is said to have caused the loss of two Japanese torpedo-boats. The Russian fleet emerged from the harbor to engage Admiral Togo's vessels, but the latter withdrew.

❀

The Military Campaign There have been some slight clashes of small forces in that region in northern Korea which lies between the Russian main position on the Yalu and the Japanese advanced division on the Anju River, and the despatches toward the end of the week indicated with some positiveness that the Russians have in this intermediate space larger bodies of cavalry than had been supposed. Practically, Korea has only one good road (in the spring especially, most Korean roads are mere mud-holes)—that along which the Japanese advance has been made; but there is a mountain road from Wonsan, a port on the east coast of Korea, across to Pingyang, and it was alleged in Saturday's despatches that the Russians hope to intercept on this road a body of seven or eight thousand Japanese which may have landed some time ago at Wonsan and may be now on its way to Pingyang. Here again, although the St. Petersburg despatches set forth in detail this brilliant scheme of capturing a Japanese force, the lay of the land and the present relative position of the two armies, as will be seen by a glance at any map, makes the likelihood of such an attempt slight. The main discussion of the week has been with regard to the possible field of military action at and near Niuchuang. Amateur strategists from the beginning of the war have thought it extremely probable that Japan would land a large force somewhere south or southeast of Niuchuang, along the coast of the Liaotung Gulf, and advance upon Niuchuang, with the design of cutting the railway to Mukden and thus carrying out a flank movement at a distance and on a large scale in aid of the advance in the Yalu valley. The position is a very peculiar one. Niuchuang itself is a free treaty port, situated in a nominally neutral country, but occupied and partly fortified by the Russians, and really in the field of warfare. Below it, along the western shore of the Liaotung Gulf, lies a strip of territory which belongs to Manchuria and was nominally evacuated by Russia in 1902. Here runs the railway from Peking to Niuchuang, and here several towns, like Shanhaikwan and Kinchou, are apparently well situated to serve as possible bases for Japanese operations. Again and again rumors have stated that the Japanese have landed a force in this vicinity, but in point of fact there is not to-day any evidence whatever that Japan has landed any military force elsewhere than for the advance to the Yalu valley. The Russians clamor loudly that any attempt by the Japanese to land in this strip of territory at the northwest of the Liaotung Gulf would be a violation of neutrality, and that this part of Manchuria is within the neutral Chinese territory as defined by Russia. The force of this clamor, however, is very much broken by the fact that Russia has, it is alleged, constantly scoured this district with her cavalry, and, if she does not actually occupy it, has in no way treated it as neutral ground. The Russians also continue to declare their suspicion of the Chinese forces which have been placed near the Chinese border; but Chinese despatches repeat the intention of the Empire to maintain perfect neutrality, and it is announced that the Empress has positively refused to entertain suggestions made by General Ma, General Mu, and other Chinese commanders that China should now make a formal alliance of offense and defense with Japan.

❀

German Southwest Africa

The situation in German Southwest Africa, where the native troops, now in revolt, have torn up railroads, wrecked many manufacturing enterprises, and are charged with having killed many settlers, is causing great concern in Berlin and is furnishing material for fierce attacks on the Government in the Reichstag, where charges of unpardonable brutality have been made against German officers and troops. The German possessions in southwestern Africa cover a tract about half as large again as the German Empire in Europe. This tract lies on the west coast of Africa, stretching along the coast for nearly a thousand miles, with the Portuguese colony on the north and the English colony at Cape Town at the south. The land along the coast is barren sand for a distance of ten miles inland; then comes a broad plain, and further inland rises a high tableland, with a mountain range of considerable elevation and of several hundred miles width, valuable by reason of its agricultural and mineral resources. Germany was led into this section of Africa through the interest of a Bremen merchant who obtained a concession and established a trading station nearly twenty years ago at Angra Pequeha, about a hundred and fifty miles north of the Cape Colony boundary. A little later this merchant ceded his concession to the German Government, and the German flag was raised for the first time on African soil. Treaties were made with England and Portugal, and the boundaries of the respective colonies marked off. In the southern part of the German colony are tribes of Hottentots; in the north are various tribes, of which the Hereros are the most powerful and warlike. Promising deposits of ore in the northern mountains led to considerable activity in that section, and, after making a treaty with the chief of the Hereros in 1885, the Germans began mining operations. The natives, however, regarded them with great suspicion, and three years later revoked the mining concessions and ordered the colonists, under penalty of death, to leave the country. The German settlers retreated to the coast, and it was not until six years ago that the German supremacy was re-established over the natives.

❀

Cause of Insurrection

The German Chancellor, Von Bülow, stated in the Reichstag three months ago that there was no visible cause for the present outbreak, which has spread from tribe to tribe until practically all the natives have joined in the determination to exterminate the German settlers. These natives are charged with having tortured and put to death whole families of whites; on the other hand, the German officers and soldiers are charged with kindred barbarity inflicted on the natives. It is very difficult to get at the facts. A missionary has written to the Reichstag defending the Hereros against the charges of massacring women and children and the indiscriminate slaughtering of men, and giving the names of a number of women who are said to have been killed, but who, he declares, are alive and well. He says that native Christians have assisted a number of women and children to reach the military stations in safety, and asserts that the Hereros rebelled on account of the oppressions of the traders, the cruelties inflicted on the natives, and the gross immorality of the Germans in their relations with the native women. The missionary charges that the Germans use as an instrument of punishment rhinoceros whips. Prince Prosper von Arenberg, against whom the most serious charges of cruelty have been made during the past few months, has undoubtedly been guilty of the most wanton brutality. It is said, apparently on good authority, that German traders have of late been selling the natives unlimited quantities of goods on credit. These salesmen are generally discharged soldiers who have persuaded the natives to buy until they have involved them hopelessly in debt. The Germans then turned on them, charged exorbitant prices for the goods, with high rates of interest, and compelled them to surrender large herds of cattle and great tracts of land. In this way a whole tribe of about eighty thousand people have become impoverished, and have taken up arms and are trying to drive the Germans out as a matter of self-preservation. Germany has now about two thousand men in Southwest Africa, and is preparing to send further reinforcements. The native population is probably about two hundred thousand, among whom are about four thousand whites—twenty-five hundred German immigrants, and the others chiefly Boer refugees from the Transvaal. It is estimated that the native forces available in the present war number about fifteen thousand. They are officered in some cases by German and Boer deserters and have modern weapons, but are entirely unable to meet the Germans in the open field. So far, Germany has found her experience as a colonizer extremely expensive and unsatisfactory. In twenty years she has spent about $75,000,000 in South Africa and the South Seas, while the trade returns have been very inadequate and the perplexities of government increasingly great.

❀

More French Drastic Legislation

In pursuance of his drastic policy of suppressing the teaching of all monastic orders, M. Combes, the French Premier, has brought in a bill suppressing all schools taught by such orders and forbidding all teaching by monks and nuns, except in private. The bill provides for State schools to take the place of the Church schools which will be closed under it, appropriating about $12,000,000 for that purpose. The bill has been vigorously assailed by a good many members of the Republican group, among them M. Ribot, on the ground of the great expense which the measure will involve and which its critics declare the Premier has understated, and also because it is an encroachment on the liberties of the people. It is urged that the teachers whom it will turn out are citizens as well as monks, and have a right, if they possess the scholastic qualifications, to teach school because they are French citizens. In answering these criticisms M. Combes declares that the teachers whom he proposes to prohibit "deform the minds of French youth." The bill was declared "urgent" two weeks ago by a vote of 310 to 262, and its passage is regarded as assured.

❀

Sir Edwin Arnold Alexander Murray

If Sir Edwin Arnold had died in 1879, after the publication of "The Light of Asia," the event would have been one of almost world-wide interest. No long poem of a similar character has attained such extraordinary popularity in modern times. That point, however, marked the culmination of Sir Edwin's career and the most popular expression of his remarkable talent as a transcriber and translator of thought. He was educated, after the thorough English fashion, at King's School, Rochester, King's College, London, and University College, Oxford, and was the recipient of the Newdigate prize in poetry. Sir Edwin's career was devoted first to teaching in England and India and later to journalism. During his five years' residence in India he became familiar with the religious and philosophical thought of the Far East, and made his first contributions to literature. On his return to England in 1861 he became a member of the staff of the London "Daily Telegraph," and later its editor. His characteristics as a writer of verse were disclosed in his "Song of the Songs of India," which appeared in 1876, and was the first of a series of poems in which he translated into English verse the thought and feeling and religion of the East. He was not in any sense an original poet, but he had a sensitive imagination, great power of assimilation, and extraordinary facility in the use of verse-forms. "The Light of Asia" was one of the earlier of the many popular transcriptions of Oriental thought and feeling into Western speech. It passed through many editions in this country and in England, and contains many very happy passages. Loaded as it is with Oriental names, and with both fact and thought which are often distinctly unpoetic, Sir Edwin showed remarkable dexterity in handling difficult material. It was an idealistic rendering of the Buddhist faith, a poetic exposition of the doctrines of reincarnation and of Nirvana, and a very charming description of Indian scenery and of ancient Indian manners. Perhaps the most popular and in certain respects the best of Sir Edwin's shorter poems is "After Death in Arabia."——A man of much more substantial qualities and acquirements was Mr. Alexander S. Murray, a Greek scholar and student of Greek antiquities of the highest distinction, who died in London last week in his sixty-fourth year. In the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum he was a final authority, to whom all questions were referred as to an arbiter. A Scotchman by birth, he became Curator of the Department of Greek and Roman Antiquities in the British Museum in 1886. His position and his inclination made him not only a generous but a useful friend to the Metropolitan Museum of New York City. Like many other scholars, he was wholly absorbed in his own field, which happened to be one of the richest in the whole range of art. He was not widely known, but he was a man of great attainments who rendered most substantial service to one of the first museums in the world.

❀

The Rhodes Scholarships

The United States Government, through its customs officials, endeavored to do in this port recently what a great many college students have tried to do, sometimes successfully—secure examination papers before the examination day. Dr. George R. Parkin, of Oxford University, arrived on one of the great steamers, bringing with him in a huge envelope, wound with many yards of red tape and sealed with much wax, the examination papers for the ninety-six Cecil Rhodes Canadian and American free scholarships. The customs officers wished to open the envelope. Dr. Parkin declined, and explained that the examination papers would be worthless if the contents of the papers were disclosed before April 13, at which time the examination was to take place. When the identity of Dr. Parkin was established, his statement of the character and contents of the envelope was accepted, and it was returned to him intact. The preliminary examinations will be held simultaneously in all the States and Provinces on the 13th of this month. These examinations, Dr. Parkin explained, are similar to those required at Harvard, with the exception that at Oxford some knowledge of Greek is required. Dr. Parkin said, in an interview, that the American who wishes a technical education should not go to Oxford, that the graduates of the University do not receive a professional but a classical training; and he added, with great pertinence, "Longfellow, Hay, and President Eliot, men of classical education, are just as important in this country as Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. Carnegie. . . . America has become a world-power, and she needs men with the world-knowledge that Oxford can give them." The three chief requisites demanded of the applicants for the Cecil Rhodes scholarships are intellectual and athletic ability and force of character. The men chosen from this country will enter the University next year, and will receive $1,500 a year, which will leave them sufficient balance, living moderately, as scholarship students ought to live, to supply them with means of travel.

❀

Congress as a Court

An impeachment trial by Congress is so rare an event that the proceedings in the case of Judge Swayne, of Florida, naturally attract National attention. By the Constitution Congress is authorized to impeach and try any Federal civil officer. The House of Representatives is charged with the duty of framing the impeachment charges—just as a Grand Jury finds the indictment in an ordinary criminal case—while the Senate is made a high court for the hearing of the charges and the conviction or acquittal of the accused. The penalty does not extend further than removal from office and disqualification to hold any office of honor, trust, and profit under the United States; but the convicted person remains subject to criminal prosecution before State or Federal courts. It has been held by the Senate that a Federal officer cannot escape impeachment by resignation, but a contrary opinion was once rendered by a State Supreme Court. This remedy for offenses by Federal officers provided by the Constitution has not, as a rule, proved effective. The failure of the impeachment trial of President Johnson is only one of several such failures; in point of fact, it is stated that but seven impeachment cases have been held by the Senate during the history of the United States, and of these only two have resulted in conviction. The case against Judge Swayne, as reported to the House by its Committee on the Judiciary, includes charges to the effect that he has not been a resident of the Northern District of the State of Florida, over the Federal Court of which he presides; that he has unlawfully imposed fines and imprisonment in two specified cases; that he unlawfully committed a citizen to prison for alleged contempt of court; that he refused a fair hearing and trial to another citizen, and that he made an appointment of a man whom he knew to be of bad character. The Committee, after examining the facts, which need not be detailed here, declared that Judge Swayne's case was one of gross abuse of judicial power and misbehavior in office; that he has forfeited the respect and confidence of bar and people; that he has violated the law; that he has "so conducted himself as to earn the reputation of being susceptible to the malign influence of a man of notoriously bad character. He has shown himself to be harsh, tyrannical, and oppressive, unmindful of the common rule of a just and upright judge." This is, indeed, a serious indictment, and there seems to be no other way of removing this Judge from office, if the charges are proved, than by the impeachment before Congress which this Committee recommends. A resolution has been introduced by Senator Hoar calling upon the Committee on Rules to report to the Senate whether its rules now permit, or can be so changed as to permit, the referring to a committee of power to take testimony during the summer with the intention to report the testimony to the Senate for the formal trial when the Senate meets in the fall. Congress is evidently desirous of avoiding a trial now, as it would prevent the much-wished-for early adjournment of Congress. In this connection it may be added that the committee of investigation into the standing of Senator Smoot will probably be continued through a special committee during the summer recess, so that no final report of that committee will be made to the Senate until the next session of Congress.

❀

The Pension Extension Ruling

The extension of the scope of pension laws by executive order has attracted a good deal of attention in the country and evoked widespread dissent, which it is earnestly to be hoped will bear fruit in Congressional action. Senator Overman, of North Carolina, secured the adoption by the Senate, without opposition, of a resolution directing the Secretary of the Interior to inform the Senate whether an order has recently been issued enlarging the pension act of June 27, 1890, and amendments as to disabilities of applicants for pensions, and, if so, to send copies of the order to the Senate; and also to furnish information with regard to the amount, if any, the operation of this order will increase pensions annually, especially when the order shall have become fully operative. If the Democrats have the courage of their convictions, they will secure a thorough discussion of this action of the Bureau, not only as regards pensions, but also as regards the proper employment of the executive order. The authority of the President of the United States ought not to be exercised independently of Congress in ordering the payment of money out of the Treasury to citizens not explicitly entitled to such payments under the law, unless in great crises or on a ground which can be easily and conveniently justified. The Outlook is strongly in favor of the most generous treatment of all men formerly in the service of the United States as soldiers who have suffered any real disability as the result of that service, but it is uncompromisingly opposed to a service pension, on the ground, first, that such a giving of money for services rendered for patriotic reasons and on a financial basis understood at the time would be degrading to the men who accept it; secondly, that it would give to men who have suffered no disablement a large sum of money which, if the country wishes to increase its pension appropriation, ought to be divided among those who need this kind of help, in the interests of the men who have suffered and of the dignity of the pension list and for the sake of the veterans of the Federal arms. The assumption that men are incapable of supporting themselves at sixty-two is grotesque when one remembers the leaders in public life and in the professions. The Secretary of the Interior who signed this order is sixty-nine years of age, the Pension Commissioner who is charged with its execution is sixty-three years old, the First Assistant Secretary of the Interior is sixty-seven, the Chairman of the House Committee on Invalid Pensions is sixty-five, the Speaker of the House is sixty-eight, the President of the Senate is seventy-three, and the President of the new Panama Canal Commission, charged with the most onerous and difficult tasks, is sixty-nine. It is a misfortune that the Administration did not consider these things before committing itself to a policy which is open to very serious criticism.

❀

New York Legislation: Gambling

Three bills now before the New York Legislature are of more than local interest. District Attorney Jerome has prepared an amendment to the Penal Code which is known as the Jerome Anti-Gambling Bill. Under the present law the Court of Appeals has decided that an unwilling witness in a criminal prosecution for gambling may refuse to testify, upon the ground that his testimony would tend to incriminate him. In the now famous Canfield gambling-house case the chief witness in District Attorney Jerome's prosecution of Canfield declined to testify, his refusal was sustained by the Court of Appeals, and the indictment had therefore to be dropped. The present amendment proposed by District Attorney Jerome provides that no witness of or participant in a criminal gambling act may be excused from testifying or producing documents in the case on the ground that such testimony will tend to incriminate him. It further provides that no such person shall be prosecuted or punished in any way on account of his evidence. The reasons that have led the District Attorney to desire this modification in the law are very interesting. The notorious Canfield is alleged to have been the proprietor of one of the most expensive, elaborate, and exclusive gambling-houses in the city of New York. His house was raided by District Attorney Jerome, who very justly, it seems to us, takes the ground that the petty criminal gambler should not be punished while the wealthy and powerful violator of the law with social influence behind him goes free. Mr. Jerome believes that with his amendment to the Penal Code he will be enabled to bring into court witnesses of such prominence in the community that he can thus close up gambling-houses which it is impossible for him to reach in any other way. The wholesome effect upon the community of a law so framed that rich and powerful violators shall suffer the same penalties as the poor and uninfluential transgressor is manifest. The debate in the Legislature over the Jerome Anti-Gambling Bill has been of a sensational nature which goes very far towards sustaining the popular opinion that it is often very difficult to reach men of wealth and social prestige through the courts.

❀

Public Parks Public interest and apprehension has been excited by a bill introduced by Senator Dowling which provides for the erection of temporary school buildings in some of the public parks of New York City. Under the express terms of the bill the two great parks—Central Park and Prospect Park—are exempt from this unwise encroachment upon the recreation grounds of the people, but the smaller parks in congested districts of the city may be taken for school buildings. It is true that, pending the erection and completion of new school buildings which are planned, New York is seriously suffering from lack of necessary accommodation for school-children. Undoubtedly, temporary buildings are an urgent necessity, but that necessity can be perfectly well met by the erection of temporary buildings upon city property other than that used for parks and recreation purposes, or upon private property which may be bought for the purpose. New York has increased its park area, especially in the crowded districts of the city, only after great and patient struggles on the part of the people, aided by a few public-spirited citizens of the type of Jacob A. Riis. We can hardly believe that the Board of Education or the city administration will permit the mistake to be made of putting school buildings on park property. New York needs more space for sunshine and air in its crowded city streets—not less.

❀

Unjust Mortgage Taxation The Bostwick bill for the taxation of mortgages brings before the New York Legislature a subject to which The Outlook has called the attention of its readers frequently during the past three years. Under the present law mortgaged real estate is subject to unjust double taxation in this State. The owner pays taxes on the value or assessed valuation of his property, and the holder of the mortgage is supposed to pay the personal tax on the face value of his mortgage. This year that tax amounts to about two per cent. The injustice of this method of taxation is manifest, and its inexpediency in New York City and other large cities of the State is equally patent, for, as a matter of fact, the holders of mortgages to a very large extent succeed, by technical expedients or by actual falsehood, in evading the payment of taxes on these mortgages. As The Outlook has previously said, theoretically the most just method of taxing mortgaged property would be that pursued in California. In that State the mortgagee and the mortgagor each pay their respective shares of the tax on the property. But at present in New York it appears to be impossible to establish this method. The reform aimed at in the Bostwick bill is one which has been recommended by Governor Odell and has been indorsed by such bodies as the New York Chamber of Commerce. In the judgment of The Outlook, it ought to be made a law, because its effect will be to combine a greater amount of revenue with a greater amount of justice than any method thus far devised. The Bostwick bill proposes to make mortgages exempt from all local taxes, but provides a fee of one-half of one per cent., which must be paid at the time of the recording of the mortgage. As all mortgages must be recorded to make them secure, the payment of this tax of five mills on each dollar is practically automatic and unavoidable, and so the conscientious taxpayer is not discriminated against in favor of the unscrupulous taxpayer. Moreover, it is calculated by competent authorities that the revenue to the State from this method will be very much larger than the revenue under the present method, although the rate of taxation is nearly a quarter less. The districts outside of the great cities, where avoidance of the direct taxation of mortgages is difficult, may receive less local revenue under the Bostwick bill than they do now, but they ought to support the measure, since the total tax revenue of the State will really be increased. Opposition to this reform in the taxation of mortgages has, unfortunately, in the past come pretty largely from holders of mortgages who profit by the present method through their dishonorable evasion of any taxation whatever.

⁂

Trees and the City Streets

The attractive report of the Tenement Shade Tree Committee of the New York Tree Planting Association calls attention to a very interesting public-spirited effort to increase the beauty and comfort of the city. The climate of New York in midsummer is at times semi-tropical. The discomforts of the hot temperature are greatly augmented by the radiation and reflection of the rays of the sun from the miles of pavement and the acres of brick and stone surface in the great buildings that line the city streets. In the early days trees in the streets of New York were not uncommon, but such trees as did originally grow outside of the city parks have gradually but surely been destroyed by the tearing up and excavating of streets in the various necessary municipal "improvements" of the last twenty-five years. In its treeless condition New York makes a sad showing in comparison with most of the Continental capitals. This lack of shade, and of rest to the eye, and so of peace to the mind, which the green leaves of a tree give in midsummer, the Tree Planting Association is endeavoring to supply. The Association has proved, by practical success, notwithstanding the pavements, the trolley conduits, the subways, and the vast network of pipes and wires which underlie our city steeets, that trees may be planted and will grow if a little thought and care are given to them. It will probably astonish some of our readers who live in the smaller cities and in country towns where the tree is an essential part of their lives, to learn that fifteen dollars is required for the proper planting and care of a street tree. To plant a tree in a New York street is quite a different thing from setting one out on a lawn or country highway. The stone flagging must be cut and removed, good loam must be put in the place of the unfertile street soil, an iron guard must be erected to protect the tree from passing vehicles or from reckless street passengers, and during the first two or three years of its life the tree must be watched and watered at some expense. Not one of the least useful results of the work of the Tree Planting Association is the cultivation of a love of nature among street children. Each tree planted by the Tenement Shade Tree Committee bears a small enameled sign with this inscription, "This tree is a gift to all children. Be its friend." The Committee has found that the Carolina poplar is the best tree for its purpose; "it is quick-growing, very hardy, and moreover its foliage is enduring and of a beautiful color—a green which Sargent [Professor Sargent, of the Arnold Arboretum] says is unrivaled in all the American forest." The writer of this paragraph, as he looks out of his office window upon the great brick wall which shuts him in, feels like exclaiming, Long life to the Carolina poplar and to the New York Tree Planting Association!

❀

The Greek Play in New York

The performance of the "Ajax" of Sophocles by members of five East Side Greek Settlements in this city last week was a unique and interesting event at the close of the dramatic season. It is a revival rather than an innovation in the way of Greek tragedy in the original in New York, for twenty years ago brilliant assemblies applauded Mr. George Riddle's production of "Œdipus Tyrannus." It is safe to say that the large and representative audiences which filled Clinton Hall were vastly more interested in the manner of interpretation than in the unfolding of the plot, which deals, in brief, with the madness and death of Ajax after his overthrow by Odysseus, the dispute between Teucros, Menelaos, and Agamemnon over the disposal of the body, and its final burial with honor through the pity of Odysseus, his victorious rival. The representation throughout was marked by earnestness and sincerity; the lines were delivered rhythmically, accompanied by simple and effective gesture. The last half of the tragedy, after the death of Ajax, far exceeds the first part in interest and dramatic power. With the exception of a musician, a lawyer, and a physician, all the actors are men who earn their living in the workshop, the factory, the store, and on the street, while dreaming dreams, seeing visions, and looking forward to wider opportunities in the land of their adoption. It is worthy of note that these Greeks possessed not only the imagination to enter sympathetically into the spirit of one of the great masterpieces of literature, but were also able to present it in such a way as to give genuine enjoyment to an audience of cultivated people. In the final words of the chorus, "Many things shall mortals learn by seeing; but before he sees, no man may read the future, or his fate."

❀

An East Side Social Center

The theater in which the play was given is in some respects as interesting as the performance itself. Clinton Hall is a five-story building of colonial design on Clinton Street, near the entrance to the new East River Bridge. That quarter of the city is one of its most crowded sections. The streets teem with children, young men and women, peddlers' carts, and moving groups of people day and night. Small shops and crowded tenements of foreign aspect line the way. Clinton Hall has been erected by the Social Halls Association of New York. While this Association is incorporated on a business footing, and proposes to so conduct Clinton Hall and other similar buildings erected by it that the earnings shall return a fair rate of interest to the investor, a social purpose is at the basis of the enterprise. Clinton Hall contains two restaurants—one where men can smoke—halls for dancing, lodge and club rooms, bowling alleys, billiard-rooms, a roof garden, and an audience hall. The main hall, in which "Ajax" was performed last week, is rented for theatrical performances, weddings, balls, and other social festivities. It is really a charming assembly-room, and would be so considered if it stood on upper Broadway. The *foyer*, or entrance hall, is attractive, and the restaurant is dainty in every appointment. The influence of such a building upon the social and art life of the community in which it stands can hardly be overestimated, and the plan and impulse which are behind the enterprise are admirable, and it deserves the fullest success. It will be a good thing for the entire city if the Social Halls Association can make Clinton Hall so successful as a business enterprise that similar buildings may be erected for the same purposes by the Association in other quarters of the city.

The St. Bartholomew Conference

"Perhaps the most comprehensive and most important conference of ministers representing the churches of the United States ever held in this city," in the words of Bishop Greer, was held on March 23 at St. Bartholomew's Parish House in New York. The delegates present represented the Protestant Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal (North and South), Reformed, Lutheran, Baptist, Congregational, and the Reformed Presbyterian Churches, and included some of the most prominent church leaders in the United States. The purpose of the gathering was to take some action with regard to the prevalence of divorce. Two ideas lay behind this purpose: one, the idea of bringing about a more uniform legislation on the subject throughout the United States, either by co-operation between the States or by amendment to the Federal Constitution; the other, the idea of bringing about a more uniform practice on the part of the churches. With regard to the former no definite action was taken. Objection to a Constitutional amendment was raised on the ground that any resulting Federal law, since it would be almost inevitably in the nature of a compromise, would probably be more lax than the best of the State laws. As regards effecting more uniform laws among the States, a committee was chosen to prepare an appeal to the public; it was plain, however, that the churches would gain more influence if first they should make more uniform their own practice. To that end the following resolution was passed, with but one dissenting vote:

> *Resolved*, That, in recognition of the comity which should exist between Christian Churches, it is desirable, and would tend to increase the spirit of Christian unity, for each Church represented in the Conference to advise, and, if ecclesiastical authority will allow, to enjoin, its ministers to refuse to unite in marriage any person or persons whose marriage the ministers have good reason to believe is forbidden by the laws of the Church in which either party seeking to be married holds membership.

This Conference is likely to have a position of some historic importance in two respects: first, as a step toward higher ideals regarding divorce; second, as a step toward real church unity. The evil of ill-regulated divorce is one that strikes at the foundation of the State, which is the family. No expression of remonstrance against this evil can be insignificant. There are already societies organized to combat it. But necessarily such societies are composed of people who are especially concerned in the problem, and who therefore lead rather than constitute public opinion. The churches, on the other hand, are to a great extent representative of the people at large. And when they unite in emphasizing an idea, their action tells something of the state of public opinion in general. As a step toward church unity, the action of this Conference will be hailed by every one who is disturbed at the warring of sects. It also is an illustration of the fact that church unity is being brought about less by agreement in doctrine, or by organic amalgamation, than by concurrent action in practical matters that concern the Christian ideal.

❀

Dr. Strauss Triumphant

To be the most talked about of all present-day composers, to be the center of several circles variously made up of the jeering, the worshiping, the judicial, and the merely bored, to succeed in eliciting from the same people at one moment expressions of praise and respect, at another exclamations of disappointment and even disgust—this has been the experience of Dr. Richard Strauss in America. In Cleveland and Pittsburg he was entertained by admirers. In Morgantown, West Virginia, he was the recipient of honors seldom accorded to any man (even an office-holder), doubly significant when shown to a man as an artist; banks, shops, and schools were closed, the Governor of the State made a journey expressly to greet him, the Pittsburg Orchestra was brought to the city to perform a concert under his direction, the cadets of the State University acted as his escort, and the freedom of the city, symbolized by a banner inscribed in gold and a cut-glass key, was presented to him by the Mayor and the City Council. That this ovation was made possible by the energy of a single Strauss enthusiast simply shows how much unsuspected musical appreciation there is in the American people which only needs cultivation; for this occasion was not a sudden spectacular outburst, but the natural outcome of a course of musical training carried on in the community by the dean of the local music college. Undoubtedly such an ovation betokens capacity for enjoyment rather than ability to discriminate; but art must always be enjoyed before any specific works of art can be judged. As for that, Dr. Strauss has had his share of criticism, severe criticism too, especially in New York.

❀

The Two Strausses The event in New York during the "Strauss festival" which more than any other called forth this criticism was the performance on March 21, for the first time anywhere in public, of the "Symphonia Domestica." It is a huge work, lasting nearly an hour and requiring somewhat more than all the forces of a modern orchestra. It is supposed to express the experiences of "mamma, papa, and baby" (not to mention two aunts) in their experiences during a day at home. The baby is disciplined, washed, and put to bed; "papa," who is Dr. Strauss himself, and "mamma" discuss the method of the child's education, and there is a disturbance of some sort—interpreters differ as to whether it is a thunderstorm or an instance of "papa's" method of composing his own music. At this first performance Dr. Strauss merely hinted at a "programme," because, so it was said, he wanted the Symphonia judged as a piece of absolute music. One ecstatic admirer declares the result a proof that such music requires a "programme" in order to be understood. This is as if a painting by Corot could be appreciated only after reading a printed description of the ten-acre lot depicted. Dr. Strauss is supposed to attempt being droll in his music. After listening to this composition, however, one questions whether Dr. Strauss possesses a sense of humor. A day at home represented in sound that could not be more emphatic if it set forth the Dies Iræ is a sad joke. In striving to avoid conventionality Dr. Strauss generally succeeds in merely inventing new conventions. Many passages of greatest contrapuntal complexity and most ingenious orchestral distortion have a commonplace effect much like that, as one hearer expressed it, of "chord on g, one, two, three, four, chord on c, one, two, three, four." Really there are two Strausses, Richard and the Doctor. With or without a programme, Dr. Strauss may be an "extraordinary philosopher and psychologist" (we quote an admirer again), but he is no more of an artist than, say, Doré. But Richard Strauss is quite different. He gave a recital of his songs with his wife as soloist and himself as accompanist. He played with an ease and mastery that irritated some critics because there was no sign of display. To the sympathetic hearer, on the other hand, it seemed as if he and his wife were entertaining friends in their own music-room. The songs are almost without exception primarily beautiful and only secondarily ingenious. Occasionally Dr. Strauss seems to have been a collaborator of Richard Strauss, and then the hearer exclaims, "What a baffling change of tonality!" In turn Richard Strauss sometimes assists the Doctor in writing an orchestral work, and the hearer exclaims, "What a flash of beauty!" But in general it may be said that Richard Strauss writes songs and has written some instrumental music of absolute beauty, while Dr. Strauss constructs psychological-orchestral-tone-productions.

❀

The Free Churches of England This year's meeting of the National Council of the Free Churches of England, held last month at Newcastle, afforded a large outlet for the indignation to which the impolitic Education Act has roused full half of the people of the country. That the opposition to it is not limited to the Free Churches was evidenced by the speech of an Anglican, Sir George Kekewich, who affirmed that he represented thousands of the laity and hundreds of the clergy of the Established Church, in opposition to the Act, and urged the Free Churches to carry on their fight against it. Mr. James

Bryce, in Mr. Gladstone's time a Cabinet Minister, declared that the settlement of the controversy must include two things—absolute equality between the Free Churches and the Church of England, and absolute control of the schools by the people. The warmth of feeling on this subject may be estimated by the fact that during the past nine months over thirteen thousand have been brought into court for refusal to pay taxes for sectarian teaching, and their goods distrained in consequence. As indicative of the spirit animating these "passive resisters," one of The Outlook's warm friends, a lady over eighty years of age, and quite infirm, rather than pay seventy cents as a tax at which her conscience revolted, preferred to be summoned to court, make public protest there, and incur costs of $3.65. A few cases of exorbitant severity, as stripping five rooms of furniture to meet a tax of $3.65, serve to accentuate the general resentment. A considerable section of the council cheered the President, the Rev. F. B. Meyer, upon his declaration that religious teaching in the schools should be eliminated altogether, rather than that it should be given by the Romanizing clergy. Mr. Meyer's address pressed the duty of Christian men to engage in political action against crying public evils. Social and political questions are more freely treated in such meetings in England than in church assemblies in this country. On this occasion the gambling evil was discussed, and the enforcement of law against it demanded; the Government was called upon to discharge England's duty to oppressed Macedonia; the recent legalization of Chinese coolie labor in South Africa was denounced—all in formal resolutions. On the last-named subject Dr. Watson ("Ian Maclaren") spoke strongly in an address on "The Coarsening of National Ideals" through the commercialism of the time, declaring it a national shame that Parliament had sanctioned "a measure for creating a body of serfs within the Empire to increase the gains of a wealthy industry." The religious spirit animating the treatment of public questions seems to have appeared in the rapt attention with which the Council listened for sixty-five minutes to Dr. Fairbairn's sermon on "Salvation by Grace through Faith."

⁂

Protection for the Family

Among the more important agencies at work for social betterment none are more important, as going to the root of the matter, than those that care for the social unit—the family. In this line, though with a deplorably inadequate treasury, the National League for the Protection of the Family is accomplishing much, and its reports are widely sought for by students of sociology. Its twenty-fourth report records a decided growth of public interest. Fifteen States, with Alaska, Arizona, and the District of Columbia, show by a variety of recent enactments a general tendency toward uniformity of legislation for the safeguarding of the family. Pennsylvania, in particular, has adopted and amplified in a law concerning marriage licenses some excellent provisions of the German marriage laws that are worthy of general imitation. On the other hand, the proposed Uniform Act on Divorce, drafted several years ago, remains untouched by the Conference of State Commissions on Uniform Legislation. Of the nine States that publish divorce statistics annually only Connecticut seems to be effecting much reduction of the divorce rate. Insanity as a legal cause for divorce has been for some years disappearing, but Utah has recently added it. To an account of the Rhode Island experiment for harmonious action of the clergy in the matter of marrying divorced persons the pertinent comment is added that "it is not wise for the Church to permit the State to outstrip it in efforts to reform itself." A new ally of the League has appeared in the Religious Education Association with its Home Department. An important suggestion is that the Home Department of the Sunday-School, devised by the Secretary of the League in 1885, and now with hundreds of thousands in its membership, should be supplemented by a Home Department of the Church to secure the proper engagement of the home in the activities of the church. The increase of crime and lawlessness is turning attention to the fact that low domestic morals are a prolific root of all evils, and the urgent need of attacking them at this root. This valuable report and kindred literature may be had of the Secretary, Dr. S. W. Dike, Auburndale, Massachusetts, to whom stamps for postage to applicants will be acceptable.

❀

An Easter Thought

The Light of Life

There is no record of the earliest appearance of the idea of immortality; it is older than the oldest history. For many centuries men have known that death was an illusion—somber, appalling, often heartbreaking, but nevertheless an illusion; not the end of the drama, but the darkening of the stage while the scenes are shifted that another act may begin under a fairer sky in a happier country. In the far-off past, when men were looking at the world for the first time with conscious intelligence, they knew that those who went out of their homes did not go out of existence, but waited, dim and shadowy, on the boundaries of human life, or haunted invisibly the places they loved, or lingered, melancholy and hopeless, but still conscious, in worlds as shadowy as themselves. In the beautiful fancy of the Japanese, those who have vanished from the ways of life come back at times to their old homes, bringing a deep and tender peace with them. To them, as to the Chinese, the worship of ancestors means that the dead have not only not ceased to be, but have gone over to join the greater and freer spirits who live the larger and diviner life. The Greek saw in every return of spring, when the tide of life came flooding back, the hint and sign of immortality, and treasured his great hope behind the veil of the mysteries into which only the initiated were admitted. Savage and highly developed races have shared alike in the revelation of immortality, and every race, according to its insight and culture, has given form and speech to this sublime idea. The belief in what the scientists call the persistence of force is apparently instinctive; men do not conceive of an end of the power they feel within themselves until they have become cynical or introspective or critical in their attitude toward life.

The pale figure which haunted the antique imagination dimmed the light but did not extinguish it; the living knew that those who had parted from them, and whose ashes were piously guarded in memorial urns, could still be reached and affected by the affection and devotion of the living. Antigone, the type of sisterly self-sacrifice, faced death that she might give her brother's shade rest; and Ulysses talked in the underworld with the heroes who fell by his side on the plain of Troy. The morbid and saddened imagination of the Middle Ages saw death as a grim and repulsive skeleton, the touch of whose icy hand meant the passing of earthly happiness, the solitary journey of Everyman, the awful loneliness of the descent into the grave, the judgment seat beyond.

To the freer modern mind, in the fuller and richer modern life, death is no pale ghost summoning the living to leave the light and warmth of the sun and wander disconsolate along the boundaries of being; no grim and ghastly skeleton coming unbidden to the feast and in the happiest hour summoning the trembling spirit to its last accounting. The dim shadow and the terrible destroyer have vanished, and in their place has come the great, benignant, mysterious figure of Mr. Watts's "Love and Death." The passionate defense of Love, wild with grief, cannot hold the door against the irresistible strength of the messenger; but in that great form, towering above the helpless defender, pressing upon the door with a purpose that cannot be stayed, there is no malice, no antagonism; there is a noble dignity as of one come from heaven, the minister of an authority to which all doors must open, and of a wisdom as tender as it is fathomless, by which the immortal spirits of men are forever guarded from harm. "You may kill us," said an early Christian martyr, "but you cannot harm us." There is often heartrending sorrow in death, for it brings appalling loneliness with it; but there is peace, fulfillment, the joy of the perfect life.

What men in the earliest stages dimly divined, and men of a larger culture hoped for and expressed in noble dreams, Christ brought to light. Death was as much of an illusion before as after his resurrection; but that which was vaguely felt or poetically conceived became, in his triumph over the grave, a historical fact which transformed a little group of weak, vacillating men, who shared the moral blindness of their race, into a company of heroes eager to bear witness in all places and ready to face death in all forms. They hoped and dreamed no more; they knew, and in the certainty of their knowledge they spoke as those who had put their fingers into the places where the spear pierced and the nails were driven, who had heard the voice speaking that for three long days was silent, and had seen him walking who was wrapped in grave-clothes and laid in a sepulcher.

In their early conscious life men felt that they were not born to die, and that death was not an ending but a changing of the course, because they were dimly conscious of the indestructible force within them. In every later age men have been compelled to make the same great inference to satisfy reason and to appease the heart; for if we are but the dust of the earth become conscious for a time, life and the world are alike incomprehensible. In these later days a deeper process of thought and a wider observation have affirmed that no force ceases to be. And One has lived who died as all men die and was buried, and came out of the sepulcher not only with the light of life undimmed within him, but so visibly holy and immortal that they who were most familiar with him fell at his feet and worshiped him.

The light has come, and the faint stars of early hope and dream have faded from the sky; but mists and shadows still linger about the places where men toil and suffer, and many who sit in the darkness of closed rooms and silent homes cannot, at the moment, see the brightness of the sky above them. Not until the first long hours of loneliness have passed will they open the windows and doors and look up at the heavens. On every Easter day there is a new group of mourners, for there are newly made graves over the whole earth. To those who cannot hear the notes of joy in the Easter bells for memory of the recent sorrow these tones bring with them, the Christ comes, not with reproach, but with infinite patience and tenderness. He knew not only the victory at the tomb, but also the sadness of Gethsemane; he remembers that human hearts, with all their weakness, have also the power of deathless affection. He knows that while to him the hope of immortality is a massive causeway glowing with lights spanning the blackness of the river, to us it is a crossing of stepping-stones, of which we see but one at a time as we pass down into the darkness and mystery of the stream which none save he has ever recrossed.

❀

Make Washington Beautiful

When the Senate Commission on the Improvement of the District of Columbia made its report two years ago, its recommendations met with a practically unanimous indorsement throughout the country, and its suggestions as to the gradual development of the Mall between the Capitol and the Washington Monument were pronounced particularly happy. The fact that the principle on which its detailed plans were based was a return to the original plan of Washington, Jefferson, and L'Enfant struck a responsive chord, and the proof of the possibilities of their scheme gave just foundation for the sentiment. It may seem odd that, while the report was presented January 15, 1902, Messrs. Saint Gaudens, Olmsted, Burnham, and McKim, who composed the Commission, were not called before any Congressional committee until March 12, 1904. As a matter of fact, however, there has been no serious need for their presence, as during its session last year Congress made distinct headway in providing means for securing the key to the entire improvement. That key is the removal of the Pennsylvania Railroad's tracks from the Mall, now assured, an improvement that, with the expense of the erection of the new Union Station, will cost $11,000,000, of which Congress provided $4,000,000. The importance of this action cannot be overestimated. The Mall is to be the central feature of the whole development. The Commission gave its detailed dimensions most careful study, and finally decided on the dignified scheme of a tapis-vert in the center, three hundred feet in width, flanked on either side by four rows of American elms, the whole width being eight hundred and ninety feet; Government buildings are plotted to front on the Mall thus created. It was obvious that if the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks, which stretched directly across the Mall, were permitted to remain, the whole scheme was impossible of fulfillment. Yet there was some danger that the House of Representatives would not act because of an unfortunate omission when the Commission was formed. The Senate alone authorized its appointment, the services of the members of the Commission being paid for out of the Senate's emergency fund. When the Commission made their report, the members of the House expressed considerable discontent and annoyance, apparently because no credit was due the House. But the finding of ways and means to carry out a public plan is much more difficult than its suggestion, and, apparently realizing that therefore its share of the credit will be at least equal to the Senate's, the House wisely chose to ignore the irritation and took the initiative referred to. But now this notable beginning, secured a year ago at this expense of several millions, may go utterly for naught.

There is serious danger that the new building of the Department of Agriculture may be placed on the south side of the Mall so that it will jut into it one hundred and fifty feet, far enough to block completely the four rows of elms on that side. A location was plotted for it by the Commission on the north side, where there is abundant room for it, and where it will add greatly to the dignity and beauty of the Mall, and will itself have an adequate setting. It is known that President Roosevelt favors this situation, but it is thought that the Secretary of Agriculture is somewhat inclined to the other. In order to prevent such encroachment on the space to be occupied by the Mall, by this or any other building, Representative Powers and Senator Newlands have introduced in their respective branches of Congress identical bills, providing that no building shall be erected within four hundred and forty-five feet of a line drawn from the center of the dome of the Capitol to the center of the Washington Monument. The Senate Committee called the members of the Commission and others before it on March 12, and, after a lengthy hearing, reported the bill favorably. The House Committee has not yet indicated its intention. Unless that intention is to act favorably, the Commission and other representatives of the entire country should be given a hearing. The development of Washington is distinctly a National matter. Not only do the eight hundred improvement associations throughout the country look to Washington for their ideal, but every patriotic American desires that the Federal City shall represent in a reasonable way the noblest type of civic beauty that the country can conceive. It is of the utmost concern to all Americans that Washington be made a beautiful city. As a rule, American cities are extremely ugly, and the time is not far distant when Americans will revolt against the ugliness of urban surroundings. So far, ugliness must be excused on the ground of ignorance; but Congress will not have that excuse if it condemns the Capital to permanent disfigurement. Paris had to be reconstructed by the process of Haussmanization—a process costly enough. Owing to the foresight of Washington and his fellow-planners, the city of Washington needs no radical reconstruction. But, if a harmonious result is to be produced, the original plans of the city, as developed by the Commission, must be adhered to consistently. Surely the House of Representatives will not permit its own splendid initiative to be frustrated by the location of the Agricultural

Building or any other structure on the Mall. The passage of the Powers-Newlands bill will tend to insure the gradual development of the Mall on dignified and beautiful lines. The bill ought to pass.

❀

The Freedom of Wealth

Mr. Carnegie's gift to Tuskegee, not long ago, with its avowed purpose of freeing Dr. Booker T. Washington from anxiety as to the future support of his family, so that his whole powers may be undividedly given to his great work for his race, was a suggestive gift. Wealth can set a man free to serve; we see it exemplified here. Can it also set him free from the obligation to serve?

In this world of ours, as at present constituted, the majority of us have to spend most of our time working for a living. In working for a living, also, we find ourselves largely dependent upon the wills and ideas of others, and of the community at large. We are not free either as to our time or our purposes. Instead of wide plans, we have to make narrow ones; instead of hours and days, minutes are all we have to spare. Those of us who want to do unselfish works of service are often restricted to very small efforts in such lines. We have to fall back, in the end, on the evident truth that, in so far as we do our own particular personal bit of the world's daily drudgery honestly and cheerfully, we thus, in that measure, help to accomplish the work of the world rightly. Our work withholds us from liberty of action; but, at the same time, it absolves us from the responsibilities of an unchartered freedom.

The rich enter into this freedom. When a man no longer has to work for a living, but only for superfluities and power, he has left the wholesome absolutions of necessity behind. Others must toil; his hours and days are his own. Like the feudal vassal who commuted forced personal service by a money payment, his fortune sets him free. But free for what? The world releases him from its obligations of drudgery. But can he be freed from the divine obligation of service? Service, somewhere, somehow, he was created for, and from this law he can never be exempted. He is free to serve—to do the unpaid, ungrudging higher services of men to their race. He has been called up higher; but the obligations of duty are not removed.

In practice, however, what generally happens? When a man has enough to live on, instead of stopping the intensity of his daily work, he often keeps it up for the sheer pleasure of making more money, or adding luxuries to personal or family life. It is a commonplace of observation that many a man labors on when his gains are far beyond normal requirements, in order that social ambitions may be realized by his household. His wealth does not free him; it only piles more baggage on his back as he travels on in the world. He has not even the excuse of working for a living, no matter how hard he works. He is working for luxuries which inevitably corrupt and derange life; and good cannot come to him, his family, or the world from such a viciously false state of things.

Or, higher still, comes the man whose fortune bulks too large to leave him any excuse for continued toil at all. He administers his millions, and makes his money payments to the world—charities, educational gifts, and so on. But his personal service—not at all. He practically repudiates the idea. Not liberty to serve, but license to live at ease, is what he expects his riches to bring him. Made free to serve, he evades the obligation as a matter of course. Yet even he, at times, has an uneasy sense of possible accounting. A certain lawyer the other day, drawing up the will of such a multi-millionaire, suggested to him that, in view of probable newspaper criticism after his death, it might be well to leave at least one large bequest to charity. His client nodded. "I guess you're right. You know more of such things than I do, so just put down a million for any charity you please, and then let's get down to business."

The outcry against wealth in these days of the greatest wealth the world has ever seen has this solid truth behind it—that riches that commute personal service by money payment, or repudiate it altogether, are corrupting to social and national life. It is this aspect of wealth that the Gospels rebuke, with a direct rebuke that Christianity cannot afford to explain away. But where riches are used, loyally and personally, to render large and far-reaching service, beyond the power of ordinary men, there should be none so foolish as to object to the fortune or its possessor. It would be hard to imagine, for example, any criticism of Miss Helen Gould's fortune or services. Wealth, subject to this law of liberty, is a sociological blessing, not a sociological danger. Is it a baseless dream that in an educated class, thus set free for social service, America may yet produce a new nobility, far higher than any selfish aristocracy, greedy of personal luxuries, that the world has ever known?

❀

The Papacy in International Affairs

Recent events in Europe have made it plain that the Papacy is an important element in international politics and that the Roman Catholic Church must be reckoned with by all the Great Powers. The policy of Leo XIII. was so broad and modern, as compared with that of his predecessors, that a working reconciliation was effected between the Papacy and modern society, which, wherever it is active and powerful, is essentially democratic. Pius X. is a man of a different type from his predecessor. He has had very little direct contact with the world outside Italy; but he is not only a religious man in the true sense of the word; he appears also to have a stock of common sense, a practical sagacity, and a catholic temper which are likely to make him wise in dealing with other countries and races.

It was not the fault of Leo that France arrayed itself by legislative action so definitely against the teaching of Catholic religious orders. If the Catholic clergy in France had been as wise as the Pope, and carried out in good faith the policy which he urged upon them, it is highly probable that the present acute stage of friction between the Government and the Church would not have been reached. That the Ministry of M. Combes has gone too far, and that its measures have been too drastic, is the judgment of many of the best friends of France among Protestants; but it is undeniable that the attitude of many of the leading ecclesiastics in France has been irritating in the last degree, and that many ecclesiastical teachers, departing entirely from the attitude urged upon them by Leo, have been instilling reactionary principles into the minds of their pupils, and prejudicing them against the Republic. The public disapproval of the drastic repression of teaching by religious orders recently expressed by Pius X. was a necessary result of recent legislation; no Pope could have taken any other ground. But there seems to be no question that a great majority of Frenchmen are supporting the policy of M. Combes, and that the proposed law of congregations, inaugurated some time ago for the purpose of extirpating the teaching of religious orders, will be adopted. In every case in which this question has been before the Chamber of Deputies the Government has held its majority, the only exception being the modification of the term during which the provisions of the bill shall be carried out—the period of ten years having been substituted for the period of five. There is every prospect at present that the bill will become a law in the near future; and if, as is anticipated in some quarters, the Ministry of M. Combes should fall, its fall will not be due to disapproval of its legislation, but to the growing disaffection of his supporters among the Socialists, who are angry with the Premier because of his failure to carry through legislative action providing for pensions for superannuated workmen.

France has long been the protector of Catholic Christians in the Far East, and the Vatican is likely to be slow in taking an extreme position toward the French Government, because no country can do what France has done except England or Germany, and both these countries are Protestant. Another consideration which is likely to hold the Papacy back from complete rupture with

France is the probability that any further irritation would lead to the abolition of the Concordat, the continuance of which French ecclesiastics seem to consider essential to the interests of the Church and of religion. The Radicals of all shades in the Chamber of Deputies would welcome any attitude of the Papacy towards the Republic which would justify them in moving for the abolition of the Concordat.

Germany, on the other hand, is bent on securing the best possible understanding with the Papacy. When Bismarck declared, early in the seventies, that he would not go to Canossa, he undoubtedly meant what he said; but twelve or thirteen years later events compelled him to go to Canossa, and the practical politician, with his usual disregard for consistency, quietly ignored his declaration and reversed his policy. That reversal was brought about by the necessity of securing Roman Catholic support against the growing Socialistic party. At the last election that party cast about 2,500,000 votes, and made an immense gain in representation in the Reichstag. Against this rapidly growing movement, which expresses, not antagonism to the Emperor or to the monarchy, but antagonism to the military system, to heavy taxation, and to extreme restriction of freedom of action, the Roman Catholics who form the Centrum in the Reichstag have become not only very valuable but indispensable allies. For the Roman Catholic Church is a great force for conservatism in the modern world. A high American authority has said that it is the most valuable police or regulative force in modern society. It is allied by instinct and by policy with all groups which stand for the sanctity of the home, for the inviolability of marriage, and for social stability and order. It was for this reason more than any other, probably, that Bismarck finally went to Canossa, and it is for this reason, under still greater pressure, that the last remnant of the Falk laws was recently erased from the statute-books.

Germany has great interests and great ambitions in the East, and the Emperor is one of the shrewdest and most far-seeing rulers of the day. He has shown in many ways his desire to be on the best of terms with the Pope; he has visited Rome, and he has been cordially received at the Vatican. The restrictive laws enacted in Germany in 1872 and in 1873, followed by the expulsion of the Jesuits from that country, by the arrest of bishops and the closing of churches, have been erased one by one from the statute-book, and Germany is now in a position to take the utmost advantage of the coolness between the French Government and the Papacy. She would like to be the protector of Catholic Christians throughout the East in exchange for the support of German Catholics against Socialism. France will not willingly give up a position which she has held for many decades, nor will the Papacy willingly cast off French support in the East. It is difficult to see how the service which France rendered to Catholics could be rendered by either Germany or England. In any event, the great importance of the relations of both France and Germany to the Papacy evidences the reality of the power of the Roman Catholic Church in modern Europe, and evidences also the extraordinary success of the statesmanship of Leo XIII.

❀

The Spectator

It was at the dog show some time since, amid an almost deafening babel of tongues, that the Spectator met a friend he had not seen since the college days of more than twenty years ago. There was no need to ask whence this old friend came. His dress told the story as plainly as words could have done. He was from the further Middle West, just east of the Rocky Mountains. How did the Spectator know so surely? The Spectator confesses that he cannot tell. Can one tell in words the difference between the fragrance of peaches and grapes? Maybe so, but the Spectator would not like to attempt it at this moment. Nor would he care to attempt to tell in what the differences in the dress of a man from the Middle West, the further Middle West, the Southwest, and the Northwest consist; but there are differences that one much less acute than Sherlock Holmes can detect in a moment, even though the differences are mainly in the head-coverings, and these coverings are all pretty nearly the same—soft felts with generous brims. That they should all be very much alike would seem to make the task the harder, but it is not, for the difference in the main is in the fashion of wearing the hats, of turning the brims up or down, in front, on the side, or behind, and of denting or creasing or crushing the crowns. Well, the Spectator's friend had his fashioned as they do a little this side of the foothills of the Rockies, and if any reader wants to know how that is, a journey to that region is recommended, in the confident belief that it will pay in many other ways.

⁂

It was not a desire for sartorial knowledge that had brought the Spectator's friend to New York and to the dog show. He came as a kind of commissioner from his neighborhood to buy young bloodhounds with which to start a kennel where dogs could be bred and trained to hunt the men who prey upon their fellows in a not very densely populated section. "We are not on the frontier," the Spectator's friend explained; "there is no frontier, in the old sense. Nor do we have more than our own share of dishonest people, and practically no desperadoes, certainly none of the kind that used to be described as bad men in the flash stories that we read when we were boys, and which are still somewhat current. But we have thieves and robbers, as you have here—thieves who more frequently than not baffle the skill of our officers. So we have concluded to try dogs, just as they have been tried in other parts of the West, where they have been astonishingly successful in running down fugitives of various kinds, particularly horse-thieves, or men who have carried off booty either on horseback or in buggies or wagons. Before coming," he explained, "I saw some experiments in Nebraska and Kansas which convinced me that bloodhounds in anything like an open country are almost invincible if they can be put on a track within twelve hours or so."

Recollections of the old-time horror that filled the North at the idea of running down fugitive slaves in the South with bloodhounds came to the Spectator, and he asked his friend if it were not rather inhuman to hunt men with dogs. "The idea of hunting men," was the answer, "is never nice, and hunting them with dogs does seem rather brutal. But in reality there is nothing any more cruel about hunting thieves with dogs than in any other way. In the West it is done with as much kindness as possible. To begin with, the dogs are not turned loose to run the track and follow and catch the quarry, but they are kept in leash, so that the huntsman reaches the quarry with the dog. This prevents harm to the man hunted, and harm also to the dogs hunting. The notion, however, that a bloodhound is a savage beast of prey should be dismissed. A well-trained bloodhound would no more think of attacking its quarry than a well-trained pointer or setter would think of jumping on a partridge or quail. The business of each is to seek and find. When the person or other animal sought is found by a bloodhound, its work is finished. The huntsman goes with the dogs, however, for another reason. The dogs would go so fast that no one could keep up to capture the fugitive when found, if they ran free; then, again, if the chase were long, the dogs would be apt to run themselves to death. Why, there have been chases in Nebraska of more than a hundred miles; and the percentage of failures has been most inconsiderable. To be sure, no court would accept the evidence of a dog as conclusive against a man; but in nearly every instance a dog-caught thief owns up and takes his medicine. I verily believe that a neighborhood supplied with several braces of well-trained bloodhounds would be more immune than if protected by a force of Pinkerton detectives. Dogs of this sort exert a very persuasive moral influence which deters, I fancy, to an extent by reason of its uncanniness. It is instinct against criminal cunning, and instinct is much the more unerring. Every criminal does something to 'give himself away;' but the dog detective does not reason and is not reasoned with—he merely follows his nose, and that takes him straight to the end."

❀

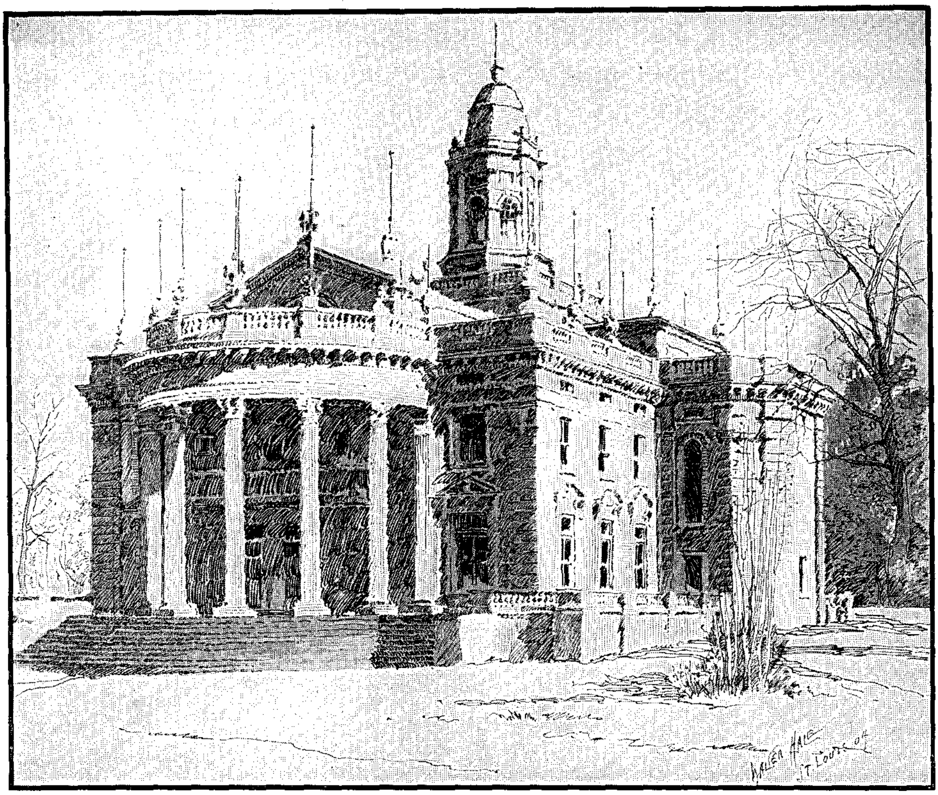
The Spectator learned that the best strains of bloodhound blood were in New England, where one or two breeders had imported dogs from Old England. There the dogs have been bred from time out of mind and kept pure more for bench show purposes than for any practical purposes. They have here and there, however, been trained, and now and then have been used in an experimental way in the effort to catch persistent criminals who defeated other means of capture. They have not been very successful, however, for the trails invariably led to large towns or cities where the track was so crossed and recrossed that the dogs were soon at fault. In some of the Western cases alluded to the trails ran into towns where there was more or less recrossing, but in many instances the dogs were successful, and in one notable case the young man sought was in the midst of a large crowd that had gathered to watch the dogs work. They went right up to him, and manifested the greatest pleasure when they had found him. He pretended to feel complimented at their attention; when accused, he stoutly denied all knowledge of the crime, but in the end, other evidence corroborating that of the dogs, he confessed.

❀

The Spectator had some talk with one of the New England breeders, and found him a man of notably gentle manners and kindly nature. He has been breeding dogs for many years, and has experience of many breeds. He is enthusiastic about the bloodhound merely as a dog, and quite apart from his extraordinary capacity to follow a trail. "They are very gentle and affectionate," he said, "and as companionable to have about as any dog that ever lived. Moreover, they are more reasonable than any other dog. By that I do not mean that they will learn tricks, that they will jump through hoops and do other circus tricks. They are not that kind. I should be ashamed to ask any such nonsense of a bloodhound. I could not look into his sad and noble face and have any desire to so demean him. But he can reason and he can remember. Here are two cases of reasoning. A bloodhound was lying on the hearth at my house in front of an open fire. One of the children sat on him, and, thinking his ears too long, began clipping one off with the scissors. Had the dog jumped up, the child very likely would have been thrown into the fire, so the dog stayed still and merely yelped till some one came to the rescue. Was not that reason? Then, again, I had a bitch with a new litter of puppies. A youngster visiting at my place, a child the dog had never seen, wandered into the kennels where the mother and puppies were. Dogs are pretty savage at such times, and only the regular attendant is tolerated. In this case the mother left her puppies, and, taking the child by its sleeve, led it to the house where it could be cared for. Was not that reason? Now, this same dog was in the kennel inclosure and a man was painting the fence. She stuck her nose between the palings and the man jabbed the paint-brush in her face; her indignation was beyond bounds; she nearly went crazy, but she could not get through or over the fence. Now that man meant no harm; he was merely having his little joke. But the hound remembered and would never forgive the man, though he tried all he knew to apologize and make amends. She hated the very sight of him, and was evidently anxious to avenge the wrong. I had to discharge him for fear that the dog would attack him, and so bring upon herself and her kind an ill-deserved reproach. Give a dog a bad name, you know."

A Correction

The editors of the "Wall Street Journal" call our attention to an inadvertent but unfortunate error in the final installment of "Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen," which appeared in The Outlook for March 12. In that chapter Mr. Riis describes the attitude of Wall Street towards the President, and quotes a striking and significant editorial from one of our contemporaries which has expert and intimate knowledge of such matters. That editorial appeared in the "Wall Street Journal," published morning and evening by Messrs. Dow, Jones & Co. It was, however, erroneously credited to the "Wall Street News."



THE IOWA BUILDING

The State Buildings at the St. Louis Exposition

By Charles B. Wells

With Drawings by Walter Hale

MORE than one-half of the forty-three States and Territories to be represented by buildings of their own at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition in St. Louis this summer have their houses entirely finished and the keys turned in the doors awaiting the opening day—a fact which betokens a state of completeness which is as gratifying as it has been unusual in the experience of our several previous Expositions.

These buildings are destined to play a more important part in the social entertainment of visitors than hitherto has been the case. This will be due in a great measure to the fact that the "Plaza of States" lies just within one of the great gates, which is served with a trolley line direct to the heart of the city; this in addition to the Intermural Railway, familiarly known as the "Mu," which connects this locality with "The Pike" and every other section of the Fair. This will make possible the elaborate scheme of evening receptions which has been planned, and which has been fostered by the extraordinarily generous appropriations for entertainments which have been made by the majority of our commonwealths. The only hotel located within the grounds stands in the midst of this section, and will nightly add its quota of six thousand guests to swell the number of those to gladly welcome this social recreation as an attractive innovation in World's Fair experience. Although the main buildings will close their doors at sunset, " The Pike " will remain open in the evening, and, together with the gatherings in the State Buildings, may easily attract as large an attendance as will the day exhibits. Separate days have been set apart for celebration by each State, Territory, and Possession, so that scarcely an evening will pass that does not see some function in one or the other of the State Pavilions.

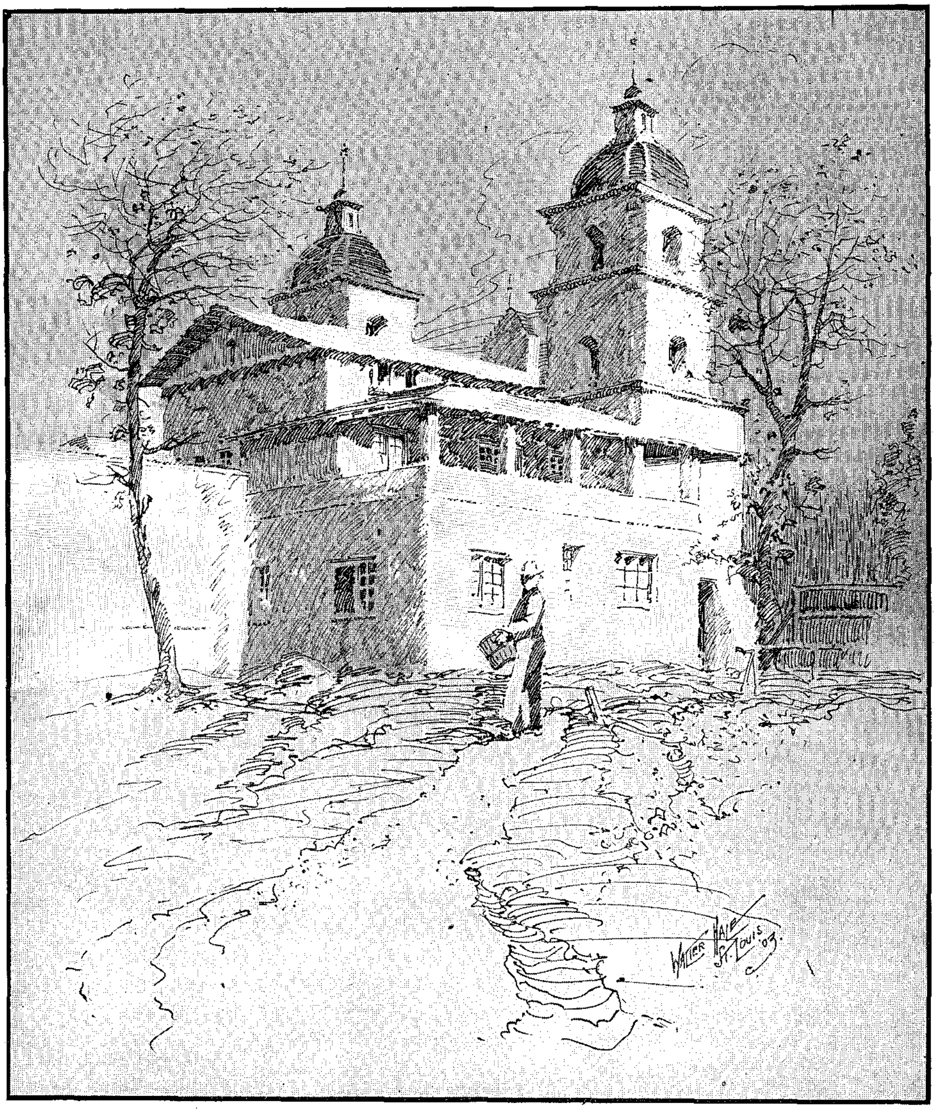
It would be difficult to find a more attractive spot for the location of these representative homes of the States. Here are wooded hills, ravines, and a lively brook, in fact everything which might be found in an ideal residential quarter of a wealthy suburb.

The buildings themselves are potent factors of historical interest, for more States than ever before have sought to commemorate some incident of National importance by reproducing such structures located within their boundaries as have been the scenes of history-making events. The Southern States have contributed largely in this respect.

Missouri's home, complete and ready for use, stands in a commanding position at the beginning of the " Plaza of States," on the brow of a hill just above and facing the elaborate United States Government Building. It is an imposing structure, of classical design, and is double the size of any other State Building on the grounds, its high and heavily ornamented dome being a striking feature of the view from almost any standpoint in this vicinity. Expending in its construction $150,000 of the half-million so generously appropriated by the Legislature, the State Commissioners will have a balance of $350,000 still in hand with which bountifully to entertain their guests.

Directly across the avenue from Missouri's stately pile stands completed the building which, by virtue of its historical association, should most command the visitor's attention. It is Louisiana's reproduction of " The Old Cabildo," the New Orleans City Government Building of the Spanish régime, as it existed in 1803 when the representatives of Napoleon and President Jefferson met there to complete the transfer of the 880,000 square miles of territory then known as " Louisiana," to celebrate which event this Exposition is held. The original " Cabildo " is still standing on Jackson Square, New Orleans, where it faces a park glowing with tropical trees and plants, while its duplicate here, at present, stands on frozen ground surrounded with ice and snow. It is built in three stories of typical French architecture, with a Roman arched arcade running the full length of two sides of the building, while surrounding the characteristic interior stone-paved court are balconies jutting out from the two upper floors on all sides, which lead directly to the prison cells. In the courtyard, during the Spanish occupation, criminals were punished with torture and death, and later it served as a public mart of slaves. Here the old Spanish stocks and other instruments of torture will be exhibited. In the council chamber, where the transfer actually took place, will be shown the original treaty between France and the United States. The building will be filled with objects of historical interest, and furnished throughout in the style peculiar to those ancient days.

Also completed, and scarcely less interesting than the old Cabildo, is the State Building of New Jersey, which again, as at the Columbian Exposition, presents Washington's Headquarters, the old Ford Tavern at Morristown. Surrounded by the more pretentious Indiana, Arkansas, and Iowa Buildings, this reminder of Revolutionary days is most striking in its quaintness. Viewed from without, its dormer windows, small window-panes, and huge outside stone chimneys suggest a colonial atmosphere which is not dispelled as one crosses the threshold to walk on rag carpets and sit on furniture of a bygone day before the huge fireplace of our great-great-grandsires, as did Kosciusko, Lafayette, Putnam, Hamilton, and the numbers of other heroes who fought the good fight by the side of the Father of his Country.

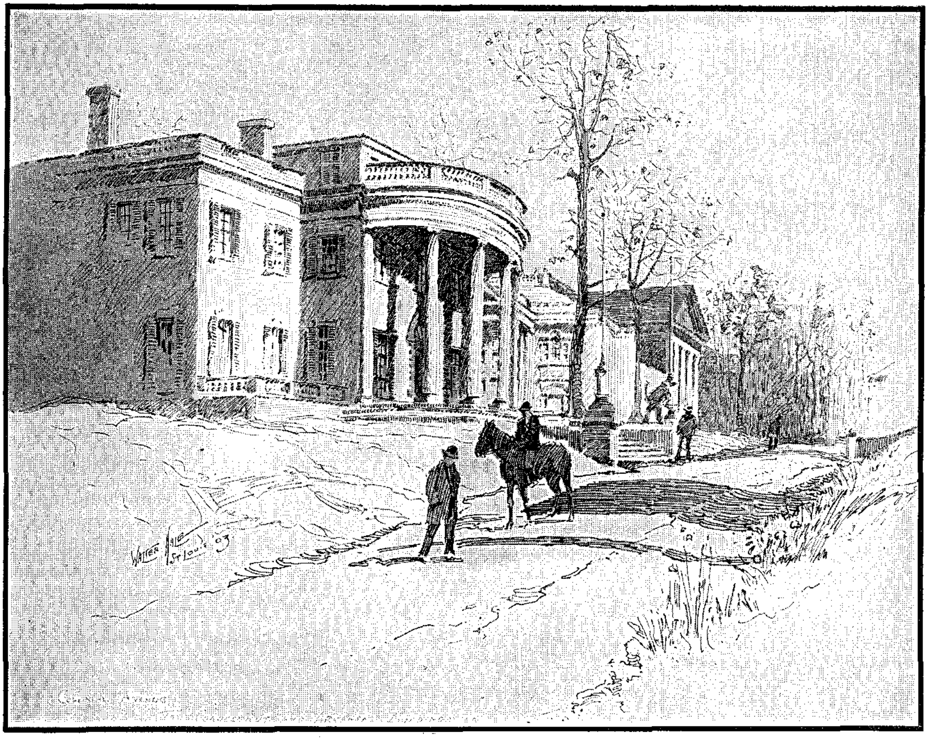


THE CALIFORNIA BUILDING FROM THE REAR

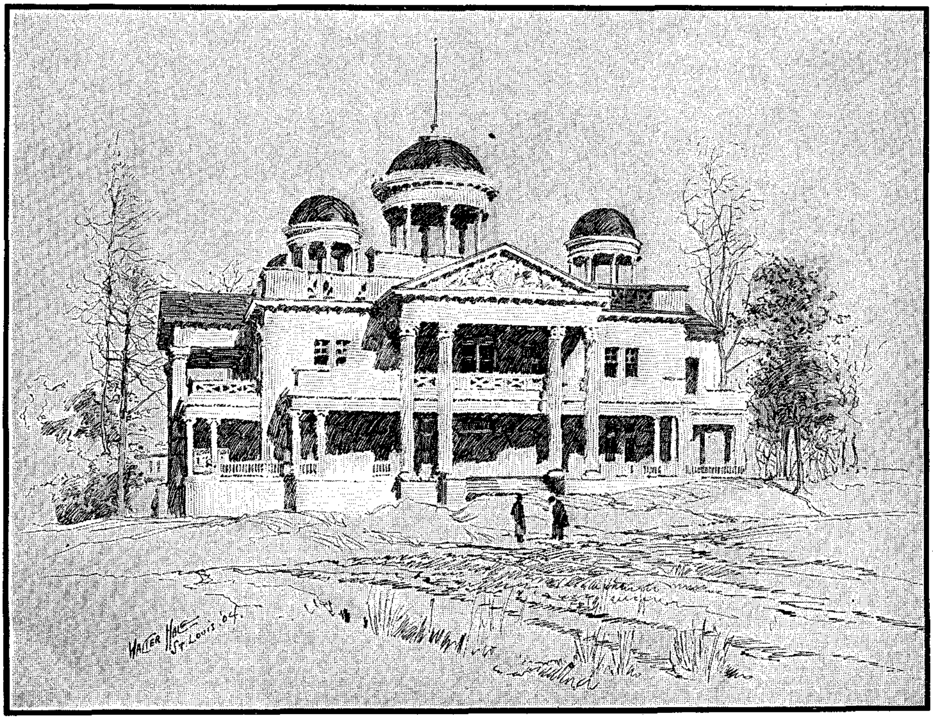
The Iowa Building, which was the first to be completed, commands a sweeping view from the southern extreme of the Plaza, and shows two Corinthian-columned portals on its wings which are certain to attract attention. In the interior a monster pipe-organ has been installed to assist in entertaining the guests of this State.

Virginia has reproduced "Monticello," the home of Thomas Jefferson, while New York State has paid a compliment to the Old Dominion in following that great founder of American Democracy's design for the University of Virginia. Second only to the Missouri Building in size, it is located midway on the Plaza, and is in an advanced state of completion. The scaffolding has been left standing to facilitate the painters in their work, but a glimpse through the beams shows a Grecian colonnade running through the length of the entire front, while the low-domed cupola over the center surmounts what is certainly the most impressive piece of architecture erected by any of the States.

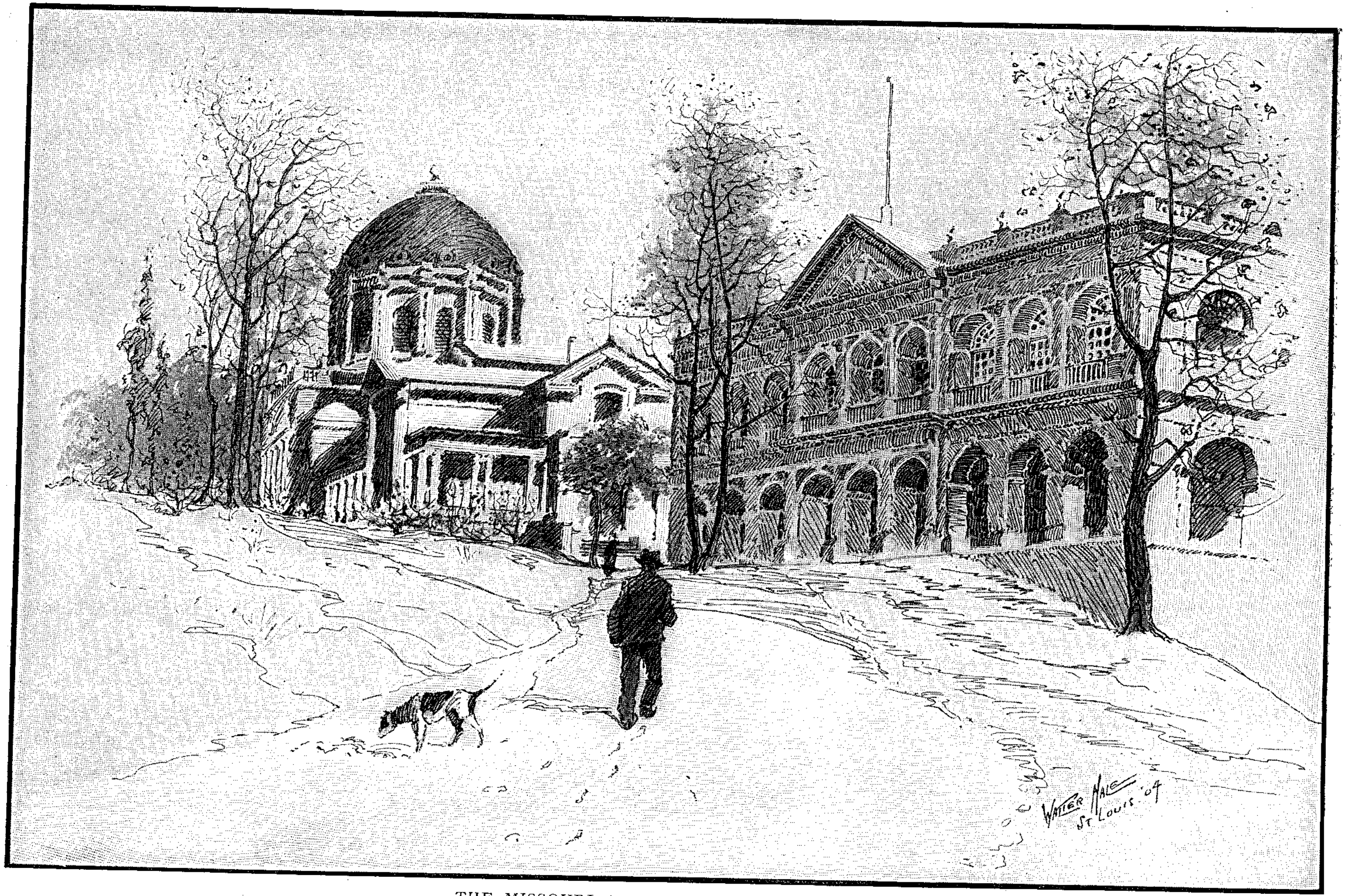
Washington has built a colossal


Walter Hale St. Louis '03

THE CONNECTICUT AND ARKANSAS BUILDINGS

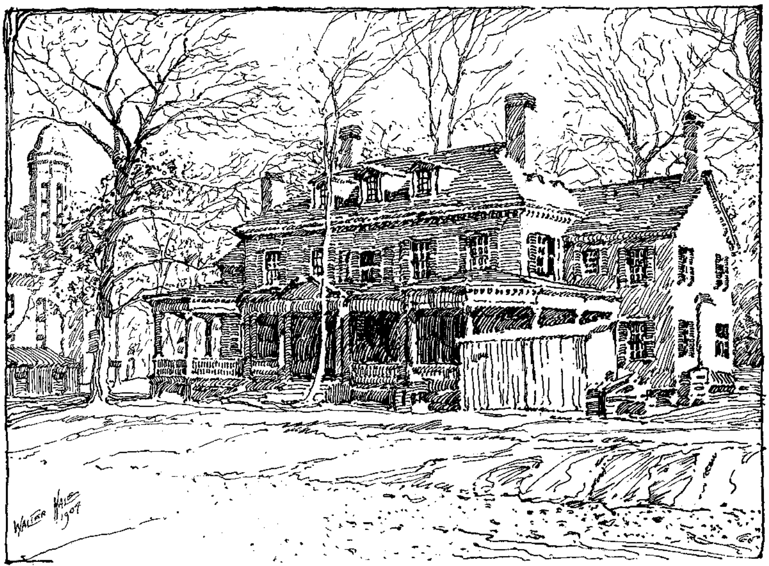

Walter Hale St. Louis '04

THE WEST VIRGINIA BUILDING

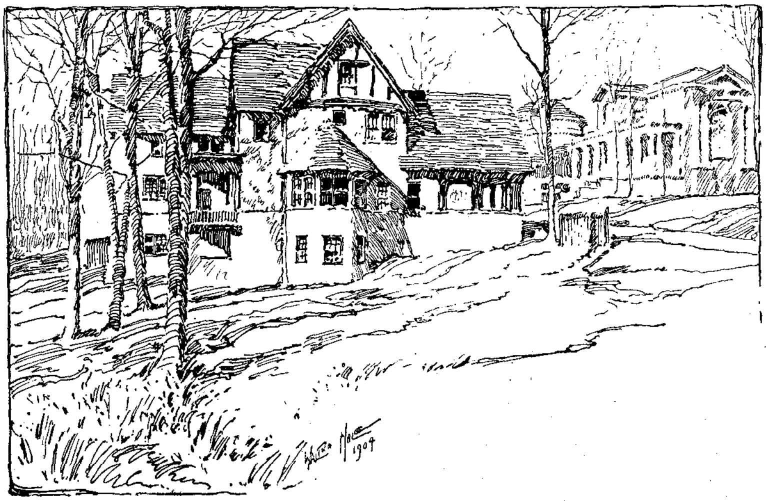

Walter Hale
St Louis '04

THE MISSOURI AND LOUISIANA BUILDINGS

"wickiup," which faithfully represents on a large scale the prairie home of our extreme northwestern native wards, while Connecticut gives us the stately outlines of Colonial Governor Sigourney's home, but recently still standing in Hartford. The exterior view is very pleasing. The dark-green front door, with its polished brass knocker, was brought from the original building to find a fitting rest under the impressive Ionic semicircular colonnade of the principal entrance. With the afternoon sun casting the shadow of these tall monoliths, as one glances up the avenue toward the majestic and graceful side portal of the Iowa Building, and the cozy, colonial architecture of Washington's headquarters, the eye rests with a feeling of gratified satisfaction.



THE NEW JERSEY BUILDING



THE WISCONSIN BUILDING

Massachusetts has built an almost exact replica of the Bullfinch front of the old State House as it stood a century ago on Beacon Hill in Boston, while

Alabama and Georgia are also represented by reproductions of their old State Houses in Montgomery and Atlanta. Oregon gives us old Fort Clatsop, built at the mouth of the Columbia River by the Lewis and Clark Expedition, and Mississippi does honor to Jefferson Davis by presenting a typical mansion of the South in his old home "Beauvoir."

Tennessee and Wisconsin have both provided welcome architectural reliefs to the almost universally classic style of the other States; the former in adding another historical touch with "The Hermitage," the home of President Jackson, and Wisconsin with an artistic Old-English Club House, which stands immediately east of the old Cabildo.

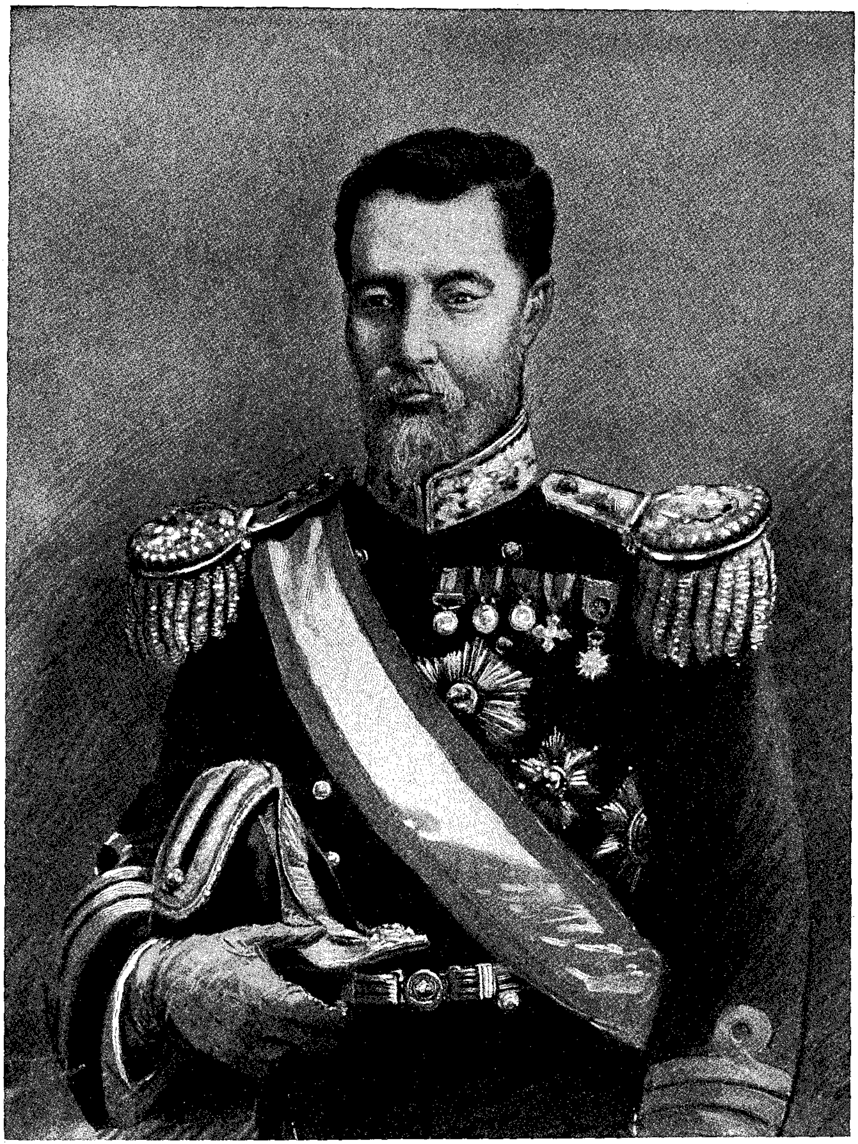
Pennsylvania again furnishes its never-failing Revolutionary relic, the Liberty Bell, to grace the rotunda of its immense pavilion on Colonial Avenue. Although Missouri alone surpasses the Keystone State in the size of its building, many of our other Commonwealths have here produced creations far more pleasing to the eye than this rather squatty building so heavily weighted in the center with its all too broad expanse of dome.

Somewhat removed in location from this quarter, but near the Grand Cascade, stand the buildings of Kentucky and Texas. The former, known as the "New Kentucky Home," from its elevated position on the slope of a hill commands an excellent view of the main buildings of the Exposition. It is finished, and is a large and exceedingly handsome edifice built on classical lines. Texas has sought to be original in producing a gigantic five-pointed star. Standing on the crest of a hill directly back of the artistic and characteristic Mines and Metallurgy Palace, its colossal dome will attract attention to this effusion of the Lone Star State from almost any point near the principal buildings.

California's structure is still farther away, being located at least a mile to the westward, and in the midst of the foreign buildings. The Golden Gate State shows us an exact duplicate of the old Spanish La Rabida Mission at Santa Barbara, although the few leafless oaks now standing near rather tend to dissociate the mind from the semi-tropical atmosphere which surrounds the original.

Our outlying possessions are well represented. Alaska has brought from that cold northland two native Aleut houses which recently stood near Sitka. Totem-poles adorn each corner, and two large ones in front extend to the ridge of the roof. Doors cut through these latter are the only means of entrance, and are completely covered with the curiously carved hieroglyphics of the Aleuts.

Our Government has appropriated $600,000 for the Philippine Reservation, which covers some thirty acres of hills and woods bordering on Arrowhead Lake. This tract has been surrounded with a reproduction of the city walls and gates of Manila, and within will dwell hundreds of native Filipinos. The warlike Moros will live in houses built on stilts of bamboo in the lake, while the tree-dwellers will locate their homes in the tree-tops of the wooded district. The Igorrotes of northern Luzon, the Visayans, and other native tribes, occupying a large village of bamboo and nipa huts, will faithfully represent the customs, sports, and occupations of the daily life in their island home.



FROM THE LONDON "SPHERE." DRAWN BY P. THIRIAT

VICE-ADMIRAL HEHATCHI TOGO

Two War Leaders

ADMIRAL TOGO occupies a foremost place among the Japanese war leaders, as the commander of the strong Japanese fleet which has practically shut up the Russian naval force at Port Arthur. It was a detachment of torpedo-boats from Admiral Togo's fleet which struck the first quick, sharp blow of the war at Port Arthur, and the entire fleet commanded by him is a tremendous war machine from which still greater deeds may be expected. More than this, the English authorities on naval warfare declare that Admiral Togo is in effect the Nelson of Japan in that he has been one of the most active agents in creating the modern Japanese navy, and is now in a position to show by actual warfare the results accomplished in the last ten years. Ad-

PHOTOGRAPH BY D. EGODKOBR, ST. PETERSBURG

GENERAL ALEXIS KUROPATKIN

miral Togo is about fifty-five years old, not of noble birth like many of the Japanese commanders, but a simple gentleman of the Samurai class. His early education was at the English college at Greenwich, and he has held various commands in the Japanese navy since 1894. He distinguished himself greatly in the war with China.

General Kuropatkin presents the singular and notable spectacle of a Russian War Minister resigning office in order to take active command in the field. Kuropatkin entered the Russian army at sixteen, and has served in every war, great or small, in which Russia has been engaged in the last thirty years. In the war with Turkey and in the subsequent campaign against the Turkomans (1880) he distinguished himself, not only by his forcefulness as a military commander, but by his personal intrepidity. One of his most famous feats was a forced march of more than 1,600 miles. He has been a Lieutenant-General since 1890 and Minister of War since 1898.

SPARKFORD INN, SPARKFORD, SOMERSET

The first inn managed by the People's Refreshment-House Association.

Competing with the Saloon

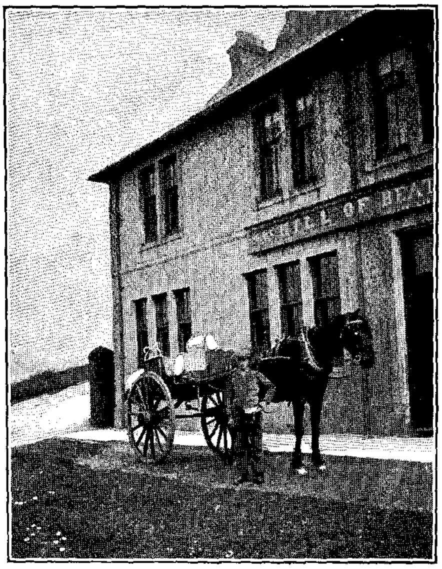
By William H. Tolman

Director of the American Institute of Social Service

TO understand the enormity of the saloon problem, the amount of capital invested in the liquor traffic must be considered. In the United Kingdom, for 1898, according to the Brewers' Almanac, the capital value of the breweries, distilleries, liquor licenses, and all other trades in connection with the liquor traffic, amounted to eleven hundred and fifteen million dollars. For 1899 the total expenditure on alcoholic beverages in the United Kingdom was nine hundred and ten million dollars. The seriousness of these figures is the more startling when we consider that the working classes constitute about seventy-five per cent. of the population. In New York State between the year 1896, when the new liquor law went into effect, and through the fiscal year ending April 30, 1901, the liquor tax yielded nearly seventy-four million dollars. According to the studies of Arthur Sherwell, of England, one of the most careful and unbiased students of the temperance problem, the "Crooked Billet" in Newcastle-on-Tyne is an illustration of the immense monopoly value of a license, practically a gift of the "unearned increment" for which the proprietor has no title and for which he makes no return. This saloon license was put up at auction in 1896. The same house had been sold forty years before for $4,500, but no structural alterations had been made in the interval. The license was sold for $79,000—a profit of $75,000. These enormous prices are paid in the expectation of getting the money back, together with a handsome profit. The liquor traffic being a trade harmful to the community, which fact is recognized by its regulation through licenses by the State, some better system of control must be devised whereby these immense values should not go into the pockets of a private individual, but to the community.

Considering this question from the economic standpoint alone, the futility of attempting to solve this problem by the mere closing of the saloon is very evident. Brilliantly lighted, warmed in winter, cooled in summer, the poorest man, with only enough money for the purchase of one drink, is treated with all the deference of a patron of the establishment. At the tables he may meet his friends, and spend a reasonable time with them. Some of them may be able to stand treat, which means the possibility of a longer stay. Other men are coming and going, the current news of the day is discussed, or the local events of the neighborhood. The free lunch is always spread, where the counter is heaped with appetizing viands. Do you wonder at the attractive power of the saloon ?

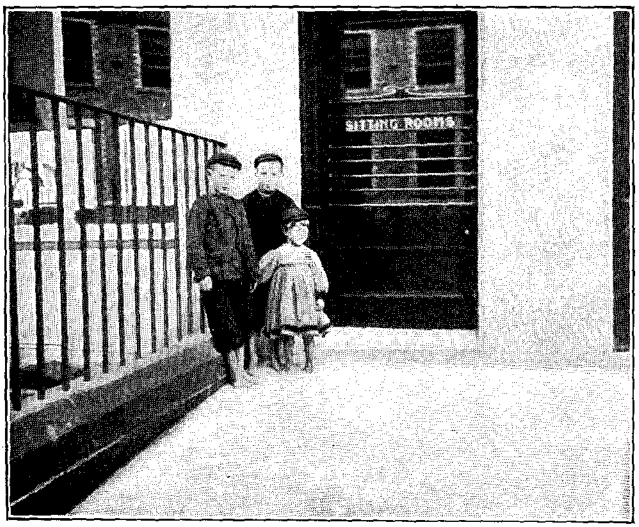
In making my study of the saloon I wanted the philosophy of a man like Mr. Tekulsky, who had been at the head of one of the most powerful liquor associations, the Wine, Beer, and Liquor Dealers' Association of New York, and was himself the owner of several saloons. "All right," he said, when I told him what I wanted; "I will do everything in my power for you, as I shall be very glad to have our business shown up in the right light." Continuing, he said: "The saloon is a meeting-place for men of great minds who wish to exchange thought; it is the place where the congenial will meet his friends to find a few hours' relief from toil. The saloon is not a church or a Sunday-school. It is not what it ought to be, but it is here to stay; and under right and reasonable laws it would and could be greatly advanced. The question is not how to get rid of the saloon, for that will be accomplished only by getting rid of human nature. To make the saloon what it should be, you must stop oppressive laws."



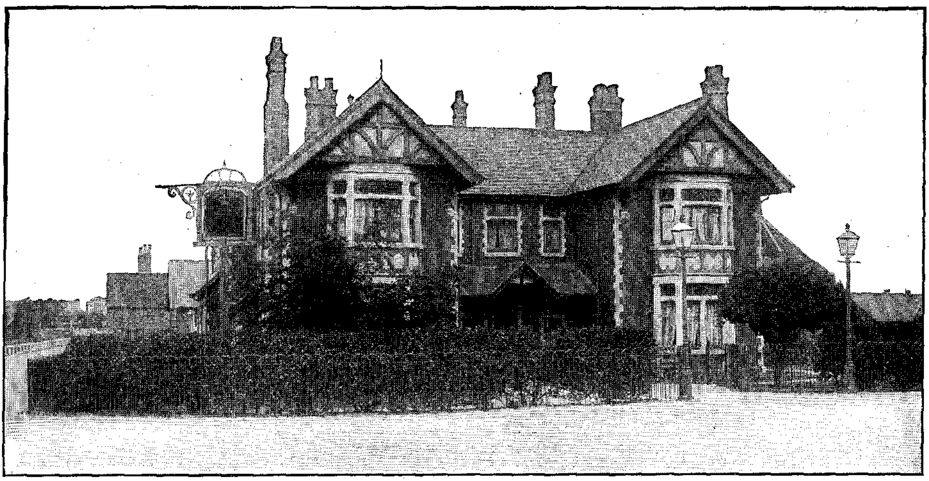
THE HILL OF BEATH "PUB"
Managed by the Public-House Trust.

"Are the saloonists willing to observe the laws ?" I next inquired.

"Well, it's this way," he replied. "If the better class of saloon-keepers—and there are a host of law-abiding, honorable men in the saloon business—felt reasonably sure of not being called upon to confront sudden and sometimes exasperating and expensive legal requirements, often of a technical nature and doing no one any good, there would be a greater inducement to curtail objectionable features and add very desirable ones."



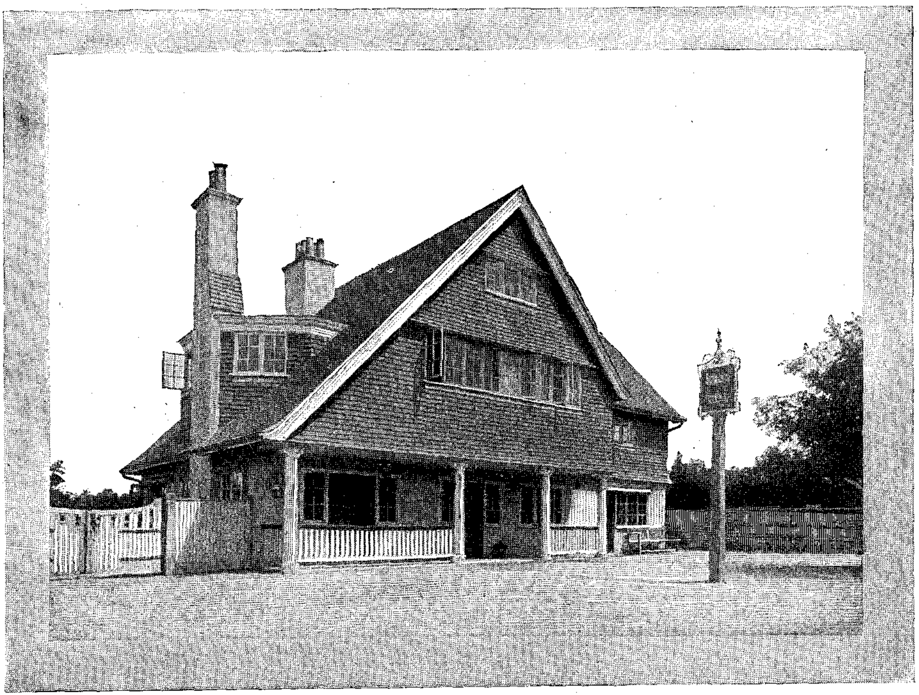
ENTRANCE TO THE RESTAURANT DEPARTMENT OF THE PUBLIC-HOUSE TRUST "PUB" AT LUMPHILLANS, SCOTLAND



THE ROSE AND CROWN, DOWNEY, PETERBOROUGH

"Can a man already intoxicated, or one who seems to be very poor, get liquor in your place?" I asked.

"I'll tell about that," he said. "The advanced saloon-keeper seeks to eliminate offensive characters, refuses to accept the orders of minors or intoxicated people, or those whose dress and appearance indicate that the buyer is too poor to afford the drink, and tries to obey the law. Human nature is the same in this business as in any other. What the advanced and more prosperous establishment sets the pace for doing, the humbler saloon is sure to try to imitate—all down the line. Ours is a practical business interest, authorized and licensed under ancient laws, and sustained by the sanction of long custom. As a large, important commercial enterprise, the liquor business of the State deserves real protection under regulations not oppressive, but



THE FOX AND PELICAN, GRAYSHOTT, HAMPSHIRE rational and meeting the requirements of the large class of citizens who support it. The liquor-dealers are not alone opposed to the law as it stands, nor are they against the church or reform, nor are they desirous of breaking the law. Indeed, no one would welcome more heartily a just and fair-for-all law that could be kept. Nor are the liquor-dealers antagonistic to the best interests of society at large. We never forget that it is by the license of society that our business exists, and we desire to recognize our duties and obligations as well as our rights."

Mr. Tekulsky admits that the saloon is not what it ought to be, and portrays, from his point of view, an ideal saloon, freed from hampering limitations and hedged about by law; but the fact remains that as long as the saloonist is in this business for private gain there cannot be the ideal saloon. The saloonist is not in business for his health. With the motive for private gain constantly operating, he plans to run his business for all the tariff will stand. This means the temptation to adulterate his liquors; to sell at any time to any one who has the price; to offer opportunities for men and women to meet under immoral conditions—many young women dating their ruin from the saloon back rooms, the social features of the saloon—cards, billiards, pool, bowling, and other games. The use of the saloon for weddings, christenings, lodge and social meetings, its reading and writing rooms, its public comfort stations, all of these features making the modern saloon a kind of social center, are used as allurements in pushing the sale of drinks. Many of these things are not bad in themselves, but the surroundings are vicious.

The temperance people have been directing all their energies to closing the saloons, hereby failing to recognize that many human cravings which the saloon gratifies are perfectly legitimate, and men will gratify them. The outlook for true temperance is by no means hopeless, as each year is witnessing a more scientific and intelligent study of the problem in all its phases.

The saloons under the care of the People's Refreshment-House Association in England are attempts based on the Scandinavian experience of placing the liquor trade under the control of a company whose object is to minimize the sale of liquor, thus promoting the cause of temperance. This English movement on the initiative of her best private citizens is most praiseworthy, and is already succeeding in rural communities. Its test will come when applied to the cities. To my mind, outside of the Gothenburg system, it contains the most approved methods for minimizing the evils of the liquor business and promoting true temperance.

To those who are discouraged by the futility of making headway against this great evil, this English movement should give new courage, for we may consider it a working model. Just as Norway profited by Sweden's mistakes, so England is learning lessons from both countries. There is, therefore, no reason why we should not utilize the failures and successes of all three to advance the cause of true temperance in the United States.

The People's Refreshment-House Association was incorporated in 1896 for the object of promoting temperance by a trial of various methods best calculated to reduce excess in the consumption of alcoholic liquors. The promoters recognized the dangers incident to the disagreeable but lucrative trade of liquor-selling. The underlying principle of the Association is the elimination of private profit. They know that it is to the interest of the saloonist to extend his custom, sell as much liquor as he can, and resist any change in the law that might interfere with his privileges and monopoly. His livelihood depends upon pushing his business. The Association leases existing public-houses, acquires new licenses where a growing population obliges the magistrates to create new ones, establishes canteens and refreshment bars at large public works, collieries and elsewhere.

On October 1, 1897, the first license was granted to the Sparkford Inn, Somerset, located in a small village, where its receipts were mainly from roadside customers. A fortnightly stock market, held on the grounds, increased its revenue considerably. Very few changes were made, and its identity as a village inn has been maintained. The tariff of prices is hung conspicuously in the bar and in the parlor. The liquors are not exposed with a view to attracting customers, but the foodstuffs and non-alcoholic drinks are prominently displayed. Special attention is given to making tea, coffee, and cocoa most attractive and palatable. As far as possible, tea is freshly made for every customer. Fresh filtered drinking-water in glasses is always at hand in the taproom and parlor. Here, as at other inns, every effort is made to push the sale of food rather than liquors.

Upstairs there is a large tea-room daintily set with tables and furnishings; the two rooms adjoining this can be thrown into one should the occasion require accommodations for a private banquet. The surrounding grounds have been made into a pleasure garden for the public, while coaching parties and cyclists will find ample provision in the stables and storage sheds. All the rooms are cozily and attractively furnished. The color scheme of the interior is lighted up with mosaics and enameled tiles, thus forming a pleasant contrast to the oak woodwork.

The strategic point is the manager, who is paid a fixed salary, and is allowed no profit whatever on the sale of alcoholic drinks, in order to remove all temptation from their sale; but he is allowed a profit on all food and non-alcoholic drinks, so that he may push their sale instead of beers and spirits. He must manage his inn as a house of refreshment, and not that of a mere drinking bar. In the Scotch as well as the English houses, I observed that he must make his food and non-intoxicants just as accessible as beer and spirits. He must be most strict in the observance of every particular of the license law as enacted by Parliament, never forgetting that he is a servant of the public, and as such he must study the comfort, well-being, and health of his customers; his house must be scrupulously clean, the rooms comfortably arranged, well warmed in winter, and well ventilated. The Association's capital is offered to the public in five-dollar shares. Dividends are limited to five per cent. a year out of the profits; any surplus, after provision for a reserve fund, is devoted to local or general objects of public utility.

The Hill of Beath public-house in Scotland is an outgrowth of the People's Refreshment Association, by which the Public-House Trust was organized in 1900, when it was decided by the local authorities that a new saloon was needed in the mining village of Broom Hill. The license was granted to Lord Gray. He offered it to the Refreshment-House Association, who accepted it, at the same time informing the local authorities that if they should grant any new licenses the Refreshment-House Association would accept and manage them as a trust in the interests of the community. This plan received such favorable notice through the press that it was decided to form a Central Public-House Trust Association, with the object of establishing a Public-House Trust Company in every county. The administrative details and the general policy are almost identical with that of the People's Refreshment-House Association. In this same district, within the radius of five miles are three Public-House Trust saloons, that at Lumphillans being the newest. There is a separate entrance to the sitting-room and restaurant, thus making it possible to get food without drinks. This saloon is most attractive in its color scheme and general appointments.

At Kelty the manager of the public-house informed me that under the new method his business was so successful that he had drawn away the greater part of the trade from the old-time saloon just opposite. In a letter from the secretary he writes concerning the Trust house at Cowden Beath: "At first the house was avoided, but it is now doing a better trade than under the old system. It is clean and well conducted, whereas it was formerly dirty and disreputable. The manager supplies about twenty workmen with tea on their way to work in the morning."

These Scotch saloons which I have been describing are located in the colliery districts, surrounded by the workmen's dwellings. In some instances the whole community consists of a single street, with the houses on either side. For the most part the houses are unattractive, dismally plain, with practically no home comforts. Each tenement has one room, which is a general living-room, with an attic. The coal company own these houses, and as there are no others, the miners are obliged to rent them. When, as in this case, the water supply for a whole row of houses must be brought from the hydrant in the street, you can imagine how hard and laborious it is for the women of the family.

I asked one of these women if the people were contented to live under such conditions. "What else can we do?" she said; "we can't get away, and must make the best of it. If our men would give us their wages it might be different, but they work so hard and have so little pleasure that when pay-day comes they go to the pub. What is left goes for the rent. There is mighty little we see for the home."

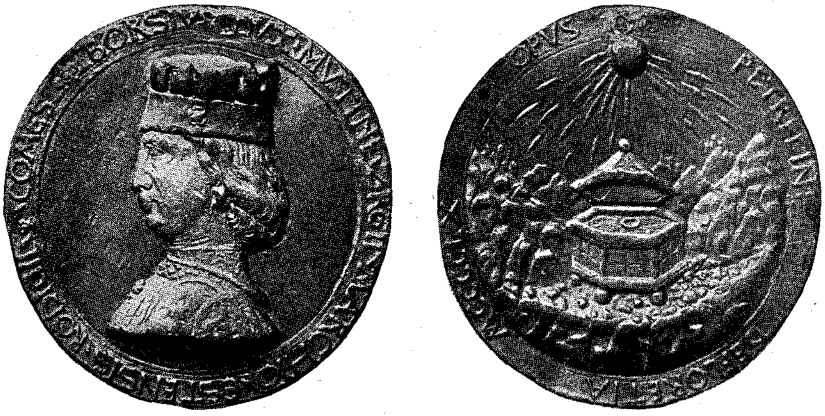
The Trust, however, makes persistent efforts to minimize drinking. Its houses close at nine, an hour before the usual time. The liquors are of the best quality, and there are no temptations to linger about the house, but there are ample inducements for rational recreation outside, all of which are provided from the profits of the saloon. For example, at the Hill of Beath, above mentioned, out of the profits, a library with a reading and billiard room was built, this social center supplying the absence of these opportunities for reading, companionship, and recreation in the home. Adjoining the library is a small park and recreation field, where one corner is set aside for a bowling-green.

The profits from another public-house were used towards electric lighting of the village, a singing class, and a football club and an ambulance, although I am not sure that the football club was established first. It is the opinion of the secretary that there is no reasonable doubt that the repressive influences regarding the consumption of liquor on the one hand and the provision of counter attractions on the other are exercising a most wholesome effect on the village.

From this summary of the British movement it will be seen that it is well under way and is commending itself to all classes. If, now, the temperance people in America would get together and act in unison, taking conditions exactly as they exist here, and follow out a constructive programme, using the English movement as an object-lesson, there is no reason why an immediate divorce between the saloon and politics cannot be brought about, and the evils of the saloon greatly lessened.

THE WIVES AND CHILDREN OF THE MINERS IN COWDEN BEATH, SCOTLAND

This is the class that the "Trust" seeks to benefit.



AN ARETINO MEDAL

Titian's Most Intimate Friend

By Paul van Dyke

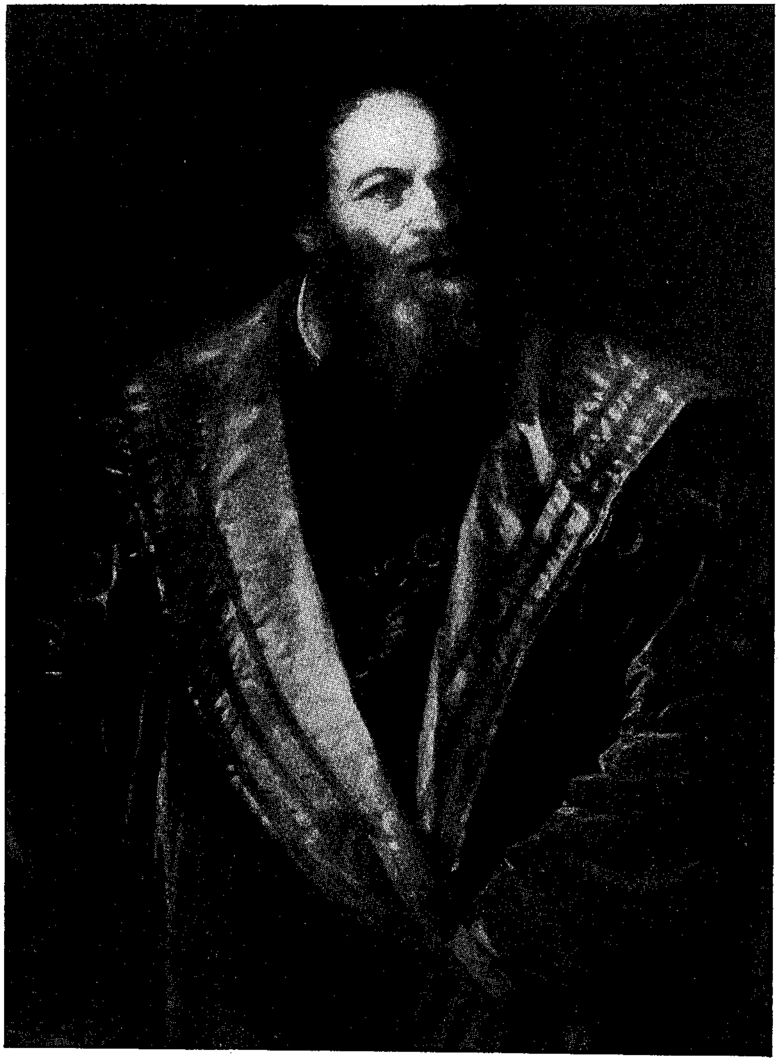
IN the year 1527 there came to Venice a young man who had been a marked figure at the courts of Leo X., Clement VII., and more recently in the palace of the Marquis of Mantua. Though he had published very little, he had already won among "those who knew" a great reputation as a writer of satire in verse and prose. He lived in Venice for twenty-nine years a life of freedom and fame won by the pen.

Of the life and character of Pietro Aretino we have a most vivid record in nearly a thousand letters to him and over three thousand from him. In those five thousand pages one can see the reflection of the man and his times. But the few pages of this article are not enough to sketch the full outlines of a personality that was as paradoxical and illuminative as that of Benvenuto Cellini. They only give space to show enough of the man and his life to make plain Aretino's constant companionship and close friendship with Titian.

A home in Venice was as well suited to Aretino's tastes as it was adapted to develop the genius of Titian. And Pietro was never tired of praising the charm of life in what he called "the crown and beauty of the world." Venice was the richest and largest of Italian cities, and the only one free from foreign control. The lines of trade were indeed changing. Adventurous ships had traced on the ocean the great highroads of travel, and the center of commerce was no longer at the head of the Adriatic. It was moving up the Atlantic coast toward the delta of the Rhine. But the decline of Venice was very slow. It was as yet scarcely noticeable. The State revenues were larger than those of the English Crown. The citizens were prosperous, and out of a population of 190,000 in 1585 there were only 187 beggars. So easy was living that by the middle of the century citizens could no longer be found to man the galleys and they must be filled with aliens. The common people were comfortable to an extent unknown elsewhere in Italy. They had rugs for the floor, good beds to sleep on, pictures on the walls, and some silver pieces for the well-spread table.

The homes of the Venetian nobles had long been magnificent. In the early fifteenth century a traveler wrote that not even the Queen of France or the Duchess of Milan had apartments as gorgeously furnished as those of a Venetian lady. At that time the ships unloaded their cargoes at the steps of the palaces, and the lower rooms stored the merchandise that made the family wealth. Bales of wool and rolls of silk rested unashamed beneath the banners and arms won by noble ancestors in glorious fight from the Turk. But in the sixteenth century the eighteen hundred patricians, leaving trade to the citizens, gave themselves to the cares of government and to spending the wealth laid up by their hard-working forefathers.

They spent it in princely style. It was traditional in their class to be well educated, and when the rude English nobles could scarcely read and write, the Venetian patricians had maintained a course of public instruction in philosophy whose chairs must all be filled by aristocrats. They were rapidly building the hundred palaces which rose on the banks of the canals during that sixteenth century which brought into being most of the Venice we know; for about half of the buildings mentioned in a modern guide-book were erected or restored in the sixteenth century. Their patronage was fostering the bloom of artistic power that made Venice succeed Florence and Rome as the third center of



TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF ARETINO

the art of the Renascence. At the public celebration of the victory of Lepanto in 1575, the gates of the Rialto were draped in gold, blue, and red, and decorated with trophies of Turkish arms, among which the city displayed as its most precious possessions pictures of Raphael, Bellini, Giorgione, Michael Angelo, Pordenone, and Titian.

The luxury of living grew steadily, in spite of laws passed to restrict it by men who sighed for the good old times when generations of Venetian seamen, working and fighting hard and living simply, wrested wealth from the sea and power from the infidel. Venice gained from Rome the reputation of being the center of license as well as art, and became the pander of the visitors who flocked to see her beauty.

In Italy of that time public sentiment was deeply depraved. One of the many Italian scholars who, in these last few years, have been doing such valuable work on the Renascence, says: "It is now a banal truism . . . that in the Italian Renascence the concept of morality underwent a transformation and a general lowering so great that it requires a strong effort for us to form a just idea of it." Aretino had no quarrel with this depraved moral judgment, and it may be said once for all that his life, so picturesque, so joyous, so adorned with the pleasures of literature and art, was frankly based on worse than Turkish morals. But this disorderly life did not prevent popular preachers from writing him flattering letters; nor stop honorable women from sending him wine, preserved peaches, and beautiful embroideries; nor make a bluestocking of unimpeachable reputation like Veronica Gambara hesitate to celebrate his love in verse.

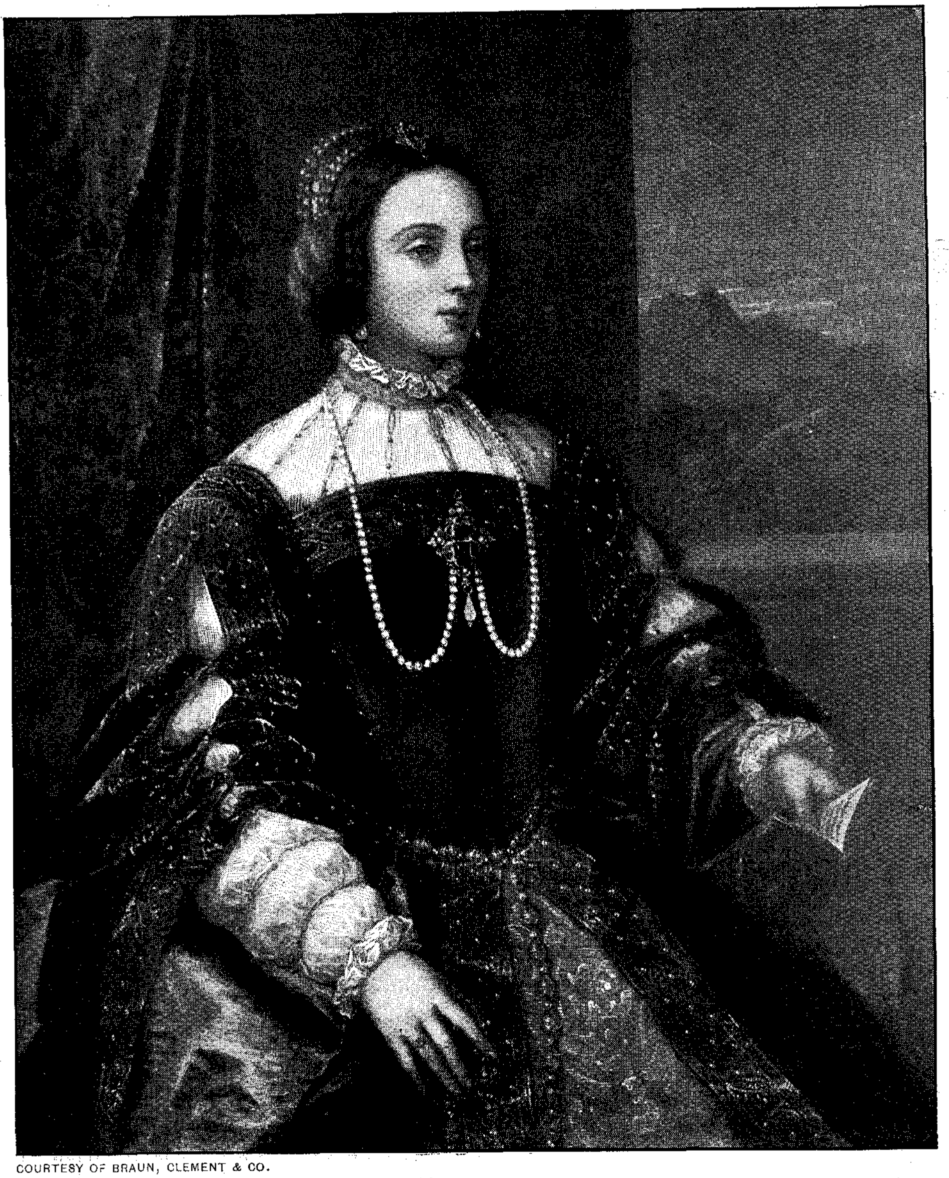
Within two years of his arrival in Venice, Pietro moved into a house on the Grand Canal, close to the Rialto bridge, in the very center of the city's life; a situation which inspired him to say, "I enjoy the prettiest street and the pleasantest view in the world."

This house he filled with pictures, statues, and frescoes of Titian, Sansovino, Tintoretto, and Vasari. And he had choice glassware of Murano, specimen Majolicas, wood-carvings of Tasso, medals and silverware of Leone Leoni, Oriental hangings and tapestries. He was fond of magnificent dresses. One of his costumes was "a robe of black velvet, ornamented with gold cords with the lining of cloth of gold, a long gown and jerkin of velvet." Another, given by the Marquis of Mantua, apparently for one of the women of the household, was a coat of soft silk trimmed with embroidered black velvet and lined with pure white foxskins, together with a cymarr of black satin. Many gold chains were sent him; one from the King of France weighed eight pounds. His letters are filled with thanks for "white satin stockings wrought in gold," "green silk caps," "a flesh-colored jerkin embroidered with silver cords and trimmed with ermine"—a long catalogue of splendid stuffs, embroideries, and jewels, enough to furnish the wardrobe of a theater.

But in spite of this apparatus of luxury, there was nothing really aristocratic about the life of Aretino. The house was filled with confusion, robbed secretly by the servants, plundered openly by presumptuous guests. When he received a present of wine, the neighbors all crowded in to drink it up. For he was lavishly kind to the poor and exceedingly hospitable.

His friend and publisher, Francesco Marcolini, tells two stories that make Aretino's temper clear.

The first is of a "clever little knave who came and told you that a certain respectable young girl, who had formerly been a neighbor of yours, was dead, and got from your purse the money to bury her. And when a few days afterward the poor brother of the said young woman came to ask your help to find her a husband and a marriage portion, before he opened his mouth, you ran to meet him with open arms, tenderly mourning with him over his sister's death. But the young fellow, all taken aback, answered, 'Signore, if she hasn't died within the half-hour, she is living and well.' And since you would not believe it, he was obliged to go and bring his sister to your house, with scarcely clothes enough to cover her." She left it very well dressed, and with



COURTESY OF BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF QUEEN ISABELLA OF SPAIN

the promise of a marriage portion to find her a husband. The second story is a comment on the "continual hospitality of your house, which is so open to everybody that the mistake the party of strangers in Venice made on the first of May, 1532, is not to be wondered at. They took your house for what in one sense it is, a tavern; especially when they saw so many people come out, bragging of having drunk the best wine in Venice. And so they went up stairs, and took their places at the table, saying, 'Bring us a salad.' When they had been served with it and everything else they asked for, and were ready to go, they called your Mazzone, who, because he is young, good-looking, white-faced, tall, fat, merry, and of pleasant humor, they took to be the host. But when he was asked by one of the good fellows, 'What was the bill for supper?' the good Mazzone, understanding that he was being treated as if he was an innkeeper, got ready to give him a thrashing. At last, from the sound cursing you gave them, accompanied by four or five blows, the merry gallants recognized that you must be the owner of the house and not the gentleman stopping at an inn, for whom they had taken you. And when the good fellows understood that, having supped like emperors, it was not going to cost them anything but hearty thanks and good wishes, they were full of bows and compliments to you, and went off roaring with laughter."

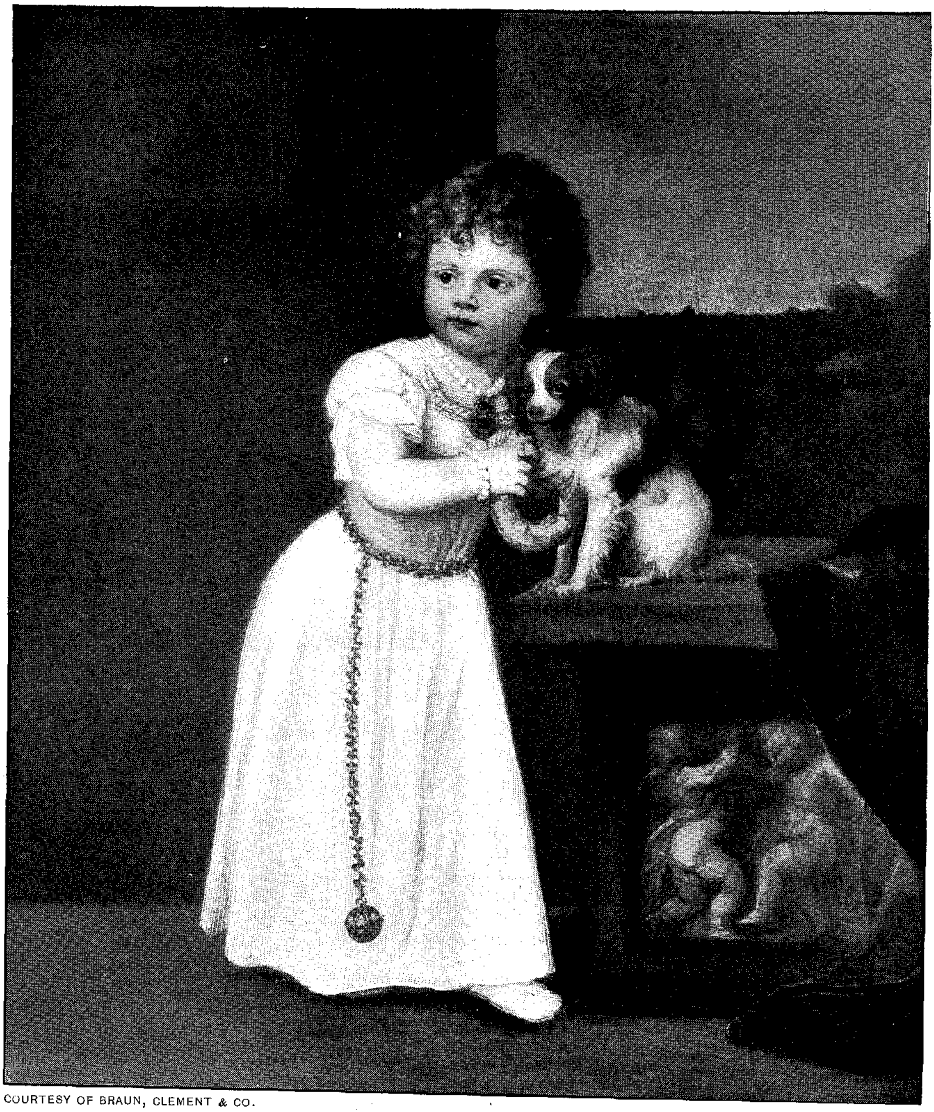
This open house of a royal good fellow in luck exactly suited Aretino. And he loved the pleasures of the table he shared. But he did not love them in a very coarse way. The traveler who passes from the shores of the North Sea and the Baltic to the shores of the Mediterranean and Adriatic remarks at once the temperance of the Italians as compared with the Teutons. And this contrast seems to be an ancient one. The heavy eating and drinking of England and Germany struck the Italian traveler of the Renascence with disgust. And while the letters of Aretino suggest the epicure, they do not show him as either drunkard or glutton. His imagination and wit are quick to play about what he eats. "In spite of my fever," he writes, "I could not help tasting two of the peaches you sent. Certainly the peach is a fruit which appeals to the heart. When I see it beside a good melon, I feel the same pleasure which my eyes would have in seeing a king and queen together." Another gift of fruit makes him think of the villa Caneggio, whence it came, "so beautiful that if the world liked to carry flowers it would carry it always for a carnation."

> Instead of one "thank you for a good fellow," which I should have given you for sending the mushrooms I am still waiting for, I ought to give you ten for sending me the quails and thrushes I did not expect. Because they are safer eating than those dangerous things, and one cooks them in a couple of turns of the spit where they are sandwiched between leaves of laurel and sausages, farmer style. But you can't do that with mushrooms, for you must boil them with two chunks of the inside of a loaf of bread, and then fry them in oil. And also one ought to be chary of eating them, except in the morning, for fear of poison which could so entrench itself during the night, thanks to sleep, as to be able to put to rout their excellencies the physicians. The Chietini (pietists) understand this very well, for they confess and take communion before they swallow a mouthful of them. It amuses me when a greedy and timid man wants to stuff himself with them, and I smile to see his nervous antics when at the same moment fear and the savor of the mushrooms attack his heart and his nose.

He confesses a great weakness for salads. In a letter humorously defending himself against a mock charge of gluttony, he admits, "If one sins in devouring a whole salad with an onion, I am undone, because there is in that dish a delicate pleasure which the kitchen hawks that flocked around the table of Leo didn't have."

One of the best of his lighter letters is on salad. The question of how to make a salad dressing has been known in modern times to divide families. It was evidently equally troublesome in the sixteenth century. Aretino, with mock submission, begs his friend to keep on sending from his garden the salads he used to send before their controversy as to whether citronella and strong vinegar ought or ought not to be used in dressing. He goes on to praise them:

> I notice the way you lessen the sour of one herb with the sweetness of another. And it is no small art to temper the bitter and the sharp of some leaves with the neutral flavor of others—making the mixture so dulcet that satiety itself would taste. . . . The flowers scattered in the delicate green of such appetite-sharpeners tempt my nose to smell them and my hand to take them. In short, if my servants knew how to dress your salads *à la Genoese*, I would give up for them the breasts of capercailzie which very often at dinner or supper Titian, the unique, gives me for the glory of Cadore. . . . Certainly I am astonished that the poets don't strain every nerve to sing the virtues of mixed salad. And it is a great mistake of the monks and nuns not to praise it, because the monks steal time from their prayers to keep the soil of their lettuce-beds free from little stones. And the nuns tend it like a baby, wasting hour after hour in watering and caring for it. . . .
>
> I believe that the inventor of such a delicacy was a Florentine. He must have been, because the arranging of a table, decorating it with roses, washing the glasses, putting plums in the ragouts, dipping cut-up liver in batter, making black pudding, and serving fruit after a meal, all came from Florence. Their brains, active, always working, with the subtlety of their foresight have grasped



COURTESY OF BRAUN, CLEMENT & CO.

TITIAN'S PORTRAIT OF ROBERTO STROZZI'S DAUGHTER

all the points with which the cuisine can charm the sated palate.

Aretino's most intimate table companions were Titian and Sansovino. A couple of the many allusions of the letters will show this sufficiently. He writes to the Cavaliere da' Porto: "Sansovino and Titian, the reputation of marble and the glory of color, since the first with the chisel gives to marble both senses and spirit and the second with the brush gives to color both senses and spirit—they, I say, enjoyed with me the two pairs of red partridges you sent."

He wrote to Pigra: "You told me when you sent the big jar filled with Ferrarese finocchi, 'Eat them at once with your friends, because I am keeping some more for you.' That being so, I give notice that Titian, Sansovino, and I, after having enjoyed the first lot, are waiting to get into the middle of the second lot with little less anxiety than the Cardinals watch around a Pope's bed for the hour of his creeping death."

Of the two, Titian was the more intimate. Aretino spoke of him as his other self. They called each other "compare," the old English "gossip." They were continually at table together in the house of one or the other.

Pietro tells Conte Manfredo di Collalto: "The day before yesterday we were eating some hares caught by the hounds which Captain Giovanni Tiepoli had sent me, and while their praises went up, *cœli cœlorum*, one of your lackeys arrived with the thrushes, which in tasting them made me chant the 'inter aves.' They were so good that our Titian, seeing and smelling them on the spit, glanced out at the snow, which, while they were setting the table, fell in showers, and abandoned a crowd of gentlemen who had arranged a dinner for him. And all unanimously gave great praise to the birds with the long beak, which we ate with a little smoked meat, a couple of leaves of laurel and pepper. And we ate them for love of you."

Aretino writes that he took refuge at Titian's for luncheon whenever he was bored by too many visitors. And the grammarian Priscianese has left a letter describing a more formal banquet at the painter's house:

> I was invited the day of the Kalends of August to celebrate that sort of holiday which is called "ferrare Agosto." I don't know why it is so called, although it was much discussed here the evening I spent in a delightful garden of Messer Titiano Vecellio, as everybody knows the most excellent of painters and a person truly fitted to ornament by his agreeable manners the best circles of society. There were met together with the said Messer Titiano, for like always draws like, some of the most exquisite men of talent to be found to-day in this city, and particularly M. Pietro Aretino, new miracle of nature, and next, her great imitator with the art of the chisel as the master of the feast is with the brush, Messer Jacopo Tatti, called Sansovino. And beside them was M. Jacopo Nardi and I; for I was the fourth of such an able company. Because the sun, in spite of the shade of the place, made its power felt, we passed the time before we sat down to table in looking at the pictures of the most excellent painter, of which the house was full, and in talking of the truly beautiful and charming garden, the pleasure and wonder of all who see it. It is situated on the outer edge of Venice, upon the sea, looking out toward the lovely little island of Murano and other most beautiful places. That part of the sea, as soon as the sun went down, was filled with a thousand gondolas, ornamented with the most beautiful women and ringing with changing harmonies and tones of voice and instrument, which up to midnight made music for our gay supper. But to come back to the garden; it was so well arranged and so beautiful, and therefore so much praised, that the comparison which occurred to me with the delightful gardens of Saint Agatha quickened so much my memories and desires for it and you, dear friends, that I could not tell most of the time during the evening whether I was in Rome or in Venice. Meantime the hour of supper arrived. It was as beautifully served as it was generous, and furnished, besides the most delicate food and most costly wines, with all those pleasures and enjoyments which fitted the house, the company, and the feast. Just as we got to the fruit, your letters arrived, brought by a young man from my house. . . . I read them to the company . . . and because in them you praised the Latin language and had little good to say for the Tuscan, Aretino grew particularly angry, and if he had not been stopped, I believe he would have turned his hand to one of the cruelest invectives in the world, for he excitedly demanded pen and paper. However, he did not fail to give us a good share of it in words. At last the supper ended hilariously.

The friendship of Titian and Aretino was the most natural thing in the world. Their tastes and view of life were the same, and each was anxious to make out of his talents fame and the means of luxury. Aretino had great skill as a critic of art; and the chief artists of the day were glad to have his advice, feared his blame and sought his praise. When he wrote to Michael Angelo, saying that he was tempted to come to Rome just to see the "Last Judgment" and give a pen-picture of the stupendous effects which he felt sure the painter had produced, the great solitary, so little given to compliments, replied:

> Magnificent Messer Pietro, my master and brother, your letter gave me both pain and pleasure. I congratulated myself because it came from you, who are unique in the world in virtú, and at the same time I was very sorry that, having completed the great part of my picture, I would not use your imagination, which is so successful that if the day of judgment had taken place and you had seen it, your words could not have reproduced it better. I shall not only be glad to have you answer my letter, but I beg you to do so, because kings and emperors consider it the greatest of favors to be named by your pen. Meantime, if I have anything which pleases you, I offer it to you with my heart.
>
> Always yours, MICHEL AGNUOLO.

It had long been the part of every finished man of the world to have some taste in art and to be ready to express a judgment upon a statue or a picture, but

Aretino has the best possible claim to be regarded as the father of that *genre* of literature which is known as art criticism. His skill in this was so clearly recognized that Lodovico Dolce, writing his Dialogue on Painting, makes Aretino the chief speaker. Any artist seems to have been glad to work for him. Half a dozen different medalists modeled his head, some of them several times. Six of the leading art collections of the world, Munich, Windsor, the Belvedere, Berlin, the Pitti, the Hermitage, possess his portrait, so frequently reproduced by the engraver that the Bibilothèque Nationale has thirty-eight different prints of him. These favors seem to have cost Aretino no money. He was able fully to repay them by the constant advertisement he gave to his friends. He never misses a chance of mentioning and praising the work of artists he approves. When the factories of Murano turn out a new style of glass vases, decorated with the arabesques of Giovanni da Udine, he sends a case of them to the Marquis of Mantua, pointing out their beauty and mentioning at the same time that they are called Aretini. When Jacopo del Giallo sends him a miniature, he writes a letter which was worth a good many pieces of gold to the artist:

> I am not blind in painting, and many times Raphael and Fra Sebastiano and Titian have taken my advice, . . . and I know that miniaturists take their purpose from the motives of painted glass windows; they do nothing but a charming combination of deep blue, of azure green, of cochineal lake, and of powdered gold; they spend their utmost skill on a shell or a strawberry and similar little novelties. But your work is full of drawing and relief. . . . Everybody is pleased with the way in which the little children, resting their feet on the head of the eagle, hold up the letter addressed in capitals with the name of the Emperor. . . . But how shall I repay you for such graceful work, since you do not want money? I will give you back ink for your colors and effort for your labor. By which your name will have as much pleasure in the fame I shall give it as I have had delight in the work you have made for me.

This was no idle boast of Aretino. He did the greatest service to his artist friends. The fame of the other two members of the trio of friends, Sansovino and Titian, has outlived his. The biographers of Titian can only wonder why he had anything to do with such a man. But it never occurred to Titian that Aretino's friendship was anything but a great gain and a matter of pride. Vasari, who knew both, says that the friendship of Aretino was of the greatest advantage to Titian, both "as a matter of honor and of material gain, because he made him known far and wide where his pen reached, and especially to princes of importance."

He was equally useful to Sansovino. It was no small service to an architect to be told, in a letter which would be read by many of the patrons of art throughout Italy, that "the works of his genius had put the finishing touches on the pomp of the city of Venice." And Aretino was not content with advancing the reputation of his artist friends. He did everything in his power to foster the taste for art among those who paid for it. He makes the characters of his comedies discuss noted pictures and buildings and the glory of those who built them. His letters speak continually of art, and in one he touches with master hand the strongest motive of most of its patrons in the Renascence:

> The prince, who reigns solely because he is made in the image of God, ought to imitate the maker of all things, whose power, according to the model of his will, built Paradise for the angels and the world for men, placing on the façade of the great edifice of heaven, as it were, his coat of arms painted by the brush of nature—a sun of gold with its infinite stars and a moon of silver in a broad field of bright blue. And just as every one of us who is born, as soon as he opens the eyes of consciousness is astonished, looking now at the heaven and now at the earth, giving thanks to Him who made one and created the other, so the descendants of your Excellency, wondering at the magnitude of the edifices begun and finished by you, will bless the generous providence of their magnanimous predecessor with the blessing given to the mind of the ancients embodied in stone in their theaters and amphitheaters by one who sees the pride of the ruins of Rome—whose wonders show what were the habitations of the conquerors of the universe.

Aretino judged in the taste of the day and wrote in its style. He told Vasari in regard to some draping, "Raphael has drawn things of the same sort. He has not surpassed you so much that you need regret it." He wrote to Giulio

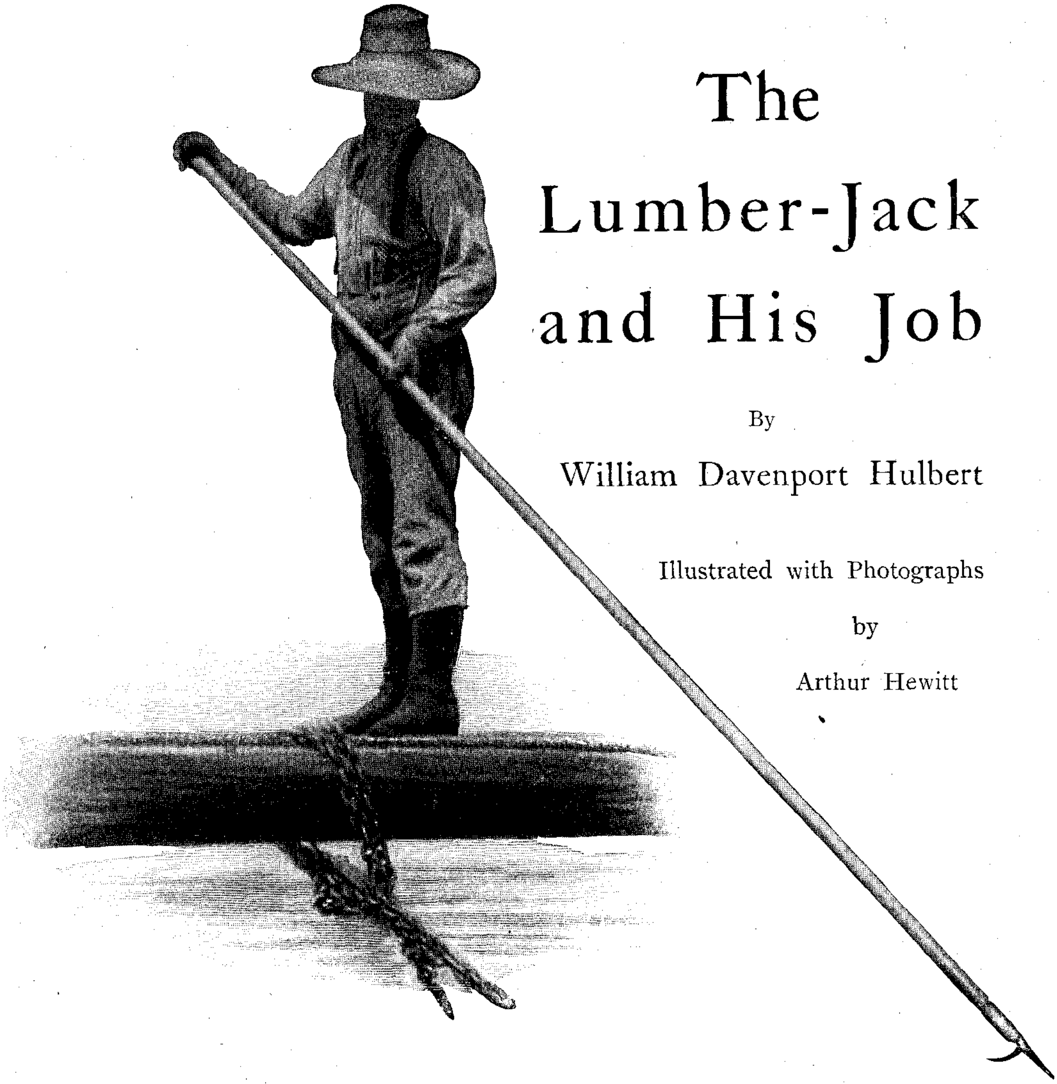
Romano that if Apelles and Vitruvius could see the buildings and paintings he was doing in Mantua, "they would approve the judgment of the world which preferred him for originality and charm to any one who had ever touched compass or brush." These judgments might now be questioned. But those who know Titian best are most ready to admit that they do not understand the secrets of his art better than Aretino. The comments he has left touch the finest points of his friend's pictures. The angel of the annunciation "filling everything with light and shining in the air with fresh radiance, bending gently with a reverence which makes us believe he is really in the presence of Maria;" the portrait of the little girl of Roberto Strozzi, so true that if "art should say it was not real, nature would swear it was not imitation;" the lamb in the arms of the little St. John, "so natural that a ewe would bleat at sight of it"—these are not vague praises. The words come not only from the lips but the eyes. And it would be hard to find a better phrase than that with which he places Titian in a sonnet alongside of the two most celebrated artists Italy had produced.

"Divine in beauty was Rafaello, and Michael Angelo was more divine than human in his stupendous design—but Titian has in his brush *the sense of things*."

Pietro has perhaps shown most plainly how well he understood his friend in the following letter to him:

> Having, contrary to my habit, taken my meal alone, Signor Compare, or rather in company with this quartan fever which does not let me taste my food, I got up from table having dined on the desperation with which I sat down to it. Placing my arms on the window ledge and resting my chest and almost my entire body against it, I gave myself up to gazing at the wonderful spectacle made by the infinite number of boats which, full of foreigners as well as natives, enlivened not only those who looked on but even the Grand Canal itself; joy of everybody who furrows its waters with the keel of his boat. And when two gondolas with celebrated gondoliers had finished a race, I found great enjoyment in the people who had stopped to see it at the bridge of the Rialto, the quay of the Camerlinghi, the Fish market, the ferry of S. Sofia, and the Casa da Mosto. And while these crowds went their different ways with gay applause, I, in the mood of a man who begins to bore himself because he does not know what to do with his mind and his thoughts, turn my eyes to the sky, which, since God made it, was never touched with beauty by such lovely painting of light and shadows. This made the atmosphere one of those which they try to express who envy you because they cannot be you. Try to see it as I describe it. In the first place, the houses, which seemed not of real stone, but of some stuff of dreams—and then bring before your eyes the atmosphere, which in some parts appeared pure and fresh, in others turbid and wan. Think also of the marvelous view I had of the clouds of condensed dampness, which in the center of the picture *(principale veduta)* stood partly near to the roofs and partly in the middle distance, since the right hand was filled with a smoky vapor tending toward a dark ash color. I was truly astonished at the changing tints the clouds showed. The nearest blazed with the flaming fires of the sun. The more distant were reddened with the glow of red lead, not too well heated. Oh, with what beautiful touches the brushes of nature thrust back the atmosphere yonder, clearing it away from the palaces in the style of Titian when he paints landscapes. In certain parts there showed a greenish blue, in others a blue-green mixed indeed by the caprice of nature, mistress of the masters. She darkened and threw into relief with shadows and high lights what she wished to darken or bring out until I, who know that your brush is the very soul of her ministering spirits, cried out three or four times, "Oh, Titian, where are you now!"

Between the lines of this letter the discerning eye may read how pleasant must have been the many hours the two spent together at Aretino's windows on the Grand Canal or in Titian's little loggia looking off across his garden to Murano and the hills of Cadore.



The Lumber-Jack and His Job

By

William Davenport Hulbert

Illustrated with Photographs by Arthur Hewitt

UP or down the river in a large flat-bottomed boat, or threading their way on foot through the unbroken woods, comes a small party of men, on a day in summer or early fall, to pitch their tents where the river-bank is high enough to be quite dry and where the ground is fairly level and the pines stand all about. They are the first skirmishers of the army of invasion that is to conquer the pinery, and just as the advance guard of an army of soldiers throws up intrenchments and opens communications with its base of supplies, so the lumber-jacks immediately proceed to put up their shanties and open a tote road.

Winding away through the woods to the nearest railway station or other point in touch with the outside world, the tote road is apt to be very rough and narrow, barely passable for a team and a wagon, but it serves its purpose, and over it come more men and horses, lumber for the floors and roofs of the shanties and for the rude pieces of furniture that will be needed, tarred paper to make the roofs tight, a few glazed window-sashes, a huge range and a number of box stoves, dishes and kitchen utensils, a little stock of goods for the van, blankets by the dozen and score, and countless boxes and barrels and bags of provisions. The shanties are built of logs, and a moderately extensive operation requires at least five—the men's camp, the cook camp, the office, the barn, and the blacksmith shop. In the men's camp, which is all in one large room, the bunks are ranged along the walls, often two or three tiers high, and are filled with balsam boughs or with hay or straw, and provided with coarse blankets. In the middle is a big box stove—or perhaps two, if the camp is a large one—and in one corner there is often a rough wooden sink, set out with tin basins and flanked by roller towels and a barrel of water, whereat the lumber-jack makes his toilet. The cook camp is furnished with the range and with long tables set with a great array of tin dishes, while in one end the cook and the cookee have their bunks, and in the other a storeroom for provisions is sometimes walled off. The push and the clerk, and sometimes the scaler, bunk in the office. Here the books and accounts are kept, and here, too, is the van, stocked with such goods and merchandise as will supply the lumber-jack's most immediate needs—Mackinaw jackets, trousers, heavy underwear, socks, hurons, shoe-pacs, caps and mittens, tobacco, pipes, and a little stationery. The blacksmith shop is simply a blacksmith shop, small and none too completely equipped, and the barn is much like other log barns—low-roofed, that the animal heat of the horses may go as far as possible toward keeping it warm.

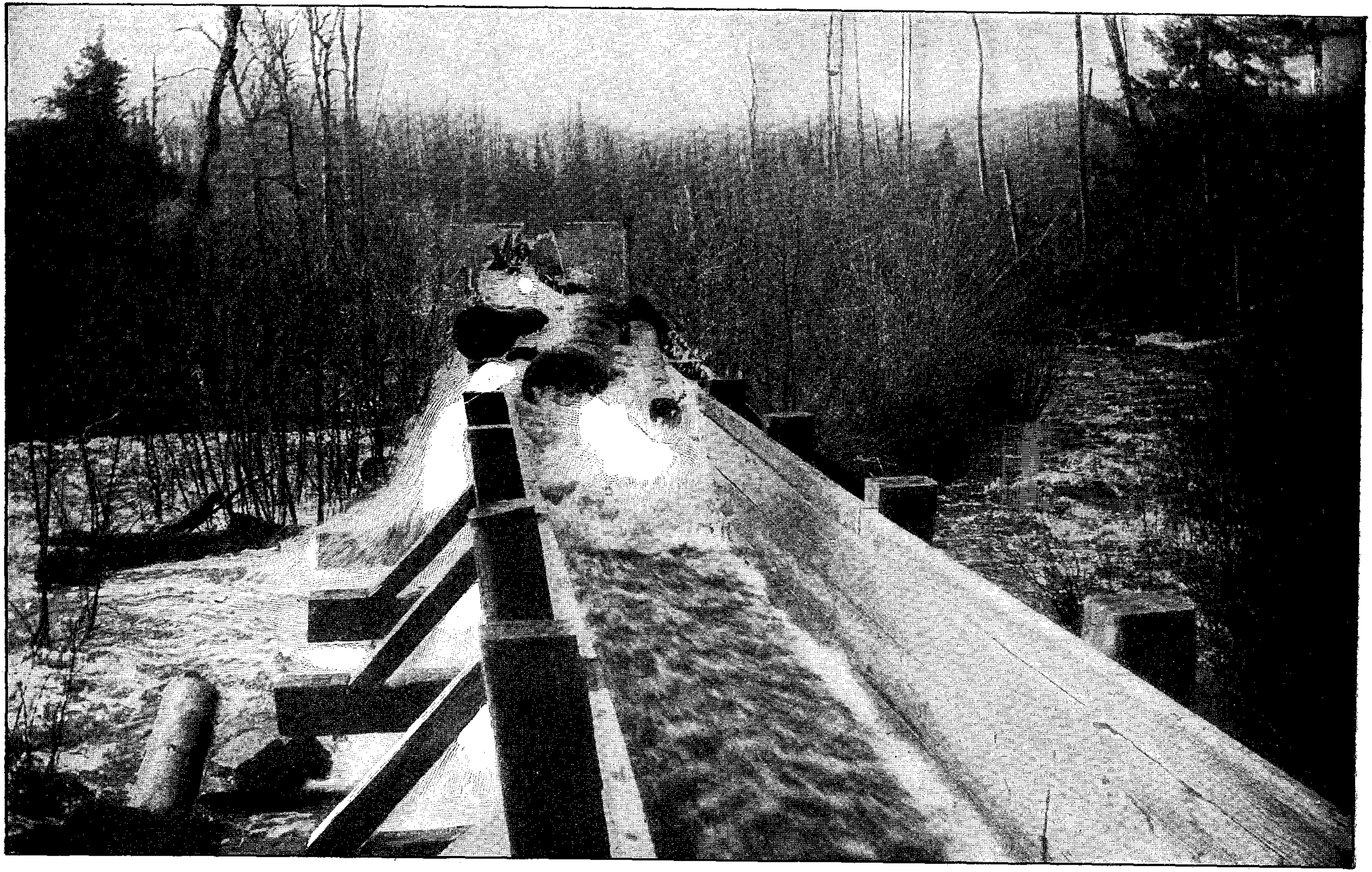
Intrenchments completed and communications established, one of the next things to be done is to lay out the lines of attack.

The principal one is the main log road, which, with its branches, leads down from the heart of the doomed timber, sometimes to a sawmill and sometimes to a railway siding, but more often to a banking-ground beside a river. Its route is carefully chosen and follows the most level ground available, some lumbermen going so far as to say that it is worth while to go half a mile around in order to avoid a rise of five or ten feet. It is broader and straighter than the tote road, and if the operation is a large one, a great deal of labor is often spent in making it as smooth and even as possible. Although it will not be used until after the coming of the deep snows, it is often prepared weeks and even months beforehand.

Here and there along the log road small spaces are cleared of brush, and in each of them two skids—long, slender trunks of medium-sized trees—are laid side by side upon the gronnd, about five or six feet apart. Braces and stakes hold them firmly in position, and they lie at right angles to the road, with one end resting on its edge. These form the skidways, on which the logs are to be stacked, and from every skidway the dray roads run back into the woods to the trees that are to be felled. These roads, unlike the log road, are mere trails, cleared of underbrush sufficiently to permit the passage of a team of horses and a dray. And, by the way, a lumberman's dray is a wooden sled consisting of two heavy runners, sometimes shod with steel and sometimes not, connected by a bar in front and carrying a stout cross-beam. I suppose that Mr. Stewart Edward White would call it a travois, but in our camps we always said dray. Cutting dray roads is known in lumber-camp parlance as "swamping," and the men who do it are the "swampers," and are usually among the least skilled workmen in camp.

And now that everything is ready for the attack, let us see just what happens to the tree. First comes an axman, known as the fitter, who examines the pine and decides which way it shall fall and just where it shall lie. If necessary, he clears away the small trees and the brush and makes a place for it. Then with his ax he cuts a notch in this side of the tree—the side toward which it is to fall—and it is ready for the sawyers with their big, double-ended, cross-cut saw, six feet or more in length. A carpenter cutting a board in two with his hand-saw does all the work as he pushes his tool from him—drawing it back is only the recover—but the long Tuttle-tooth cross-cut operates in just the other way. Each man puts his strength into pulling the saw toward him, and lets the one at the other end pull it back, while the teeth are so shaped that they cut both ways with equal effect. Pulling the saw instead of

IN THE FOREST NEAR COBECONK, ONTARIO



A JAM IN A SLIDE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO

pushing it causes it to run truer and straighter, and if it does not run straight it will bind before the cut is finished. The blade enters the tree on the side opposite the fitter's notch, and as soon as it is fairly out of sight in the wood the sawyers drive wedges into the kerf behind it to keep the weakened trunk from settling on it and holding it fast, and also to help the notch guide the tree in its fall. Occasionally they pour a little kerosene on the steel, that the pitch may not make it stick. Back and forth, back and forth, they swing, pulling the sharp, tearing teeth through the wood till the few remaining fibers crack and rend and the tree sways over and begins its downward course.

"Timber!!!" comes their warning cry, and any one within reach of the falling giant jumps for dear life. The branches moan as they sweep through the air, and the moan grows to a whistle and a shriek as the big green head gathers speed and falls faster and faster till it strikes the ground with a tremendous crash and a great litter of broken limbs and twigs. It has taken scores, perhaps hundreds, of years to lift the pine-tree into the air, but a few minutes' work of an ax and a saw is enough to bring it down.

CANADIAN RIVER DRIVERS

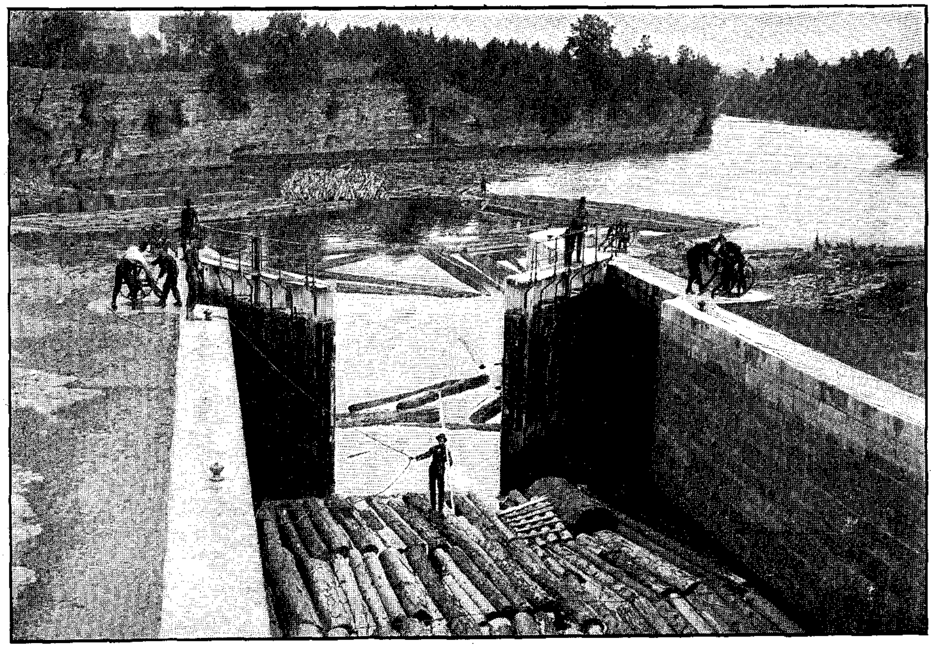
Once on the ground, the trunk is measured off and sawn into logs, twelve, fourteen, or sixteen feet in length. If it is a very large and fine one, it is sometimes hewed square with a broadax, making what the lumbermen call "board timber"—big, rough beams which are sent abroad to the European markets, mostly to Liverpool, and there cut up into lumber. In going through old cuttings in the pineries one often finds on the ground the chips and score-blocks from board timber hewed many years ago, and now, probably, built into houses on the other side of the world. Comparatively little is made nowadays in the forests of the United States. The best of the pine has vanished, and that which remains goes mostly into logs.

Now comes the skidding. The swampers see that there is a dray road open to the fallen tree, and clear away the underbrush and the broken branches as far as may be necessary, and presently a team of horses appears. If the logs are small, and especially if the distance to the nearest skidway is short, they are often handled with the skidding-tongs which resemble a pair of large, heavy ice-tongs, and which grip the end of the log exactly as ice-tongs grip a cake of ice. The team is hooked on, and the log is dragged away down the dray road to the skidway. If it is too large and heavy to be moved in this way, one end is lifted on to the cross-beam of the dray, while the other trails behind upon the ground; and if it is so big that the horses cannot start it even with the help of the dray, or if there happens to be a little rise in the road which proves too much for their strength, they are unhitched and a pulley-block is hooked on with a chain rove through it, one end of which is made fast to a tree some distance ahead, while the horses take hold of the other. Arrived at the skidway, the log is dragged across the skids, and two men armed with cant-hooks roll it down to the front end—that is, the end next the road. When the skidway is full, or perhaps when it is half full, a second tier is started on top of the first, and by and by, as the pile grows higher and steeper, a team of horses is set at work, and, with the help of a long, light chain, rolls the logs up to their places.

All through the autumn and into the early winter the felling and swamping and skidding continue, helped or hindered by the weather. Heavy fall rains, flooding the swamps and making the ground soft and the footing bad, hold the job back and pile up expenses in a way to break the lumberman's heart, while a dry season, followed by sharp frosts in November to freeze the ground solid and a light fall of snow to "grease" the dray roads and make the runners slip easily, adds greatly to the profits.

But in any event, when the snow grows so deep that it is difficult for men and horses to leave the beaten roads, then skidding and swamping and felling all come to an end, and another stage of the operation begins—the sleigh-haul. The log road is broken, the snow-plow is run over it, if necessary, and the sprinkler is set at work—a big wooden water-tank mounted on runners, with two small holes in the rear from which the water falls into the ruts, leaving long ribbons of ice for the log-sleighs to run upon. The profits on the rest of the winter's work must depend on the size of the loads that can be drawn, for the horses cannot be hurried—the work is too heavy. They can make only so many round trips a day between the skidways and the banking-ground, and if the job is to be hastened it must be done by making the sleighs run more easily and then increasing the loads. So every effort is put forth to get this ice railway in the best possible condition, and the "road-monkeys" or "road-hogs," as they are variously called in lumber-camp slang, are constantly at work keeping it in repair.

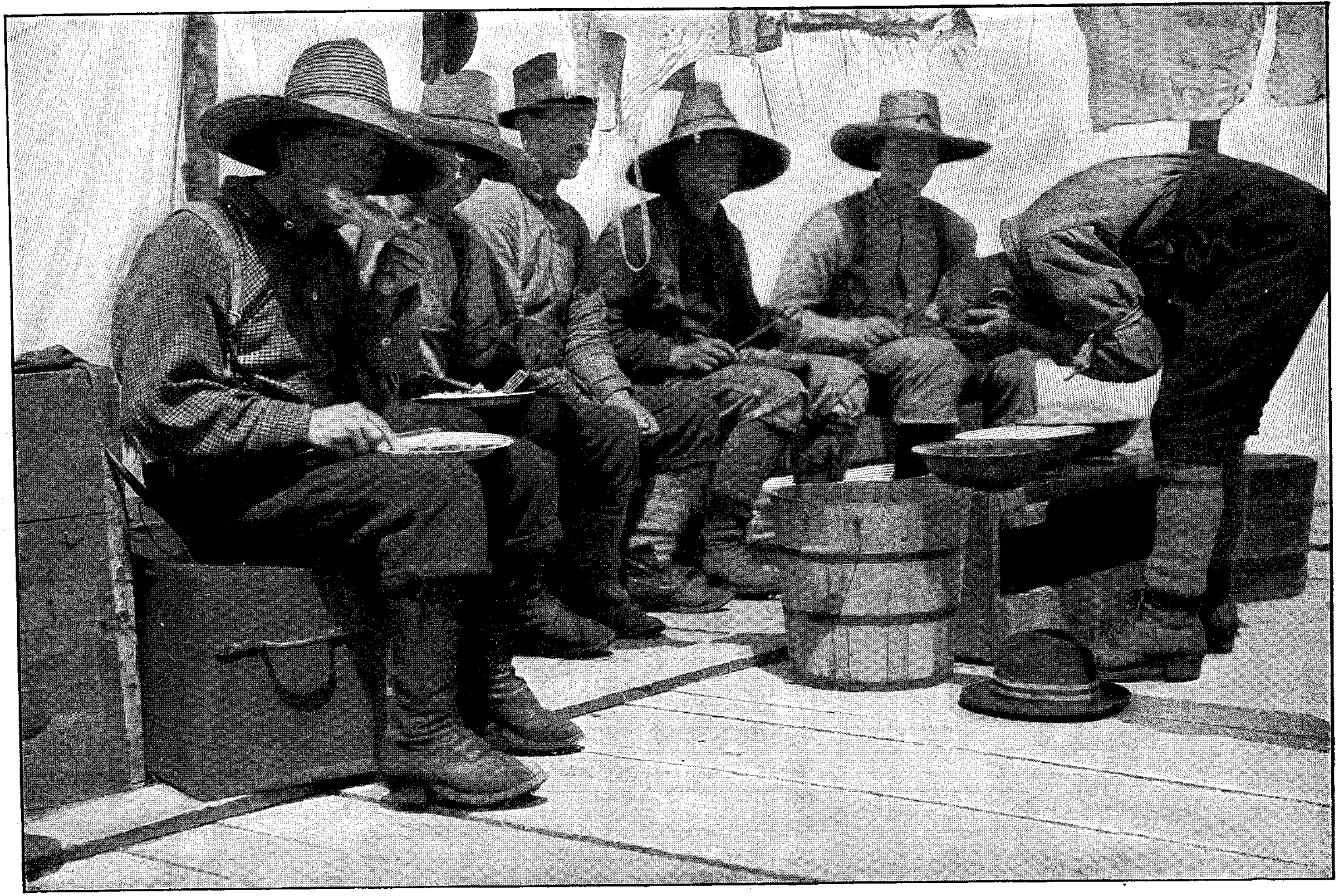
A tremendously strong and heavy sleigh pulls up in front of a skidway and the logs are rolled upon the great cross-beams—"bunks," the driver calls them—which are to support the load.



"LOCKING" A CRIB OF LOGS AT FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO

BRINGING LOGS DOWN TO THE RIVER

As the pile grows the horses are made to assist in building it up, just as they did in "decking up" the skidway, while a cant-hook man, the "top-loader," stands ready to receive each log and guide it to its place. It is dangerous work—top-loading. In fact, the lumberjack is always in more or less danger, no matter what part of the job he is engaged upon. A tree may fall in an unexpected direction and crush him before he can escape, or the butt may leap sidewise as it leaves the stump. An ax may glance and open an artery, from which he may bleed to death. A chain may break and let a log roll back upon him; and in former years it was not unknown for a man working alone to be set upon by wild beasts, though this is a thing that seldom happens nowadays. The danger from falling branches is always present when one is under the trees, for dead limbs are liable to drop at any moment, without warning and sometimes without any apparent reason. But the top-loader is the man who runs the greatest risks, for he has little room in which to work and he is liable at any time to be caught and crushed between the logs, or to lose his footing, or to be knocked off the load and thrown to the ground, perhaps with a log on top of him. Many



THE MIDDAY MEAL ON THE CRIB

a man has lost his life while putting the "peaker" on the load. And another dangerous task is that of the men who "break down" the front of the skidway and "send up" to the top-loader; for now and then the logs become cemented together with ice and snow, and in loosening them the cant-hook men are liable to start an avalanche of timber which may crush them before they can get out of the way.

Complete at last, with the peaker on and the whole mass securely bound together with chains, the small mountain of logs glides deliberately away down the log road, and after a journey of anywhere from one to a dozen miles it reaches the banking-ground, where the logs are piled up to wait for spring. During the weeks and months that follow they are joined by hundreds of other such small mountains, till finally, perhaps not until the thaws have set in and the road is growing soft and slushy, the last log arrives and the sleigh-haul is ended.

There remains only the drive. Now, the drive and its methods vary a good deal in different sections of the country. On most of the streams that empty into the Great Lakes it is a much simpler and easier matter than on streams like the Ottawa and Penobscot, mainly because the rivers of the Lake basin are all much shorter than some of those farther east, and also because many of them are not navigable for steamers. In the Lake region the drive is often over in a few weeks, and sometimes even in a few days, while on the streams of Canada and New England it frequently takes two years for the logs to work down from the woods to the boom and the sorting-jack. On the longer drives, and especially where it is necessary to keep out of the way of steamers, the

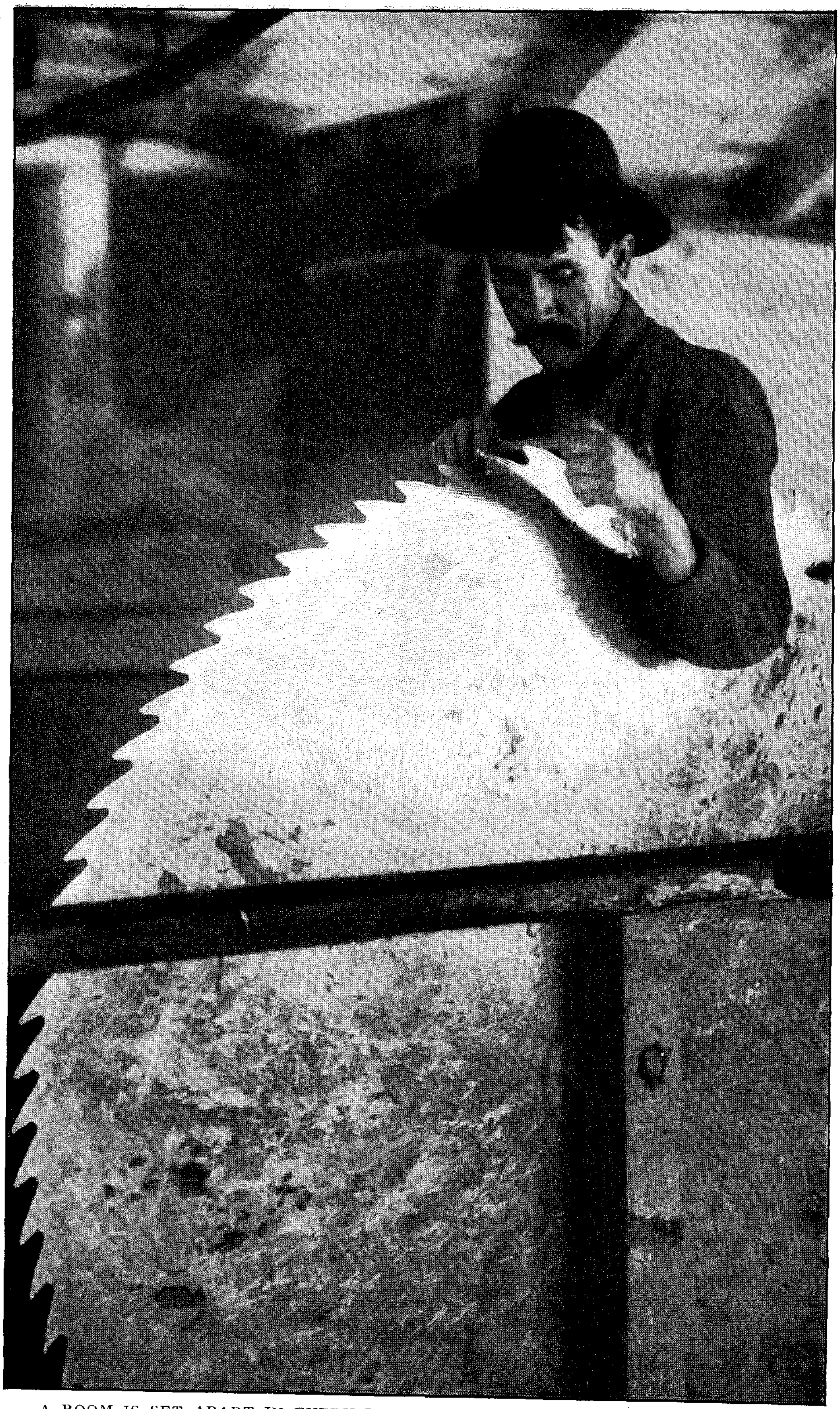
WORKING ON A "SORTING-JACK"

logs are often made up into "cribs," on which the crews pitch their tents and live for month after month as they glide slowly down with the current. Rafts just like them may be seen on the Danube and other European rivers, handled with huge oars and steered with a long sweep. On the short streams, particularly those that are not navigated by other craft, there is nothing to do but roll the logs off the banking-ground into the river and let them float down as fast as they will, a crew of men following close behind with peaveys and pike-poles to keep them moving and release those that get "hung up" on the banks. A few large logs are fastened together to form a small raft on which tents are pitched, and sometimes there is a rough scow carrying a little cabin which serves as a kitchen. Here the men eat and sleep, and the "wannigan," as it is called, floats down stream just behind the logs and is always close to the scene of action.

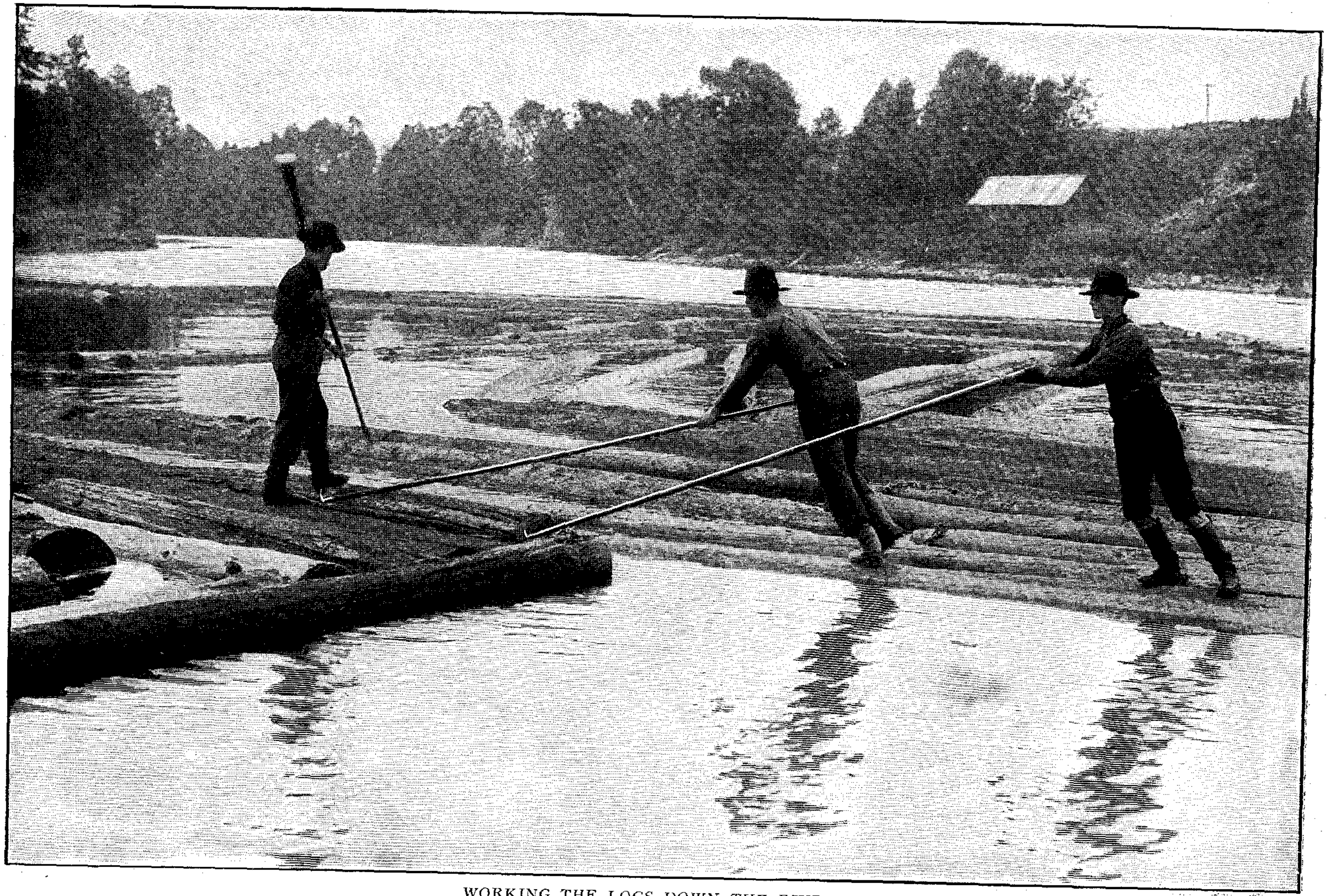
To a strong, healthy man who is inured to exposure and does not mind getting his feet wet, river-driving is not necessarily a very hard or disagreeable occupation so long as the weather is not very boisterous nor the stream very tumultuous; but on cold, stormy days, such as often come to the north country in early spring, his lot is not an enviable one. As to the dangers attendant on his calling, they depend almost entirely on the behavior of the river. While the current is slow and tranquil the work is not very perilous, though it is often tedious and there is always a chance that in running across the floating logs he may tumble in and perhaps be caught under the timber and drowned like a rat in a trap. Strange to say, there are many river-drivers who cannot swim. But the risks multiply rapidly when the drive enters a rapid or nears a fall, and when the now racing logs begin to pile up on the rocks like tangled heaps of jackstraws. Often the driver has to wade out into the rushing stream, where the current threatens to sweep him away, and where a flying log may dash against him at any moment and knock him off his feet. Often he must clamber over the jam and pick and pry at the woven sticks with his peavey or his pike-pole, and take the chances that the pile may suddenly melt away under his feet and let him drop into the icy river, perhaps to be crushed to death between the grinding timbers. And sometimes he has to get down under the front of the jam and loosen the one log which, braced against a rock, is holding back all the rest, with the possibility that the entire mass may take a sudden start and be upon him before he can escape. At the best, the frequent wettings and the constant exposure to the weather must tell on a man sooner or later. There are no old men on the drive, and few middle-aged ones. The driver gets good wages, but he earns his money, and the driving crews are generally made up of the pick of the camps, the best, strongest, and hardiest men in the woods.

A way of handling logs which might be called driving in miniature is the use of the slide. It sometimes happens that a stream which is too shallow to float a large log contains water enough if it could be concentrated into a narrower channel, or perhaps its bed is so rocky that the timber is continually running aground, or there may be some other reason why the river itself is not drivable. In that case a wooden trough is sometimes built, wide enough to accommodate the largest sticks, and into this the water is led, or so much of it as is needed. The logs come down one or two at a time instead of in cribs or in confused masses, but they follow each other in rapid succession, and the slide does a good deal of business in the course of a day. Once in a while there is a jam, just as there is in the rapids of a river. A log swings sidewise and gets stuck, and everything is stopped until it can be straightened out.

Perhaps the queerest product of the drive is the "alligator," a small and very heavily built vessel used in handling logs on some of the Canadian lakes and rivers—a sort of a cross between a boat and a grasshopper. It beats the record of even President Lincoln's famous gunboats, which could go "wherever the ground was a little damp," for in case of necessity it can navigate a dry and dusty road or make its way through a swamp



A ROOM IS SET APART IN EVERY LUMBER-MILL FOR SHARPENING THE GREAT CIRCULAR SAWS



WORKING THE LOGS DOWN THE RIVER

It sometimes takes two years for the logs to reach their destination.

or over a windfall. On its forward deck it carries a powerful steam capstan or windlass, and when it wants to take a land voyage a wire cable is taken ashore and made fast to some secure and solid anchorage, the capstan is set at work, and the "alligator" hauls itself out of the water and wanders about, slowly but surely, at its own sweet will. When its operations in one lake are finished, it simply hitches itself across lots to another and begins there.

The lumber-jack is not always at work. When the sleigh-haul is finished or when the drive is done, and now and then between times, he stops and plays for a longer or shorter time, according to the sum of money that he has earned since his last spree. While out on the drive one day last spring I happened to overhear two men discussing the relative merits of two lumber towns as places in which to get rid of their hard-won wealth.

"N—— is the best town in the country to spend a stake in," one of them said. "They'll let you go out on the street and holler as much as you like. At S—— the police will run you in, and if one policeman can't handle you alone there's two of them ready to do it."

Going out on the street and "hollering," while it may be to a certain extent a disturbance of the peace, is very apt to be the most innocent part of the lumber-jack's celebration. Drinking, other vice, and sometimes fighting and murder, have been features of his spring diversions since lumbering began. It must be admitted, however, that times are changing a little in the lumber woods as well as everywhere else, and that the shanty-boy, like his cousin the cowboy, is not quite so picturesque a figure as he once was, and does not blow in his "stake" quite so violently. There are even some of his tribe who do not blow it in at all, but keep it for wiser uses. And in many other ways he has altered, in some respects for the better and in some for the worse. He is not only a little more law-abiding, but also, it is to be feared, a little less interesting and attractive. He may be less ready with a knife or a revolver, but he is also less ready with a song or a story.

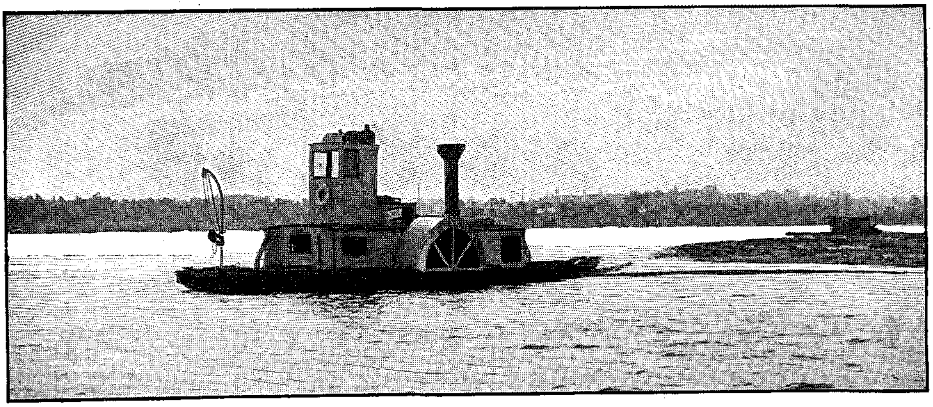
Nevertheless, the lumber-jack still has a great deal of individuality. He lives and works out-of-doors, among the trees, in the wind, under the sky; and he is simple and natural, generous, fearless, manly, and independent. There are no labor unions in the lumber camps, and while this is partly due to the fact that the lumber-jack is a good deal of a rover and will seldom stay in one place long enough to be organized, yet I believe it is also, in part, because of his love of managing his own affairs in his own way. He has his vices and his weaknesses, and they are bad ones, but seldom is he mean or petty or small, and to a considerable extent his failings are due to the conditions under which his life is spent. His evenings are occupied in lounging about the stove in a hot, close, foul atmosphere, smoking, swapping stories with his mates, playing cards, or idly listening to the music of the camp fiddler—seldom reading, for reading matter is scarce in the camps, and many of the men would not know how to appreciate it if they had it. After a day in the open air, followed by a very hearty supper, he is apt to feel dull and stupid, and before long he turns in between his blankets and sleeps till the chore-boy comes in to start the fire, and the cook's tin horn warns him that it is time to get up and begin another day. Sundays are much the same, except that they are longer and more tedious. He can go for a walk if he wishes, and sometimes he is located where there is good hunting and fishing; but few lumber-jacks own a gun or a rod, and what is the use of walking when there is nowhere to go? As the weeks wear on the monotony grows almost unendurable, and when at last the job is done and he starts for town with his time-check in his pocket, he is as happy and excited as a boy just out of school. Is it any wonder that he feels the need of a frolic, and that, knowing no other way of letting off steam, he turns to drink and vice, and sticks to them until his money is gone? There are no malevolent intentions in his misbehavior; he is merely trying to have a good time in the only way that seems open to him.

How many men there are in the camps who, under an apparently careless and happy-go-lucky demeanor, are really broken-hearted over the failure and purposelessness of their lives, no one knows, or ever will know; but there are not a few who realize perfectly that the years are slipping rapidly away from them, and are bringing nothing but months of labor followed by a few days of debauchery. There are some, indeed, who have families to whom they take or send their earnings, but there are others who have families to whom they send nothing, and to whom they are ashamed to go home; while the majority of them have no one to think of but themselves. There are many who know that they are missing much. With some it is merely a vague feeling that there are those who are better off than they, like that of a lumber-jack I used to know, who once remarked to his mate, as they stood near the railway watching an express train go by, " Say, Jim, there's people in them cars that's away up in sassiety." But to others there often comes the keenest shame and sorrow and remorse as they realize more and more, with each passing year and each succeeding spree, that their own weakness is putting them beyond all hope of ever enjoying the best that life can give.

And once in a while one finds a man in camp who not only knows what human life—his own life—ought to be and is not, but who has some touch of appreciation of the beauties of nature, and looks up with reverence to One who is above both nature and humanity. And now and then such a man will let you have a glimpse into his heart. One spring day I was seated on a broken bridge that crosses a certain northern Michigan river, watching the driving crew send the logs through a gap in the middle span. The foreman sat beside me—an old woodsman who had lived in the forest for years and I think had come to love it—and in the course of our talk he spoke of the marvelous colors which those same woods displayed in autumn, and especially of the soft bright yellow of the tamaracks—spoke in a way which showed how much he appreciated the beautiful sights of the world about him. It was good to hear, but there was something better coming. I had my camera and was trying to photograph the men at their work, but it was cloudy, the light was poor, and I knew that the short exposures required to catch the moving figures would probably give but weak negatives. I said as much to him, and he tried to console me by saying that probably few really perfect photographs were ever taken by any one, and then added, "There never was but one perfect man."

It was said as simply and naturally and sincerely as one might speak of the weather or the hard work and exposure of the drive, and I admit that it took me a little aback. I, too, believed in the One Perfect Man, but I was not looking for a confession of faith at that moment, and all I could say in reply was, " That's right."

And then for a few minutes we sat silent and watched the river drivers with their long pike-poles urging the logs one after another through the broken bridge.



AN "ALLIGATOR" HOLDING BACK A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF LOGS

FLOWERS OF THE AMERICAN LINDEN

Some American Trees

By J. Horace McFarland

Illustrated with Photographs by the Author

IN preceding articles of this series I have treated of trees in a relationship of family, or according to some noted similarity. There are, however, some trees of my acquaintance of which the family connections are remote or unimportant, and there are some other trees of individual merit with the families of which I am not sufficiently well acquainted to speak familiarly as a whole. Yet some of these trees, looked at by themselves, are as beautiful, interesting, and altogether worthy as any of which I have written, and they are also among the familiar trees of America. Therefore I present them apart from the class treatment.

One day in very early spring—or was it very late in winter?—I walked along the old canal road, looking for some evidence in tree growth that spring was really at hand. Buds were swelling, and here and there a brave robin could be heard telling about it in song to his mate (I think that settled the season as earliest spring!); but beyond the bud evidences the trees seemed to be silent on the subject. Various herbs showed lusty beginnings, and the skunk-cabbage, of course, had pushed up its tropical richness in defiance of any late frost, pointing the way to its peculiar red-purple flowers, long since fertilized and turning toward maturity.

The search seemed vain, until a glint of yellow just ahead, too deep to proceed from the spice-bush I was expecting to find, drew me to the very edge of the water, there to see hanging over and reflected in the stream a mass of golden catkins. Looking closely, and touching the little tree, I disengaged a cloud of pollen and a score of courageous bees, evidently much more pleased with the sweet birch than with the near-by skunk-cabbage flowers. Sweet birch it was; the stiff catkins, that had all winter held themselves in readiness, had just burst into bloom with the sun's first warmth, introducing a glint of bright color into the landscape, and starting the active double work of the bees, in fertilizing flowers while gathering honey, that was not to be intermitted for a sunshine hour all through the season.

A little later, along the great Susquehanna, I found in full bloom other trees of this same birch, beloved of boys—and of girls—for its aromatic bark. Certainly picturesque and bright, the little trees were a delight to the winterwearied eye, the mahogany twigs and the golden catkins, held at poise over the water, being full of spring suggestion.

All of the birches—I wish I knew them better!—are good to look at, and I think the bees, the woodpeckers, the humming-birds, and other wood folk must find some of them good otherwise. At Eagles Mere there was a yellow birch, in the bark of which scores of holes had been drilled by the woodpeckers or the bees, at regularly spaced intervals, to let the forest life drink at will of the sweet sap. I remember also that my attempt to photograph a score of bees, two large brown butterflies, and one humming-bird, all in attendance upon this birch feast, was a surprising failure.

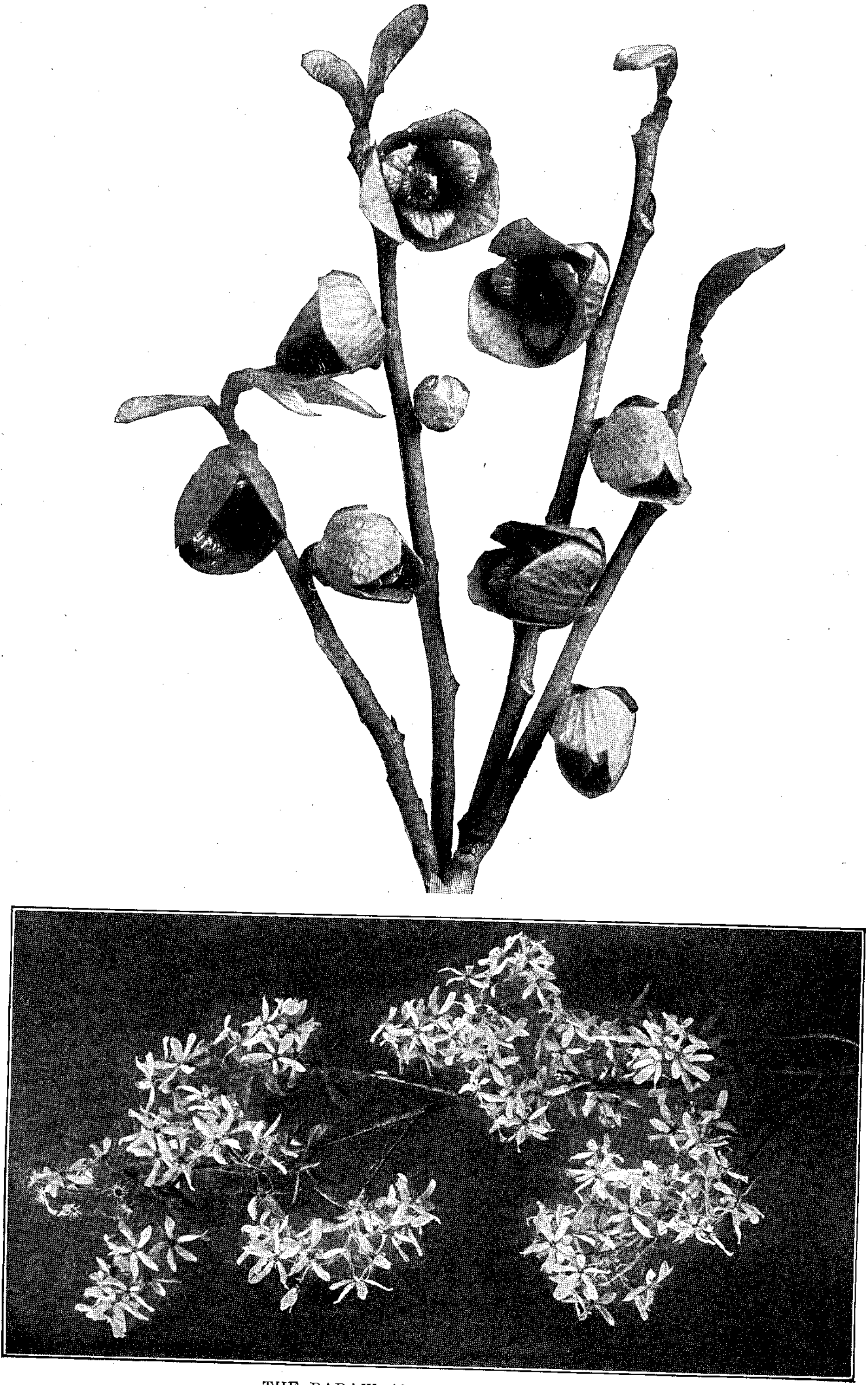
The great North Woods show us wonderful birches. Paddling through one of the Spectacle ponds, along the Racquette River, one early spring day, I came upon a combination of white pine, red pine, and paper-birch that was simply dazzling in effect. This birch has bark, as every one knows, of a shining creamy white. Not only its color, but its tenacity, resistance to decay, and wonderful divisibility, make this bark one of the most remarkable of nature's fabrics. To the Indian and the trapper it has long been as indispensable as is the palm to the native of the tropics.

The spice-bush, of which I spoke above, is really a large shrub, and is especially notable for two things—the way it begins the spring, and the way it ends the fall. About my home, it is the first of wild woods trees to bloom, except perhaps the silver maple, which has a way of getting through with its flowers unnoticed before spring is thought of. One finds the delicate little bright yellow flowers of the spice-bush clustered thickly along the twigs long before the leaves are ready to brave the chill air. After the leaves have fallen in the autumn, these flowers stand out in a reincarnation of scarlet and spicy berries, which masquerade continually as holly-berries when cunningly introduced amid the foliage of the latter. Between spring and fall the spice-bush is apparently invisible.

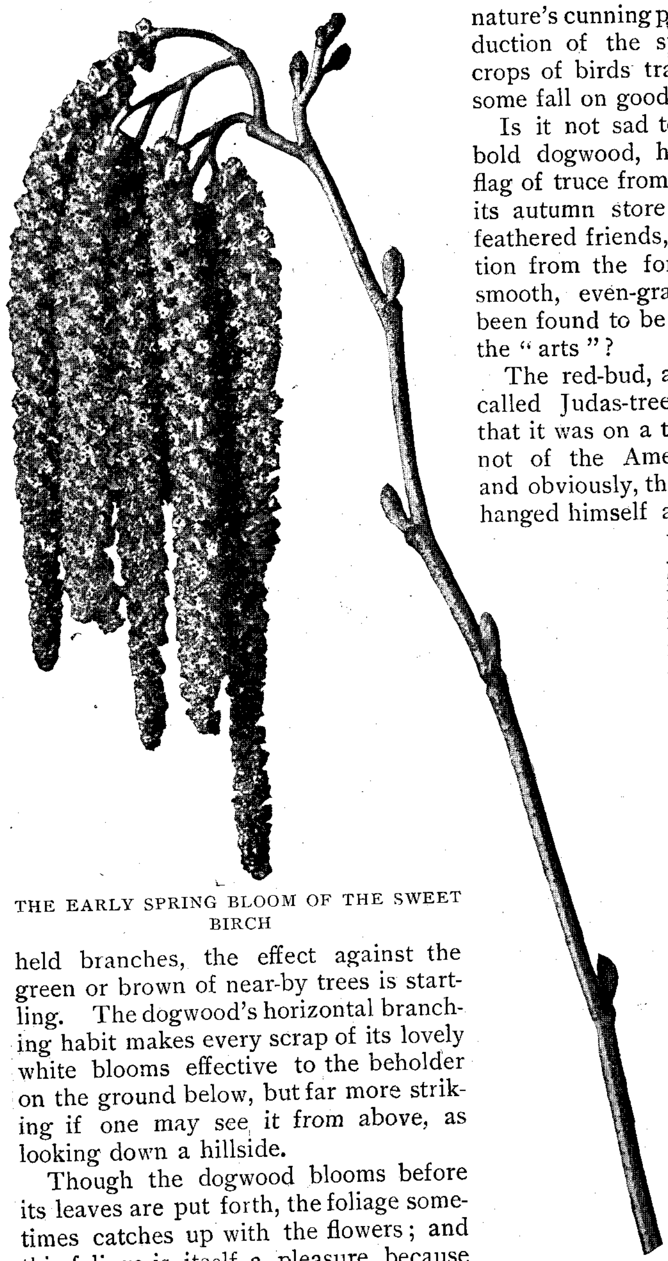
How many of us, perfectly familiar with "the holly-berry's glow" about Christmas time, have ever seen a whole tree of holly, set with berries? Yet the trees, sometimes fifty feet high, of American holly—and this is very different from the English holly in leaf—grow all along the Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Florida, and are especially plenty south of Maryland and Delaware. There is one superb specimen in Trenton, New Jersey's capital, which is of the typical form, and when crowded with scarlet berries it is an object of great beauty. One reason why many of us have not seen holly growing in the wild is that it seems to prefer the roughest and most inaccessible locations. Years ago I was told that I might see plenty of holly growing freely in the Pennsylvania county of my home. "But," my informant added, "you will need to wear heavy leather trousers to get to it!" The nurserymen are removing this difficulty by growing plants of all the hollies—American, Japanese, English, and Himalayan—so that they may easily be set in the home grounds, with their handsome evergreen foliage and their berries of red or black.

One spring, the season and my opportunities combined to provide a most pleasing feast of color in the tree quest. It was afforded by the juxtaposition at Conewago of the bloom-time of the deep pink red-bud, miscalled "Judas tree," and the large white dogwood—both set against the deep, almost black, green of the American cedar, or juniper. These two small trees, the red-bud and the dogwood, are of the class of admirable American natives that are notable rather for beauty and brightness of bloom than for tree form or size.

The common dogwood—*Cornus florida* of the botany—appears in bloom insidiously, one might say; for the flowers open very slowly, and they are green in color, and easily mistaken for leaves after they have attained considerable size. Gradually the green pales to purest white, and the four broad petals, with the peculiar little pucker or notch at the end of each, swell out from the clustered stamens to a total diameter of as much as four inches. With these flowers clustered thickly on the usually horizontally



THE PAPAW AND THE SHAD-BUSH



THE EARLY SPRING BLOOM OF THE SWEET BIRCH

held branches, the effect against the green or brown of near-by trees is startling. The dogwood's horizontal branching habit makes every scrap of its lovely white blooms effective to the beholder on the ground below, but far more striking if one may see it from above, as looking down a hillside.

Though the dogwood blooms before its leaves are put forth, the foliage sometimes catches up with the flowers; and this foliage is itself a pleasure, because of its fineness and its regular venation, or marking with ribs. In the fall, when the flowers of purest white have been succeeded by oblong berries of brightest scarlet, the foliage remains awhile to contrast with the brilliance of the fruit. The frosts soon drop the leaves, and then the berries stand out in all their attractiveness, offering food to every passing bird, and thus carrying out another of nature's cunning provisions for the reproduction of the species. Seeds in the crops of birds travel free and far, and some fall on good ground!

Is it not sad to know that the brave, bold dogwood, holding out its spring flag of truce from arduous weather, and its autumn store of sustenance for our feathered friends, is in danger of extinction from the forest because its hardy, smooth, even-grained white wood has been found to be especially available in the "arts"?

The red-bud, as I have said, is miscalled Judas-tree, the tradition being that it was on a tree of this family, but not of the American branch, happily and obviously, that the faithless disciple hanged himself after his final interview with the priests who had played upon his cupidity. Indeed, tradition is able to tell even now marvelous stories to travelers, and not long ago I was more amused than edified to hear an eloquent clergyman just returned from abroad tell how he had been shown the fruits of the Judas-tree, "in form like beautiful apples, fair to the eye, but within bitter and disappointing;" and he moralized just as vigorously on this fable as if it had been true, as he thought it. He didn't particularly relish the suggestion that the pulpit ought to be fairly certain of its facts, whether of theology or of science, in these days; but he succumbed to the submission of authority for the statement that the Eastern so-called Judas-tree, *Cercis siliquastrum*, bore a small pod, like a bean, and was not unpleasant, any more than the pod was attractive.

The earliest of the spring-flowering small trees that bloom white is the shadbush, or service-berry. Again the "common" names are trifling and inadequate;

shad-bush because the flowers come when the shad are ascending the rivers along which the trees grow, and service-berry because the pleasant fruits are of service, perhaps! June-berry, another name, is better; but the genus owns the mellifluous name of Amelanchier, and the term Canadensis belongs to the species with the clouds of little white flowers shaped like a thin-petaled star. The shad-bush blooms with the trilliums—but I may not allow the all too large subject of the spring flowers to set me spinning on another hank!

Searching for early recollections of trees, I remember, when a boy of six or seven, finding some little green berries or fruits, each with its long stem, on the pavement under some great trees in the Capitol Park of my home town. I could eat these; and thus they pleased the boy as much as the honey-sweet flowers that gave rise to them now please the man. The noble American linden, one of the really great trees of our forests, bears these delicate flowers, held in rich clusters from a single stem which is attached for part of its length to a curious long green bract. If these flowers came naked on the tree, as do those of the Norway maple, for instance, they would be easily seen and admired of men, but being withheld until the splendid heart-shaped foliage is well out, the blooms miss the casual eye. But the bees see them; they know the linden for their own, and great stores of sweetest honey follow a year when abundant pasture of these flowers is available.

A kindly tree is this linden, or lime, or basswood, to give it all its common names.

DOGWOOD BLOSSOMS AND BERRIES

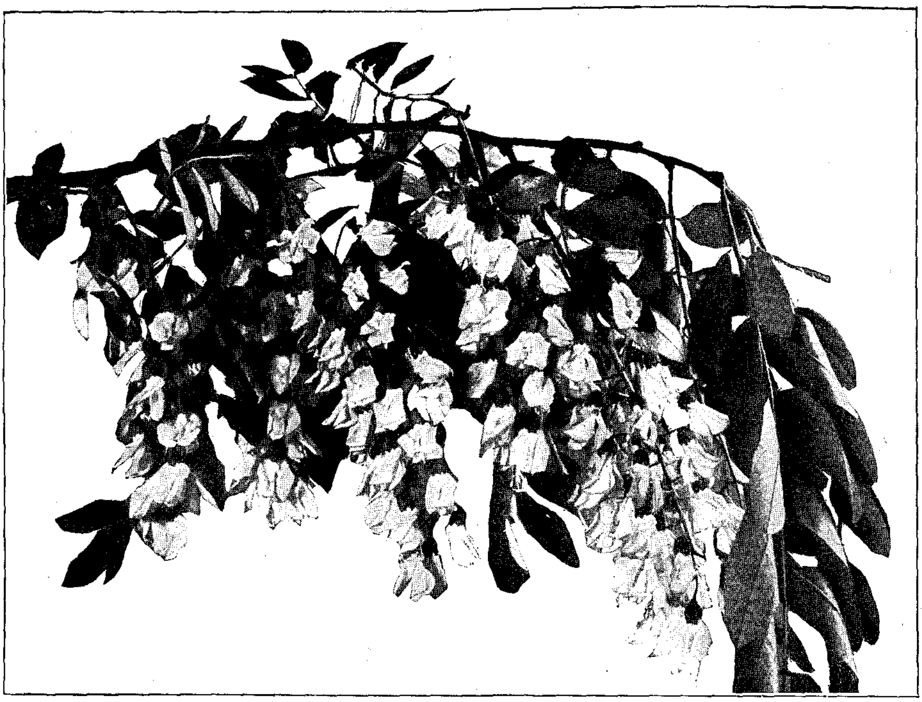
Kindly as well as stately, but never rugged as the oak, or of obvious pliant strength as the hickory. The old tree invites to shade under its limbs crowded with broad leaves; the young tree is lusty of growth and clean of bark, a model of rounded beauty and a fine variant from the overworked maples of our streets.

Again the tale of woe, for the great lindens of our forests are nearly all gone. Too useful for timber; too easy to fell; its soft, smooth, even wood too adaptable to many uses! Cut them all; strip the bark for "bast," or tying material; America is widening; the sawmills cannot be idle; such scientific and decent forestry as that which in Europe preserves splendid trees of approaching maturity is a dream for the future generations in America!

But other lindens, those of Europe especially, are loved of the landscape architect and the Germans. "Unter den Linden," Berlin's famous street, owes its name, fame, and shade to the handsome European species, the white-lined leaves of which turn up in the faintest breeze, to show silvery against the deep green of their upper surfaces. Very many of these fine lindens are being planted now in America by landscape architects, and there are some lindens on Long Island just as prim and trim as any in Berlin. Indeed, there is a sort of German "offiziere" waxed-mustache air of superiority about them!

There is an all-pervading Middle States tree that I might give a common name to as the "fence-post tree," because it is so often grown for that use

THE AMERICAN LINDEN



BLOOMS OF THE BLACK LOCUST

only, by reason of its enduring timber and its exceeding vigor under hard usage. Yet the common black locust is one of the most distinct and pleasing American trees of moderate height. Distinct it is in its framework in winter, mayhap with the twisted pods of last season's fruits hanging free; distinct again in its long-delayed, late-coming, acacia-like foliage; but fragrant, elegant, and beautiful, as well as distinct, when in June it sets forth its long, drooping racemes of whitest and sweetest flowers. These come only when warm weather is an assured fact, and the wise Pennsylvania Germans feel justified in awaiting the blooming of the locust before finally discarding their winter underclothing!

For years a family of my knowledge has held it necessary, for its proper conduct, to have in order certain floral drives. First the apple-blossom drive introduces the spring, and the lilac drive confirms the impression that really the season is advancing; but the locust drive is the sweetest of all, taking these nature-lovers along some shady lanes, beside the east bank of a great river, and in places where, the trees planted only for the fence utility of the hard yellow wood, these fragrant flowers, hanging in grace and elegance far above the highway, have redeemed surroundings otherwise sordid and mean.

I want Americans to prize the American locust for its real beauty. The French know it, and show with pride their trifling imported specimens. We cannot exterminate the tree, and there will be plenty for posts, too; but let us realize its sweetness, distinction, and elegance, as well as the durability and solidity of its structure.

There are fashions in trees, if you please, and the nurserymen set them. Suddenly they discover the merits of some long-forgotten tree, and it jumps into prominence. Thus, only a few years ago, the pin-oak came into vogue, to the lasting benefit of some parks, avenues, and home grounds. Then followed the sycamore, but it had to be the European variety, for our own native "plane-tree," or "buttonball," is too plentiful and easy to sing much of a tree-seller's song about. This Oriental plane is a fine tree, however, and the avenue in Fairmount Park that one may see from trains passing over the Schuylkill River is admirable. The bark is mottled

AMERICAN HOLLY

in green, and this color is especially bright when the tree is wet with rain. As the species is free from the attacks of a nasty European " bug " or fungus, which is bothering the American plane, it is much safer to handle, commercially.

But our stately American sycamore is in a different class. One never thinks of it as a lawn tree, or as bordering a fashionable roadway; rather the expectation is to find it along a brook, in a meadow, or in some rather wild and unkempt spot. As one of the scientific books begins of it, " it is a tree of the first magnitude." I like that expression; for the sycamore gives an impression of magnitude and breadth; it spreads out serenely and comfortably.

My friend Professor Bailey says *Platannus occidentalis*, which is the truly right name of this tree, has no title to the term sycamore; it is properly, as his cyclopædia gives it, Buttonwood or Plane. Hunting about a little among tree books, I find the reason for this, and that it explains another name I have never understood. The sycamore of the Bible, referred to frequently in the Old Testament, traditionally mentioned as the tree under which Joseph rested with Mary and the young child on the way to Egypt, and into which Zaccheus climbed to see what was going on, was a sort of fig-tree—" Pharaoh's Fig," in fact. When the mystery-plays of the centuries gone by were produced in Europe, the tree most like to what these good people thought was the real sycamore furnished the branches used in the scene-setting—and it was either the Oriental plane or the sycamore-leaved maple that was chosen, as convenient. The name soon attached itself to the trees; and when homesick immigrants looked about the new world of America for some familiar tree, it was easy enough to see a great similarity in the leaves of the buttonwood, which thus soon became sycamore.

A tree is never without interest to those whose eyes have been opened to some of the wonders and perfections of nature. Nevertheless, there is a time in the year's round when each tree makes its special appeal. It may be in the winter, when every twig is outlined sharply against the cold sky, and the snow reflects light into the innermost crevices of its structure, that the elm is most admirable. When the dogwood has on its white robe in May and June, it then sings its song of the year. The laden apple-tree has a pure glory of the blossoms, and another warmer, riper glory of the burden of fruit, but we think most kindly of its flowering time. Some trees maintain such a continuous show of interest and beauty that it is difficult to say on any day, "*Now* is this tulip or this oak at its very finest!" Again, the spring redness of the swamp maple is hardly less vivid than its mature coloring of the fall.

But as to the liquidambar, or sweet-gum, there can be no question. Interesting and elegant the year round, its autumn covering of polished, deep crimson, starry leaves is so startlingly beautiful and distinct as almost to take it out of comparison with any other tree. Others have nearly the richness of color, others again show nearly the elegance of leaf form, but no one tree rivals completely the sweet-gum at the time when the autumn chill has driven out all the paleness in its leaf spectrum, leaving only the warm crimson that seems for awhile to defy further attacks of frost. As to shape, the locality settles that; for, a very symmetrical small to maximum-sized tree in the North and on high dry places, in the South and in wet places North it becomes another "tree of the first magnitude," wide-spreading and heavy. A stellar comparison seems to fit, because of these wonderful leaves. They struck me at first, hunting photographs one day, as belonging to some sort of a maple; but what maple could have such perfection of star form? A maple, refined, perfected, and indeed polished, one might well think, for while other trees have shining leaves, they are dull in comparison with the deep-textured gloss of these of the sweet-gum.

Here, too, is a tree for many places; an adaptable, cosmopolitan sort of arboreal growth. At its full strength of hard, solid, time-defying wooded body on the edge of some almost inaccessible swamp of the South, where its spread-out roots and ridgy branches earn for it another common name as the "alligator-tree," it is in a park or along a private driveway at the North quite the acme of refined tree elegance, all the summer and fall. It takes on a rather narrow, pyramidal head, broadening as it ages, but never betraying kin with its fellow of the swamp, save perhaps when winter has bared its peculiar winged and "corky" branches.

With trees in general as objects of interest, I have always felt a special leaning toward tropical trees, probably because they are rare, and indeed not to be seen outside of the conservatory, in our Middle States. My first visit to Florida was made particularly enjoyable by reason of the palms and bananas there to be seen, and I have by no means lost the feeling of admiration for the latter especially. In Yucatan there were to be seen other and stranger growths and fruits, and the novelty of a great cocoanut grove is yet a memory

SPICE-BUSH

not eclipsed by the present-day Floridian productions of the same sort.

It was, therefore, with much astonishment that I came to know, a few years ago, a little tree bearing a fruit that had been familiar from my boyhood, but which I was then informed was the sole northern representative of a great family of tropical fruits, and which was fairly called the American banana. The papaw it was; a fruit all too luscious and sweet, when fully ripe in the fall, for most tastes, but appealing strongly to the omnivorous small boy. I suppose most of my readers know its banana-like green fruits, four or five inches long, green outside, but filled with soft and sweet aromatic yellow pulp, punctuated by several fat bean-like seeds.

But it is the very handsome and distinct little tree, with its decidedly odd flowers, that I would celebrate, rather than the fruits. This tree, rather common to shady places in eastern America as far north as New York, is worth much attention, and is worth planting for its spreading richness of foliage. The leaves are large, and seem to carry into the cold North a hint of warmth and of luxuriant growth not common by any means—I know of only one other hardy tree, the cucumber magnolia, with an approaching character. The arrangement, too, of these handsome papaw leaves on the branches makes the complete mass of regularly shaped greenery that is the special characteristic of this escape from the tropics.

The form of this papaw, or *Asimina triloba*—the botanical name is rather pleasing—is noticeable, and as characteristic as its leafage. See these side branches, leaving the slender central stem with a graceful up-curve, but almost at once swinging down, only to again curve upward at the ends. Are they not graceful? Such branches as these point nature's marvelous engineering, to appreciate which one needs only to try to imagine a structure of equal grace and efficiency made with any material of the arts. How awkward and clumsy steel or other metal would be!

Along these swinging curved branches, as we see them in the April winds, there appear hints of the leaf richness that is to come—but something else as well. These darkest purple-red petals, almost black as they change from the green of their opening hue, make up the peculiar flowers of the papaw. There is gold in the heart of the flower, not hid from the bees, and there is much of interest for the seeker for spring knowledge as well; though I advise him not to smell the flowers. Almost the exact antithesis of the dogwood is the bloom of this tree; for, both starting green when first unfolded from the buds, the papaw's flowers advance through browns and yellows, dully mingled, to the deep vinous red of maturity. The dogwood's final banner of white is unfolded through its progress of greens, about the same time or a little later.

A pleasant and peculiar small tree is this papaw, not nearly so well known or so highly esteemed as it ought to be.

Another tree with edible fruits—but here there will be a dispute, perhaps!—is the persimmon. I mean the American persimmon, indissolubly associated in our own Southland with the darky and the 'possum, but also well distributed over eastern North America as far north as Connecticut. The botanical name of the genus is Diospyros, liberally translated as "fruit of the gods," or "Jove's fruit." If his highness of Olympus was, by any chance, well acquainted with our 'simmon just before frost, he must have had a copper-lined mouth, to choose it as his peculiar fruit!

Making a moderate-sized tree of peculiar and pleasing form, its branches twisting regardless of symmetry, the persimmon in Pennsylvania likes the country roadsides, especially along loamy banks. Here it has unequaled opportunity for hanging out its attractively colored fruits. As one drives along in early fall, just before hard frost, these fine-looking little tomato-like globes of orange and red are advertised in the wind by the absence of the early-dropping foliage. They look luscious and tempting; indeed, they *are* tempting! Past experience—you need but one—had prepared me for this "bunco" fruit; but my friend would not believe me, one day in early October—he must taste for himself. Taste he did, and generously, for the first bite is pleasing and does not alarm, wherefore he had time, before his insulted nerves of mouth and tongue gave full warning, to absorb two of the 'simmons. Whew! What a face he made when the puckering juice got to work, and convinced him that he had been sucking a disguised lump of alum! Choking and gasping, he called for the water we were far from; and *he* won't try an unfrosted persimmon again.

But the tree—that is a beauty all summer, with its shining leaves, oblong, pointed, and almost of the magnolia shape. It will grace any situation, and is particularly one of the trees worth planting along highways, to relieve the monotony of too many maples, ashes, horse-chestnuts, and the like, and to offer to the passer-by a tempting fruit of which he will surely not partake too freely when it is most attractive. I read that toward the western limit of its range the persimmon, in Louisiana, eastern Kansas, and the Indian Territory, becomes a tree of the first magnitude, towering above a hundred feet. This would be well worth seeing!

There is another persimmon in the South, introduced from Japan, the fruits of which are freely sold on the fruitstands of the North. This, the kaki of Japan, is a small but businesslike tree, which provides great quantities of the beautiful fruits, rich in coloring and sweet to the taste. These 'simmons do not need the touch of frost, nor do they ever attain the fine, wild, high flavor of the frostbitten Virginian fruits.

By Firelight

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

GRANNY SIMMERS, shading her face with her wrinkled hand, was flicking the ashes from the broad hearth with a turkey wing. The low sitting-room was flooded with the ruddy light of the crackling wood fire; the old brass dogs, polished by Martha's faithful hands, fairly glittered in the glow of the gushing flames that rollicked up the chimney.

The scarlet geraniums at the windows were drawn back and carefully covered with newspapers, for the night was bitter cold, and in Granny's cheery sitting-room the shades were never drawn.

Through the open door to the kitchen, above the clatter of the dishes, arose the sound of Martha's strong soprano as it droned out of key:

"She sat in the door one cold afternoon,
To hear the birds whistle and look at the moon."

Granny, satisfied at last with the tidiness of her hearth, seated herself in her low rocker and drew her knitting from her capacious pocket. It was at this moment that she heard the welcome sound of voices and the stamping of snowy feet upon the portico and then the thin tinkle of her bell.

"My me!" exclaimed Granny, dropping her knitting and hastily smoothing her white hair back under her velvet cap; "if I don't believe that's company, on sech a night as this! Marthy's that took up with 'Lost Kathleen' I don't believe she heard the bell, so I guess I won't call her, an' have the fun of lettin' 'em in myself."

Throwing her little breakfast shawl over her head and taking up the candle, she cautiously opened the door into the hall and tiptoed across the icy oilcloth to the front door. Here she was forced to set the candle upon the floor, as it took the strength of both hands to turn the big brass key.

"Why, if it 'tain't Granny herself!" wheezed Mrs. Keel from the depths of her nubia, as Granny opened the door and peeped curiously out at the mummy-like figures upon the portico. "We jest thought we'd surprise you by comin' to the front door."

"Law me, come in!" quavered Granny. "Come in, Sister Keel, and whoever else you be—everybody's so bundled up these days you can't tell 'em from a side of sole-leather. Come in, but don't make any noise, because Marthy ain't 'lowed me to come to this door since I had that spell of phthisic in the fall, an' I don't know what I'd ketch if she hears me at it; for hired help Marthy is awful bossy, but, land! she takes as good care of me as little Mary would 've. Why, if it ain't Mis' Read an' Loie Marsh—law, child! I'll never in this world get used to callin' you Mis' Trask. Come right into the settin'-room; it's cold as a stepmother's breath in this hall."

So, like a fluttering little gray hen clucking maternally to her brood, she scurried them into the brightness and warmth of her good cheer.

"Sakes alive! but that fire does look fine!" exclaimed Mrs. Read, when she had emerged from her manifold wrappings. "We could see it glowin' clear up to Minnich's corner—snow's so deep we had to go up to the Lutheran church crossin'—an' says I, 'That light's jest like Granny,' didn't I, girls?"

"Now, Sister Read, don't you be sp'ilin' me," laughed Granny, bustling about to make her guests comfortable. "I don't never let down the shades for fear some poor soul might go by a-needin' a little comfort. Firelight is jest like smiles, don't cost nothin' an' does a powerful lot of cheerin'."

"Your wood fire seems so good, Granny; I don't believe there is another one in Philamaclique," said Lois, as she stood bathing her hands in the mellow warmth, a pink "fascinator" glittering with crystal beads, that had been her husband's Christmas gift to her, framing her pretty face.

"Dear child!" and Granny paused in her flurry to pat the smooth cheek, "I jest love Gray Trask every time I see that happy face of yours. It makes me think of me and John in our honeymoon, only I was such a foolish bit of a young thing. Yes, dearie, my wood fire is good to see. Here, Mis' Keel, you take this rush-bottomed rocker, it's stronger, and Mis' Read, you take this split, and Loie's goin' to set on the old green settee by me. There, child, help me pull it up closer to the hearth. I s'pose most folks would think I was pretty extravagant burnin' wood in this stone-coal country, but John did love a wood fire—them old dogs was his mother's—an' I've got plenty of wood on the farm sp'ilin' for the cuttin', an' the Kuhn boys is glad to haul it in. Someway I can always see John an' 'Rastus an' little Mary better by the light of the logs than I can by a stove or even by a grate."

"Lawsy me! do listen to Marthy," chuckled Mrs. Keel, as high above the conversation wafted the shrill woe of Martha's plaint:

"She milked the dun cow that ne'er was
before,
And though she was wicked she was gentle
for her.
Oh, my lost Kathleen!
My long lost Kathleen!
My Kathleen no mo-o-o-o-re!"

"My me, Marthy!" called Granny, as the last "no more" trailed away in a demisemiquaver. "I ain't heard nothin' but 'Lost Kathleen' for two weeks now; do give us something cheerfuler, for we've got company."

"Mercy sakes!" exclaimed Martha, appearing in the open door with dish-towel in hand to beam upon the guests. "I didn't dream I had an aujence, or I'd give 'em 'Billy Boy' or 'Barbara Allen' or somethin' with more tune; but I'm dreadful glad to see you, 'cause Granny's been pinin' for folks ever since the big snow set in."

"Hurry up with the dishes, Marthy," said her little mistress, bustling out of the green settee, "an' then take the flowin' blue chiny bowl to the cellar an' bring up some Golden Gates. You'll find the popcorn an' the popper in the back stairway, an' give me 'Rastus's little pewter porringer from the pantry shelf for the chestnuts." Here she made a sudden dive into the big closet that flanked the east side of the fireplace, and emerged with a blue and white gingham bag. "Every fall the Kuhn boys fill this bag from John's favorite tree," she explained, as she took the bright little bowl from Martha and heaped it with the glossy brown nuts, "an' some way I always feel as if he was near when I git it out, for John did so love nice homey times with his friends. An', now, Sister Keel, do tell us how the female prayer-meetin' went off last night. Marthy ain't let me put my nose out since this cold snap, an' I was afraid it was sech a bad night there wouldn't be anybody there."

"Well," wheezed Mrs. Keel, ponderously rocking back and forth, "I did lose my temper quite considerable last night, an' I've felt like crawlin' into a hole all day about it. That's one reason I wanted to come to-night, Granny; someway I always feel cleaner inside after I've been with you, an' I ain't the only one, either. You see, I don't believe since Miss Gray whipped Billy at school we've been in sech an upscuttle at home as we was last evenin'. Mellie was goin' to Susy Taylor's surprise party; Mart had his algebry to git; Emmie'd an awful cold in her nose an' was snifflin' around; Keel was cross as two sticks 'cause the mooly cow was off her feed an' he was havin' trouble with Stiffler about the coal bank; an' Billy was that full of devilment a body couldn't tell where he'd come down next."

"I couldn't go," broke in Mrs. Read, as she serenely turned the heel of the little blue stocking she was knitting without looking at it, "'cause Amy had coughed croupy, an' you all know what Dan is when there is anything the matter of his 'Snicklefritz'—"

"You ought to give her squills," interrupted Granny, softly; "that's excellent for an infant-baby."

"An' I couldn't leave Gray," laughed Lois, flushing. "Him an' Dan are goin' over their butter an' eggs books to-night, so that's the reason I got away."

"Well, as I was sayin'," wheezed Mrs. Keel, her knitting-needles flashing in and out of the coarse gray sock, "Joel was powerful put out as soon as he heard I was goin'. 'There'll be enough bell-wethers there without you,' he grumbled. 'You'll fall on the ice an' get hurt, an' it's a good three-quarters of a mile to Jackson's. Why didn't they have it over to Dover, or in Lockport, or mebby out to Old Town,' says he, gittin' sarcastic. Then Mart he had to chip in; he wanted me to stay to make Billy mind, 'cause his paw can't do a thing with him; but I kept right on with my knittin'. When I'd done up the supper work, and got Mellie off, an' made some onion syrup for Emmie, an' set Billy a-lookin' at the pictures in Fox's 'Book of Martyrs'—he jest dotes on 'em—an' got Mart out at the kitchen table with his algebry an' Joel smokin' peaceful an' noddin' over the 'Advocate,' then I put on my brown woolen hood an' tied my nubia over that, an' covered it all with my big green veil; I knowed I'd be plenty warm with my little josy coat an' my breakfast shawl an' my Bay State over 'em, so when I was all ready, I said ca'mly, 'I'm goin',' an' I went.

"I was jest clear give out carr'in' all them duds, trampin' through the snow, the wind blowin' like mad an' my asthmy gittin' worse at every step, so I was puffin' like a porpoise when I come in sight of Jackson's house, an' the first thing I see was that there wasn't a glimmer of light 'cept back in the kitchen; thinks I, 'that's funny,' but, knowin' Mis' Jackson is queer as Dick's hatband, I didn't know but what she was goin' to have us out there. So I lumbered round in the dark in their dinky little path—Sol Jackson ain't the kind of a man to shovel an inch more snow than he has to—an' I was that out of breath I didn't have no more strength than a cat when I knocked at their door; Dora opened it, an' when she see me she jest squealed out:

"'Why, Mis' Keel, is that you! You poor thing, you've come to the female prayer-meetin', an' here maw thought it was such a bad night there wouldn't nobody come, so her an' paw has gone to the Baptist revival,' says she, 'an' I'm goin' to Susy's party, an' am lookin' any minute for Tom Ramsey to come to take me.'

"'Well,' says I, as I climbed down off them steps, 'you tell your maw that if I was a Methodist I'd *be* a Methodist, an' if I was a Baptist I'd *be* a Baptist;' then I clumped along home again; I was that mad I could 'a' cried. I must say Joel was as good as gold to me when I got there—made a roarin' fire an' het me up, an' made me take a big dose of Emmie's syrup, an' by the time I got to bed I'd come down enough off my high horse to feel pusley mean at gittin' in such a pucker. I wouldn't hurt Mis' Jackson's feelin's for a good deal, an' there ain't a nicer girl than Dora in Philamaclique."

"Don't you fret, don't you fret, Sister Keel," purred Granny, softly, as she polished the apples until they shone like gold. "I'll speak to Sister Jackson. She ain't one to hold spite, an' you surely did have a hard time. There, Loie, I'm goin' to give you little Mary's plate, an' Mis' Keel 'Rastus's, an' Mis' Read John's, for that's the best way I can show you my love. Now, Marthy, you set down on the little hassock and put the popper right over that glowy spot. If I'd 'a' knowed you was comin' I'd 'a' beat up a sponge-cake; but never mind, we've got some prime pepper-cakes saved over from Christmas; an' now ain't we nice an' cozy?"

The low room was full of cheer; the Golden Gates shone resplendent in their blue bowl; the dancing, snapping grains burst into snow, as Martha, buxom and blooming, shook the popper over the ruddy coals. Lois, shading her face with the white shawl she was crocheting, knelt upon the hearth-rug and tended the chestnuts that were roasting among the coals.

"My me!" sighed Granny, when later in the evening she had at last subsided into the green settee and taken up her knitting. "How us all settin' around the fire does make me think of the old days down in Fry's Valley, when I was a bride! Jest so the light used to make everything kind of glorified like. How many times I seen it play jest so over that old copper coffee-pot! See how it simmers an' shakes!"

"Ain't that something new, Granny?" asked Lois, going over to the shelf and taking down the quaint old pot. "What a squatty old thing it is, an' what queer little legs it's got, an' here are words on the side!"

"Law, child, that coffee-pot is older than anybody knows of. Marthy found it the other day on the top closet shelf in the red box where I put all my keepsakes, an' nothin' would do but she'd put it out on the shelf. 'Tain't so terrible pretty, only queer and different. Do you see that dent on the side? Well, I wouldn't be surprised if that came from one of the times I kicked it over."

"Sakes alive, Granny!" exclaimed Mrs. Keel; "I didn't 'spose you ever kicked anything in all your born days, let alone a coffee-pot!"

"Bring the pot over here to the fire, Loie, an' let 'em see it," said Granny, nestling back in her corner. "You see, it belonged to old Grandfather Simmers. He'd come to this country from Belgium when he was a young man. He'd been in the wars with Napoleon Bonyparte, an' he'd laid on the ground nights with the cannons boomin' over him till he was as deaf as a post."

"Why, I've heard my grandmother tell about old Henry Simmers lots of times," broke in Mrs. Keel. "Ain't he the one that rode so tall an' straight, jest like an arrow, on his black horse when he was an old, old man?"

"To be sure, to be sure, Sister Keel. He lived to be ninety-eight, an' to the day of his death he loved to have the boys lift him up on his horse, an' away he'd ride like a sojer, proud as a peacock—the Simmers didn't come out of the dust and ashes, I can tell you. Well, that copper coffee-pot belonged to his mother, an' he brung it along to this country, so when Father Simmers—him bein' the oldest son—got married, Grandfather give it to mother. Them words is in Belgium or some kind of a furrin tongue, an' John said it was a sayin' that belongs to the Simmers. I reckon 'sted of workin' mottoes in cross-stitch with red yarn on cardboard, like "God Bless Our Home' an' sech, the Belgiumers put 'em on their coffee-pots—furriners is so queer!"

"Wish we could make out what it says," said Lois, as she and Mrs. Read bent over the quaint inscription.

"Well, John said it meant something like this, 'That the harder it rains the sweeter you ought to sing;' an' it always makes me think of them little Caroliny wrens Marg'ret used to tell about that she seen that winter in York State; they jest caroled sweeter an' sweeter with the cold winter rain a-runnin' off their blessed little backs, till you couldn't help join in their 'Praise God from whom all blessin's flow!'"

"I guess, Granny," said Mrs. Keel, lovingly, "you've been a kind of Caroliny wren yourself. I never forgot how you joined in 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' at John's funeral."

"Well, dear sister, there was surely

never a time I needed to be nearer to Him than on that dark day. Mebby them old words on the coffee-pot did help some, 'cause many's the time John's said 'em to me when all the waves an' billows seemed sweepin' over us, jest same as they do over everybody some time in their lives, an' so we'd think of them words that had comforted so many Simmerses, an' we'd try to sing our song an' comfort each other in the wet an' rain. When Mother Simmers sent me the old coffee-pot—but there! I've got my cart before my horse—I didn't get that pot for many a day after I'd kicked it over.

"You see, when John an' me was first married we went to live in a log cabin that stood in Father Simmers' dooryard. There wasn't a frame house in the hull valley, nor no glass in anybody's windows 'cept father's—we had greased paper in ours. Law me! I used to think, as I walked outside in the twilight an' see them glass panes glow and glitter, there was nothin' in all the world so lovely. But if everything was poor an' plain, our homes was clean as scourin'-sand an' elbow grease could make 'em, with bright fires in winter an' posies an' vines everywhere in summer, an' good cheer an' lovin' hearts all year round, same as now.

"Father Simmers was the salt of the earth, that good an' kind an' sweet-spirited it was like sunshine to see him; but I must confess he wasn't very up an' comin', an' that tried Mother Simmers awful, as she was a dreadful hand at workin' an' gettin' on in the world. Us young folks didn't take no account of that, you may be sure, an' jest thought she was cantankerous an' fussy, an' set our eyes by 'daddy,' as we all called him.

"Once when their children was little he made a fiddle all by hisself—he was that ingenious—an' in the winter evenin' he'd set in the chimbly corner an' saw away, John said, singin' old tunes an' always endin' with a long drag on the bass, an' they'd all be happy as clams—that is, all but mother—she'd jaw an' jaw till the cows come home 'bout that poor fiddle. So one night, right in the middle of 'Old Dan Tucker,' while the children was a-dancin' over the puncheon floor, she fired up an' begun agin—then, without a word, daddy jest reached in an' laid the fiddle on the back-log. John told me many a time how the children hopped up and down an' cried when the strings snapped and poor old daddy sat watchin' with tears in his eyes.

"As I said, I heard all this, an' more too, an' lovin' daddy with all my heart made me about as unjest to mother as I could be, an' I don't think I cared much if I spited her or not—though I know now she'd 'a' worked her fingers to the bone for him or any of us.

"'Course with jest John an' me I didn't have much to do in our little cabin, so I'd run over in the mornin's an' help mother with her spinnin'. I used to stand near the hearth with the big wheel a-whirrin' an' think of John an' my little home an' be the happiest girl in the valley.

"Now, if there was anything daddy loved it was his good cup of coffee. Mother used to give it to him in the mornin'; but bein' closer than the bark on a hickory-tree, she'd set the old pot down on the hearth an' let it steep an' steep, an' then at noon she'd jest fill up the grounds. That made me an' John awful spunky at mother, an' so one mornin' when she wasn't lookin'—I can't think what put me up to it—while I was a-spinnin', I jest reached out my foot an' kicked over that pot before you could say Jack Robi'son!

"I stood there innocent as a lamb when she seen it an' was a-bewailin' her clean hearth an' blamin' the cat an' never thinkin' of me. I ain't got a bit of excuse 'cept I was that full of mischief I was always up to some caper. After that mother used to say that pot was bewitched, for the way it tumbled round was a caution. John an' me used to chuckle because dear old daddy was a-gittin' more good cups of coffee than he had in a coon's age.

"But all that time I didn't feel nice an' clean in my conscience about it. I prayed all 'round it, for I knowed very well the Lord didn't have no use for that kind of doin's. After 'Rastus an' little Mary come I don't believe a day went over my head that I didn't see in my mind poor old mother down on her knees washin' up that hearth, an', oh! how I wished I'd asked her to make daddy a good cup an' not acted so like a sneak! Still, I didn't have grit enough to up an' tell mother, for someway she always scared me dreadful. So the years went on, and daddy had slipped off to heaven an' so had my two babies an' then dear John, an' still poor old mother lived on 'most bent double with age—bedridden now, but bright in her mind as a button. You mind her, Sister Keel? she lived with her daughter Sallie Garver, next farm to Mis' Tinkler, on Goshen Hill.

"One day, Sam Kuhn, he'd been up to Philamaclique, an' comin' past Sallie's brung home to me—would you ever think it—the old copper coffee-pot for a present! He said Mis' Garver hailed him as he was drivin' by an' said nothin' would do mother but that it should be sent down, as the next day was my birthday. Well, I jest took that old squatty pot in my arms, an' I went up in the west spare an' cried an' cried; seemed as if the shame of it would choke me. I'd tried to explain to the Lord that kickin' it over had jest been fun, an' Mr. Devil he'd told me mother'd forgot it long ago an' it was best to let sleepin' dogs lay; but next mornin' I told Sam to hitch up the buggy beast to the little green wicker, an' 'fore the dew was dried on the daisies I was drivin' into Garver's lane. I didn't want to go one bit, an' I don't think I was ever scareder in my life. 'Course Sallie an' the children was powerful glad to see me, but pretty soon says Sallie:

"'You better run up, Polly, an' see mother; she's jest been achin' for some company, an' I'll come up as soon as I git my bread in the oven.'

"It was the prettiest June day you ever seen; the window was wide open, an' I remember that Sallie's 'Baltimore Belle' was a-wavin' its blooms in at the window, an' them white roses was a-noddin' an' a-bowin' to that white old woman in that white bed as if it had been her weddin'-day.

"Her old face lighted all up at the sight of me, and when she put out both weak hands an' said, 'Dear daughter, I'm so glad to see you,' seemed as if my heart would break; an' I didn't wait a minute, but jest went an' kneeled down by the bed and hid my face in the covers an' sobbed out every word of how I'd loved daddy an' kicked over the pot an' acted a lie to her, an' me a professin' Methodist!

"Not a word did she say for a long time. I couldn't hear a sound 'cept a robin that was singin' on a maple jest outside; then a weak old hand was laid on my bent head, an' her tremblin' old voice, so soft and tender I could hardly hear it, said:

"'Dear Polly, I'm so glad you done it.'

"When I looked—well, I don't expect till I get to heaven an' see John to ever see a sweeter look than was in them faded old eyes."

"Dear Granny!" said Lois, softly, smoothing the little wrinked hand.

"Blessed little soul!" murmured Mrs. Read, brokenly.

"Mercy sakes! ain't that the Lutheran clock strikin' ten?" cried Mrs. Keel, in a choking voice, wiping her eyes on the coarse gray sock. "Bless us! what will our men folks say?"

"Land! I forgot to set the buckwheats!" exclaimed Martha, wiping a tear on the back of her hand.

"My, Granny, we've had a lovely time!" said Lois, as they all stood upon the portico, for Granny had insisted upon seeing the last of her guests, so Martha had wrapped her in a blanket. "I'm goin' to bring Gray over soon. Good-night, Granny, an' Marthy, good-night."

"Good-night, good-night! Come again soon, all of you. Don't forget the squills, Mis' Read, if Amy is took in the night. Don't worry over Mis' Jackson, Sister Keel; I'll 'tend to it. Jest see the moon shinin' on the snow! It's jest a beautiful world, that's what it is!"

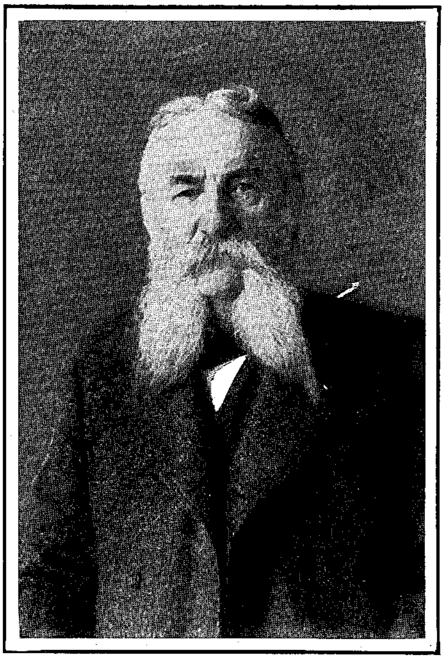
"Come in, Granny, come in 'fore you ketch your death," and Martha drew her in and shut the door.

April

By Sara Andrew Shafer

Photograph by L. M. McCormick

The swallows circle, the robin calls;
The lark's song rises, faints and falls;
The peach-boughs blush with rosiest bloom;
Like ghosts, in the twilight, the pear-trees loom;
The maples glow, and the daffodils
Wear the same hue that the west sky fills;
The moon's young crescent, thin and bright,
Shines in the blue of the early night;
    And over all, through all, April bears
    A hope that smiles at the Winter's fears.

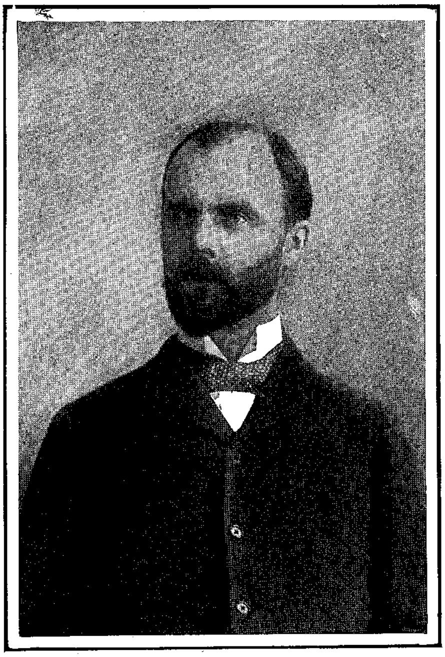


COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WALDON FAWCETT

REAR-ADMIRAL JOHN G. WALKER
President of the Panama Canal Commission.

WILLIAM H. BURR
Professor of Civil Engineering in Columbia University.

GENERAL GEORGE W. DAVIS
Formerly Military Governor of Porto Rico



WILLIAM BARCLAY PARSONS
Chief Engineer of the New York Subway

The Makers of the Panama Canal

NOW that the treaty with Panama has become an actuality, President Roosevelt and all concerned in the digging of the great interoceanic waterway, which is perhaps to be the most stupendous engineering feat of the present century, are pressing forward with zeal and energy to make a quick beginning of the task. The very first step was, naturally, the appointment of a Panama Commission which should represent scientific and technical ability of the highest order, together with general executive efficiency. Four of the President's appointees are shown in the portraits on the opposite page. It has been unanimously admitted by the press of the country that these four members of the Commission are beyond question almost ideally fit appointees, and it is certain that, as a whole, the Commission includes precisely those qualities and capacities which are necessary to push the work rapidly and at the same time with safety and thoroughness. Rear-Admiral Walker, the head of the Commission, has, by his experience with the former Commission and through his extremely thorough and extensive study of the subject, become the first expert on this particular topic in the country. General Davis, a retired United States officer, has a reputation second to none as an engineer and administrator. Mr. Parsons is known not only in this country but abroad as a man who undertakes and carries through large enterprises involving the most recent and modern problems of construction; he is just completing the first part of the subway system of New York, and has recently had very flattering offers to undertake similar important work in Great Britain. Professor Burr holds the chair of engineering in Columbia University, and has had practical as well as theoretical experience. The other members of the Commsssion as originally named, and probably as it will be finally constituted, are Colonel F. F. Hecker, of Detroit, who was the director of transportation during our recent war with Spain; Mr. C. E. Grunzky, of San Francisco, who has special ability both as a sanitarian and as a hydraulic engineer; Mr. B. M. Harrod, of New Orleans, who has been the engineer of the Mississippi River Commission.

Arrangements have already been made for the payment of the forty million dollars agreed upon to the New Panama Canal Company of France, and of ten million dollars to the Republic of Panama, as stipulated in the treaty. It is held by Attorney-General Knox that there is no difficulty relating to the title to be given by the Panama Canal Company, and that the suits now pending in the French courts will be ineffective and futile, while in any case the property to be turned over by the Panama Canal Company is almost entirely on the Isthmus itself, and now subject to the law of Panama rather than that of France. Legislation is now before Congress to provide for the government of the strip of land adjacent to the Canal, which passes by the treaty under the control of the United States. It is evident that the very first problem to be solved is that of sanitation, and our Government has already taken steps to deal with this difficult subject in a thorough way, before actual new work is begun. In this connection it is interesting to know that the United States marines who have lately been stationed on the Isthmus, with very few exceptions, have been in excellent health, and this is attributed largely to the intelligent care taken of them by their officers with regard to drinking-water and diet. The indication from this is that the many thousands of laborers to be employed on the Canal, if subjected to proper oversight and discipline in sanitary matters, can be kept in good health; and there is evidence showing that the large percentage of illness among laborers during the work done by the Panama Canal Company has been due to lack of just such care and discipline. All our medical authorities agree that in some way the pest of mosquitoes in the marshy regions near the coast must be diminished if malaria and fever are to be kept at a distance.

Easter Morning

By Edith L. Smith

O garden blossoms wet with dew,
Shed fragrance sweet;
The Flower of Mary blooms anew,—
Bend at His feet.
True Bud of Jesse's vine,
Earth-rooted, Bloom Divine,
Swing, flowers, each censer high,—
The God of Nature smiles at you
In passing by.

Darkness, born of an Eastern night,
Cast off your gloom.
Behold, here walks the King of Light
Come from the tomb!
Living—the Holy Dead—
Glories around His head
Which lend the dawn a grace.
Darkness, born of an Eastern night,
Lift up your face!

Humanity of weak despair,
With Mary come
Unto Hope's garden, mystic-fair
About Doubt's tomb.
Feeling but earthly woe,
Like her of long ago
Who sought her lifeless God,
May we have, also, faith to know
The Risen Lord.

The Little Still

By Margaret Sutton Briscoe

"SO you claim that you have no sentiment, sir," said Judge Wells, laughing.

"I haven't any," asserted Mr. Ai, stolidly. "I've been a plain, hard-fisted man, when I wasn't a hard-fisted boy—nothing sentimental about me now or later."

"What is our little dinner to-night but a concession to sentiment?" persisted Judge Wells. "You come to me to say frankly, 'I want you to do something for me. I want you to invite so-and-so and so-and-so to a dinner, not at the club, but at your own home.' You wanted the mellowing and confidential atmosphere of a home—of sentiment—for whatever purpose you had in mind; which purpose, in passing, you have not yet confided to me. You can't ignore sentiment. As a matter of fact, you see, you don't ignore it. I tell you, sir, sentiment is structural. It

> 'rules the court, the camp, the grove,
> And men below, and saints above'—"

He quoted the familiar lines with a charming feeling and appreciation, with exquisite emphasis and exact enunciation, an old-fashioned fire and moving deliberation that lifted the well-worn phrases above the commonplace.

"That's mighty pretty," said Mr. Ai, interestedly.

The Judge laughed aloud, his young, flashing laugh; his shrewd eyes watching his guest's innocently pleased countenance.

They were an odd contrast—the tall, slight, courtly old lawyer, with his keen, high-bred face, his grace and dignity, and the heavily built, powerfully framed politician, with his stolid, coarse face, his remarkable eyes—large, crafty, magnetic, perfectly controlled; but their understanding of each other, their mutual respect, was equally marked.

"I call the Governor sentimental," said Mr. Ai, abruptly. "I never saw the reformer that wasn't."

"This is not the first time to-night that you have drawn Governor Worden's name into our conversation, Mr. Ai," said Judge Wells, concisely. "What is it you are working up to?"

"Nothing. But sooner or later we have got to be talking about him—and talking business. Here's the Presidential nomination coming along. How's that going? Is Worden strong enough to carry the ticket? He'll draw the reform vote, of course, but he's got to be able to lead the regular party; hold it together. These young fellows due here to-night are, so they tell me, the key-men of the young blood of the party. It's pretty important to know just where they stand, what they think, what they want, *who* they want."

Judge Wells leaned back in his chair, his shrewd old face turned up to the ceiling, his eyes intent upon a quaint, gayly colored flask set on a high bracket upon his drawing-room wall.

"So," he said, dryly, and apparently addressing the flask. "This innocent little dinner to-night may become a small and early and informal Presidential caucus directed against the possible candidacy of my good friend George Worden. I am a stanch party man, as you well know, but if this is what you have arrived early to break to me—I'm not sure I like it. I'm not sure I'd stand it. As a rule, I am ready to assist in breaking any eggs for your various little omelets, but this time—"

Mr. Ai laughed his deep, good-humored laugh, that shook all of his huge person.

"You used not to trust me, your Honor," he said. "I thought you knew me better now. All I want to-night is to find out where these young men rank the Governor. I want to hear them talk. I want to find out what they want, not to make them want anything. That's all I'm after—to-night."

The Judge gazed keenly at his guest, then, in appearance at least, convinced, he rose from his chair.

"Suppose we go out into the dining-room and look at the table," he said. "I am as foolish as a woman over the last little touches."

As he spoke he was moving across the drawing-room to the bracket towards which he had been glancing. From it he lifted down the gay little flask, and, carrying it in his hand, he led the way from the room.

In the long, handsome dining-room at the back of the house a banquet board was spread, and upon its careful and beautiful decorations the attendants were still working. The master of the house looked critically down the table, then nodded approval to his waiting butler.

"Very good, James, very good indeed. This little bright flask over there now, in that dull corner. One rose in it. Yes. What is that, Mr. Ai? The little flask? Hand it me again, James. It's an old-fashioned little affair, a perfume-bottle. You see the decoration, roses, has been drawn on paper, tinted, cut out carefully, and then pasted on the outside of the flask. It was given me by a friend as a curiosity. By the way, he's an acquaintance of yours, isn't he? Mr. Courtney? 'Cart-tail—Courtney'?"

"'Cart-tail Courtney,' eh? No, I haven't met him yet. He's that fresh youngster who's been trapesing around in a cart taking away my character, isn't he? What was it he called me? Regular newspaper stuff! Wasn't a reform organ didn't grab at it."

"'The sordid hireling of an organization corrupt and senile,'" quoted the Judge, laughing.

"That's it," agreed Mr. Ai.

"I don't do it justice. You ought to

have heard it said. I did. Mr. Courtney was hanging out from his cart-tail, waving a pair of trousers over the heads of the crowd, and discoursing upon the scandalous price of that same article of raiment with other such necessities of life. He had just switched on to the municipal question at the moment when I arrived on the scene, and was polishing off your characteristics, as you have heard. He had his crowd with him, too, right or wrong. They were roaring with laughter. He's a magnetic speaker, and the most good-natured, impulsive, kind-hearted young fellow. All that tells for a stump speaker. The crowd feels it, somehow. And then he's so amazingly good-looking—a tall, handsome youngster. Those blue eyes of his! Altogether I think he's a rather formidable cart-load—on the other side."

"I hear he is," said Mr. Ai, indifferently. "Where did he get this little old bottle, anyhow?"

"I don't know. Have you seen it before?"

Mr. Ai was turning the little flask over and over in his large hands, looking at it with an odd smile on his puckered lips. He shook his head.

"Don't know that I've seen this one. I had one something like it once on a time. A young lady gave it to me about a thousand years ago, when I was a boy. She made little perfume-bottles just like this. She had a queer little still she worked with—for something to do. She filled up the bottles with the same perfumes as the flowers she pasted on the outsides. I lost mine somehow. It was pink; wild honeysuckle it was. Yours here is red roses. I wonder now where this did come from."

"Mr. Courtney told me where he bought it, I think. I forget—I can ask him if you like."

"No, no. It makes n' odds."

Mr. Ai set the bottle down on the table, but still stood looking at it.

"Queer," he said, ruminatingly, "how a boy n-e-ver does forget his *first*. I felt as bad when I lost that little pink honeysuckle-bottle! And it wasn't so long ago I lost it either. This little rose-bottle here—why it gave me quite a turn! She was a beauty, I tell you! Great big blue eyes—you know that kind. Always wore two shawls, one white, one blue, one on top of the other, and always on crooked. 'Angels' wings,' the boys called them. Lord! I can see them now. She hadn't been well. Her folks sent her down to the country—to rest. I don't know when she rested. She kept us on the jump. While she was there she made herself pleasant. Name was Delia. Pretty name. No, sir, I'll never forget the day she took me down to the stream-side back of the farm-house she stayed at, to show me a be-u-tiful, blooming bluebell." He paused in pleasing reverie.

"Was the bluebell so blue?" ventured the Judge, sympathetically.

Mr. Ai looked up seriously.

"There wasn't any bluebell," he said solemnly, then shook with silent laughter.

"Oh! ah!" murmured the Judge. "I beg your pardon." Then he too laughed, but cautiously.

"Anything was grist to her mill," volunteered Mr. Ai further. "She was made that way. Yes, I left those parts sun-up the next day, and she was gone when I came back. I never saw her again. Guess she took a crooked stick in the end. That kind usually does."

The two gray-haired men of affairs stood looking at the little flask, laughing together.

"If you are interested, you might follow up this clue—No? Well, I dare say you are right. It has been a few years back. Remember her as when her wings were blue, eh? I think I hear our guests arriving, sir. Shall we go back to the drawing-room?"

Catharine Ireland was tired, so tired as to be discouraged, so tired that her soft, pretty gray eyes filled with tears of irritated shame as she suddenly realized that she had been looking up longingly at the softly cushioned carriages sweeping past her as she walked wearily home from her work.

"And not long ago," she said to herself reprovingly, "you were terrified at the thought that work might not be found. Now it is found and here you are again complaining!"

Then, dropping her listless step at

once, she moved on quickly, in her renewed strength of purpose even deciding to lengthen the day's work by a little shopping; for she well knew the saving it would mean if she thus forestalled her Aunt Delia's ambitious purchasing of these same necessities. They lived together, the young girl and her widowed aunt, in a kind of semi-boarding, semi-housekeeping way on the third floor of a cheap lodging-house; but, simple as that living was, its cost was the ceaseless question of Miss Ireland's days, and too often of her nights as well. On this afternoon the young girl's first and most difficult errand led her to a little corner grocery near their lodgings, kept by a shifty-eyed Hebrew proprietor who came smilingly forward to meet his customer on her entrance. To her surprise, he interrupted her first diffident words, which were to tell him that in a few days her salary would be paid her and then his last month's bill would be at once settled. There was, as he spoke, something significant and familiar in his manner, which she at once resented and shrank from more than from his previous rough, sharp dunning. It was all right, he told her, whisperingly, the little bill might wait; it was, in fact, practically settled. The home-made perfumes her aunt was making, he said, were selling well now. People seemed to fancy them. No, he didn't believe he did need any more of the little bottles just now; he would tell Mrs. Bryant when he did. He and she had talked it over. She had just been there, in fact, and taken home some sausages for supper, which he hoped might be liked.

Catharine glanced over at the shelf of familiar, gay-colored perfume flasks with the bright flowers on them—her aunt's handiwork—and it seemed to her that they had not diminished in quantity. She left the store with two new troubles on her mind. How had her Aunt Delia contrived to satisfy this ever-pressing creditor? And why, why would she persist in cooking sausages, when the strict rule of the house was that there should be no cooking in the lodgers' rooms! It was a rule discreetly disregarded by most of the inmates, who could by no means afford to visit restaurants for three meals each day, and who cooked smugglingly over their open grates, whence the odors were wafted up the chimneys. But sausages! What draft could carry off on its wings the penetrating odor of frying sausages? Mrs. Bryant liked them, and what she liked, as her niece had long since discovered, she would at least try to have.

Miss Ireland was weary enough as she traveled on her way from store to store, her gray eyes troubled, her pretty, fair head drooping. She bought carefully, frugally, and only what could not possibly be done without, but her resummoned courage was sinking at the rapid dwindling of the purse in her hand. Theirs seemed, indeed, a little household, but what a ravenous mouth it had eating against their slender combined incomes! Buried in her thoughts and calculations, her soft brow knit, she was walking home in the gathering dusk, and, passing again near the little corner grocery, failed to see or hear the proprietor of the store, who was leaning out from his door over his high-piled boxes, cautiously trying to attract her attention. He was calling to her repeatedly and sharply, so sharply at last that when his stealthy, irritated cry reached her ear she stood still, looking up in amazement at the man's twisted, impatient face. He beckoned to her, with an agitated, hurried glance up and down the street.

"Come in here," he whispered, shrilly. "Come in here—quick!"

But when, in her surprise, she mechanically drew nearer, he changed his orders.

"Don't stop! Go on. Go home quick! Tell your aunt to hide everything. They may be at your place now."

"How dare you speak so to me! What do you mean?" cried Miss Ireland, indignantly. "Don't touch me!"

The man drew back the hand he had almost laid on her arm, and peered into her flushed, offended face. His manner changed.

"Come in here," he said, more civilly. "I thought you knew. Come in here, and I'll tell you. Didn't you know your aunt's been making whisky with that little still of hers? You know the perfumes don't sell. She's been bringing me the whisky, and I've sold it to cover her bill. I thought I'd never get it if I didn't. Your landlady's mad with your aunt about something, and she's right on the track of the whisky. She's called up the officers on the telephone, and she's told 'em they'd find the stuff made in her house, and sold here at my store. Her cook's my niece. She heard her, and she's just been here, on the run, to tell me. I've hid the whisky. You go hide the still and things. It's so, I tell you! What? Why should I lie to you? If you don't believe me, go home and ask your aunt—if you can get there before they catch her. She ought to have told you, anyhow. Yes, you'd better hurry. I guess you believe me now!"

Up the three flights of stairs, dimly lit, ill ventilated, that belonged to their lodgings, Miss Ireland ran, breathless and stumbling. The door of the first room opened close by the head of the stair, and at the last step, her breath or her courage failing, she halted, her hand pressed, poor child! on her noisy, frightened heart. If the worst had befallen, what could she do? And yet, not to hold herself responsible never occurred to her. Leaning against the wall, she held her breath to listen. There were voices in the room, one a strange voice—a man's. Mrs. Bryant's familiar plaintive tones were responding. Miss Ireland crept softly up the last step to the door, and laid her ear close to the panel. There, through a half-opened seam in the old wood, she could hear plainly all that went on in the room.

"Now you see, my dear lady," said a deep, laughing voice, "I can't possibly keep up that big apartment of mine by myself. I am expecting every day the health inspectors will raid me. I can't keep a house clean. My chum used to see to that, and I swear the place looked like a pig-sty the day after he deserted me. I thought there was nothing for it but giving up my apartment and boarding. I was taking advice and addresses from every one I met. That's how I stumbled in here—just at the right moment! I'll never forget it while I live—Don't you give me all the sausage, Mrs. Bryant. I wish you could have seen your landlady when she smelled this sausage. First flight up she sniffed the air like a bloodhound. 'Co-o-king! Co-o-king again?' says she. And she put her nose to the ground, and when she struck the scent she bayed—on my life she did—a deep, bell-like note, and broke into a run. Isn't that the way the dog stories have it? Well, she did something mighty like it, anyhow, and why in the world I set off trotting after her I don't know. Wouldn't have missed it, I suppose. Didn't she slap your door open, though? Bang! No with your leave or by it. And there—you, Madam, cooking these incomparable sausages. Most dramatic thing I ever assisted at! Haw! haw! ho! 'You can have *these* rooms to-night, sir, if they suit you,' says Mrs. Landlady, and downstairs I slunk after her, and upstairs I sneaked as soon as I got quit of the old Gorgon. It had occurred to me before that if I could get just the right person—some kind soul who could be persuaded into the rear rooms of my apartment and put up with my living in the front rooms, and take care of me and the whole business—no, now I don't want you to accept my offer before you understand all you are contracting for. Just hear me out. George! what good tea this is! I need somebody in those rooms the worst way, and you haven't, you say, any present plan. Why shouldn't we take up together? Do you think you could move out of here now, Mrs. Bryant, if I help you pack? I'm a shark at packing, if I can't keep house. I'll tell you once more just what my offer is—"

Miss Ireland could stand it no longer. She opened the door and walked into the room. There, seated at the tea-table with Mrs. Bryant, was a blue-eyed, pleasant-faced, good-looking stranger, young and tall, and with a certain easy air of prosperity, eating bread and sausages and drinking tea as comfortably and confidentially as if used to no richer diet, and as if he were the tested friend of the family. He rose instantly as Miss Ireland entered, and stood waiting for his formal introduction.

"Oh, Catharine, what made you so late!" cried Mrs. Bryant, rising also.

As she stood, it was apparent that she wore about her shoulders two faded, shabby shawls, one white, the other blue, one flung carelessly over the other. But her faded face had been that of a beautiful woman, and some of the beauty still clung there, heightened by her excited blue eyes, her air of fluttered authority, of brief importance.

"Catharine, my dear!" Her manner had an odd and plainly unwonted dignity. "I want to present to you my friend, Mr. Courtney. There has been trouble with our landlady. She was very insolent. We are to move out at once, but it's all right. I have engaged the rear rooms of Mr. Courtney's apartment, furnished. We are going there to-night. This is my young niece, Mr. Courtney, Catharine Ireland. I hope you may be very good friends. Now, Catharine, please sit right down and eat your supper. We've finished. We have a quantity to do to move out so soon. Mr. Courtney offers to help, and I really don't see how I can help accepting. What is it, Catharine?"

"Aunt Delia, I—I must speak to you—at once."

But Mrs. Bryant swept her niece aside.

"My dear child, do eat your supper. Let me settle a few things, won't you? I am not quite an idiot. One would think I was the niece and you the aunt. I've accepted the offer, and all we have to do now is pack and go. Mr. Courtney, if you really mean that you will help—the hardest things to move will be my little laboratory fixings—here, in this closet. There's so much glass about them—this little still, you see, and all these glass pipes and funnels and flasks and things. They are sure to be broken! You *carry them* around? Oh, no! No, I couldn't let you do that, I really couldn't. Of course it would get a lot out of the way—ever so much off my mind. Catharine says I always talk of getting things off my mind as if it were a sore spot. Well, I've had troubles enough to make it sore—and my heart too—Heaven knows! Now, Mr. Courtney, you mustn't. I *can't* let you. Of course it would be the safest way. The still is little enough, but—You will! Well, it is a great relief. The flasks in your pockets? Oh, dear no! Well, if you will, you will, I suppose. Yes, they do fit in nicely. You see I make home-made perfumes with my little still, and then I fill these flasks with them, and the grocer at the corner—You have bought some there? You don't say so? I do hope you liked it. Oh, but you do look so funny! If you walk fast, Mr. Courtney, maybe nobody will notice. And it is just around the square. You'll drop everything if you laugh like that! Don't let anybody bang into you, for mercy's sake! I'll throw this table-cover over the still. Now you don't look so dreadfully bad. And if you'll just stop at the express office at the corner and tell the man to call here for our trunks in about an hour—Catharine, you go downstairs with Mr. Courtney and open the front door for him. His arms are full."

The laden, laughing stranger looked down with difficulty from over the high-piled packages in his arms at Miss Ireland. She had not gone to the supper-table as bidden, but was still standing near the door, half leaning against it as if for support, and with the strangest, hunted, frightened look of doubt and of entreaty on her white face. She started forward as she saw herself observed, but, as if afraid to protest, mechanically, uncertainly, led the way down the stairs to the front door. At the door, with the same shrinking, unwilling motions, she half lifted the latch, but as she did so paused again, glancing up fearfully into the laughing face bending down towards her.

"You don't like any of this, do you?" said Courtney, kindly and frankly. "I don't blame you. What do you know about me? I am all right. I can give you any references, but how can you know that to-night? It is a crazy thing for your aunt to do. But it's all right, as it happens. On my honor, it's all right. I wish I knew how to convince you."

She looked up intently into his gay, laughing eyes, his open, handsome, earnest face, hers changing rapidly from doubt to doubt.

"I *am* all right," he repeated, persuasively.

The tears rushed into the soft, frightened eyes and fell on her blanched cheeks. The kindly voice, the manner of sincerity, seemed somehow more than she could endure.

"But you don't know us," she gasped. "Wait a little, just a little. Let me speak to my aunt—"

There were steps on the stair behind them, and Courtney spoke quickly, still half laughing but half annoyed.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," he said. "You move into my apartment to-night. You can't stay here, the Gorgon won't have it. She told me she wouldn't, and, what's more, she vowed she'd be even with your aunt. I really think you'd better move at once. To-morrow, if you don't think well of staying, if you don't like it, I'll move you out again. This is the easy thing to do, and, really, it is the only thing left to do—to-night. I guess it's the best plan. Now unlatch the door for me, won't you? I don't want the Gorgon and this houseful of people catching me. Here they come. Do let me out! That's right. Thank you. Don't you worry. Everything's all right."

He moved out hurriedly and clumsily with his burdens. The door was closed quickly behind him, he thought from the outside, and, turning to see who stood in the dim vestibule, he caught a glimpse of a uniformed figure which lurched against him, as if by accident. The glass in his pockets clashed together, the pipes rattled, and the cover fell from off the little still.

"Confound you," said Courtney, angrily. "Get out of my way, can't you!"

"I guess not," said the uniformed one. "That's the game, is it? You're just a minute too late, my man. We've got them, Mr. Rivers, with the goods on. Look at him, will you? The whole outfit."

A second figure, in plain clothes, stepped forward, as he did so throwing open his coat and displaying a badge.

"I guess we have got you—" he began, then fell back with an exclamation.

"Mr. Courtney! What the— There's something all wrong here, sir. Take your hands off him, officer. Where in the eternal did you get this stuff, Mr. Courtney? There's been whisky made and sold from this house. The landlady put us on the track—called us up herself, not an hour ago. She's been suspecting it for some time. But what in the world— How have you got mixed up in it?"

There was silence for a moment, then Mr. Courtney spoke, at first with an emphasis as well omitted.

"You're crazy, Rivers," he ended. "There's been no whisky made here—not with this outfit. It's a lady that owns it. She has been making perfumes with it. I've bought some of them myself. You'll find them on sale at the corner store. The grocer there has been selling them for her."

"I am perfectly sure of the case, sir," said the detective, firmly. "The man that keeps the corner grocery has just confessed that he sold the whisky for the lady to cover a back bill. We soon showed him it was his best way out. Have you known her long, sir? I'm sorry if they are friends of yours, but—aren't you being used to cart the stuff off?"

Again the detective waited, respectful but unyielding.

"What do you want done, sir?" he asked. "Take that still, officer."

"I think we will go around to my rooms, if you please, Rivers," said Mr. Courtney, briefly. "You can tell me more as we go. I have just rented the rear rooms of my apartment to the owners of this still. They are to move in in about an hour. You can wait there for them and then make the arrest quietly—if you don't mind. I suppose you will take my word for all this. I want to see it through myself, and I want to find out exactly what's at the bottom of it, and just who is responsible for this convenient use of my services. If what you claim is true, it looks as if somebody had been a cool hand."

"I should say so!" said the detective, with a smothered laugh. "Wouldn't you rather have this done here, Mr. Courtney? You don't want it to happen on your premises—do you? You being, in a way, in politics—"

"Yes," said the young man, shortly. "I want it just as I said. I don't understand this affair, and I mean to very exactly understand all of it. That's what I'm after now."

"In your ear, Mr. Ai, and on your honor, sir, were you ever at so dull a dinner?"

"We-ell, Judge—"

"I am answered, sir. Look down this table. All young men—young enough to be your sons and my grandsons, and every man of them absorbed in serious discussion with his next-seat neighbor. The fact is, we don't have young men nowadays. They are all too old for me."

"You ne-e-ver can tell how a thing like this will go off, your Honor. Better luck next time—that's all. And they may wake up yet. You never can tell."

"It's just a very dull dinner—*nothing more*," said the Judge, looking down the table, and there was a certain significant satisfaction in the tone of his last words.

"What's that?" he asked sharply, as his butler bent down to whisper near his ear. The man repeated his message doubtfully and apologetically, while his master listened with raised eyebrows. "Did you tell him I was at dinner with guests? Indeed! Well, that's exactly like him. Nothing in this world is so important as what Mr. Courtney is after. There is a young man I ought to have excepted from my statement, Mr. Ai. Mr. Courtney, at twenty-five or so, is as young as you or I. He'd have waked up this table. He has the laugh of the great god Pan. To tell the truth, I almost asked him here to-night. If it hadn't been for his cart-tail speeches—"

"'Cart-tail Courtney,' is it? Fetch him in here now if you want to. Makes n' odds to 'the sordid hireling of an organization corrupt and senile,'" he quoted the phrase haltingly. "That right?"

"That was his analysis," said the Judge as he rose, laughing. "If you will excuse me, I'll see what my young man wants. He's just the type that stays the coronation-chariot to petition the king. What's more, he's the kind that interests the king, while the next petitioner gets himself in trouble."

When, a few moments later, Judge Wells returned to the room, he was still laughing, and as he entered the door he beckoned confidentially to Mr. Ai, who rose and joined him in the doorway, bending his great head to listen to his host's whispered story.

"Well, what do you think of that?" the Judge ended.

Mr. Ai drew back and looked at him.

"Moonshining!" he said. "Moonshining in his back parlor?" He burst into his great resounding laugh. "Well, that's the best I've heard yet. I guess that youngster's made his last cart-tail speech, eh? *The Reformer-Moonshiner*. How does that sound? What's that? Well, give me a dyed-in-the-wool reformer for beating the devil round the bush!"

He had lifted his heavy voice, and the guests about the table were looking up.

"Come in here," said the Judge. "I want to talk to you a little further about this." He led the way into the small anteroom that separated the drawing-room from the back of the house. They sat down together at the same side of one of the small tables scattered about the room, Mr. Ai talking the while with uninterrupted gusto.

"Yes, sir, that's a reformer to the marrow! Wants the Commissioner to find that the prisoners did make the stuff, did sell it, but without felonious intent—and nobody must be hauled up for it. I guess this is one of those times when it's better to know the Judge than the Law, eh? Wants the whole affair kept quiet. Well, I don't blame him! What? Don't want it to come to trial? Exactly. I understand, your Honor. I understand. He wants to protect the women. It's a nominal case, of course. Yes, I guess the Commissioner would see it as a joke—properly presented to him. I hardly think he'd look on them as dangerous moonshiners—but you never can tell. What's that? You don't know the Commissioner? You told Mr. Courtney—Who, me? The sordid hireling? No, sir. Not on his life, sir, I won't! Yes, I guess a word from me might fix it with the Commissioner, but why isn't this my chance to show how incorruptible I am?"

He brought his fist down on the table suddenly and softly.

"I tell you what I will do, Judge. I'll

strike a bargain with that young man. You tell him I'll meet him and the prisoners at the Commissioner's office the first thing in the morning. I guess I can manage to have the case called first, and in the regular way it can be dismissed, with a warning. But I want Mr. Courtney to fetch that little still right in there to that dinner-table, and tell this tale on himself—'fess up to those boys there. He's had his dig at most of us from his saucy cart-tail. We're all machine men here—corrupt and senile. He can't get something from me for nothing. That's business. We won't be too hard on him. I don't care how he tells his story. He can make up anything he chooses to protect the ladies, but we're going to nail this grind on him—out of his own mouth. Yes, sir. You tell him we're good company, and we've got some stuff in there on the sideboard that wasn't made in your back parlor—no, sir. I guess our dinner is saved, Judge! After that young reformer has run the gauntlet we'll have those lads in there waked up and thawed out. Mr. Courtney might take a line to Rivers from me. That will call him off for to-night."

He tore out a leaf from his note-book, scribbled a line on it, and handed the note to Judge Wells, who took it without enthusiasm.

"I warn you," he said, "that if Mr. Courtney agrees to do this he will do it as per agreement and well, but he is also entirely capable of coming in, with all the odds against him, and somehow turning the laugh on us."

"So he gets those men to laughing, I don't care who they laugh at," said Mr. Ai.

Judge Wells still sat with the note held in his fingers.

"Mr. Courtney's object in this matter is to arrange that the ladies shall not have to appear at all before the Commissioner. The girl is a working woman. It would injure her to have her name published as connected with a charge of this nature."

Mr. Ai's jaw set.

"Now see here, your Honor. The case must come up in the regular way; but, in the regular way, I tell you, I'll see that it's dismissed. We can't be making sentimental exceptions. You know the law better than I do."

The Judge half lifted his satiric gray eyebrows, but seemed to think better of whatever reply he was about to make. He spoke simply and with gravity.

"It seems to me a rather unusual case. The whole story was a moving one as Mr. Courtney told it to me. He came here thinking I knew the Commissioner and might be willing to speak to him. He did not know of your being in the house until I offered to mention this to you. It seems that when the arrest was made in his apartment there was a rather dramatic and pathetic scene. The young girl stepped forward to claim the arrest. She insisted that it was she who made the whisky, she who had sold it, and she held firmly to her story. Mr. Courtney then made Rivers cross-examine her as to the working of the still. She broke down only when it became plain that she did not know one end of it from the other. The aunt, though hysterical and terror-stricken, had all through urged that the niece knew nothing about the whisky-making. When she in turn was examined, she proved at once that she knew very exactly all about the working of the still, what should go into it to make whisky, and very exactly what came out. Her plea is that she was ignoraut of the law. The buyer, she insists, taught her how to make the stuff from potatoes and sugar in mash, and urged her to do so as being more profitable than the use to which she was putting her still. She had kept her enterprise a secret from her niece because, she says, she was brought up to believe that 'young ladies should not know everything,' and from others, solely because she feared that it might be commented upon—a lady, old or young, distilling and selling whisky."

"It's an interesting story, your Honor, but I don't seem to find it moving me. Law's law, and it doesn't allow for ignorance. I told you I wasn't sentimental."

"Of course," said the Judge, deliberately, "this is all a question of sentiment. It is what is moving Mr. Courtney in the case, nothing else; though he doesn't quite know that. He is sorry for the young girl."

"Somebody made that whisky, your Honor. And somebody sold it—didn't they?"

"The aunt. She pleads guilty. But Mr. Courtney says, without a doubt she did not know that she was a lawbreaker. She had a tiny, little, old-fashioned still, no bigger than a bit of bric-à-brac. As I told you, Mr. Courtney has it in there with him. He brought it to show me because it was such a pathetically inadequate, innocent-looking little affair. She had been distilling from it home-made perfumes and bottling them for sale. Mr. Courtney also had in his pockets some of her flasks of perfume. I selected one to show to you."

The Judge drew out from his pocket a little flask and set it by Mr. Ai's hand, on the table before him. It was a small glass bottle, covered with delicately tinted pink honeysuckle bloom, painted on paper, cut out, and pasted over the glass. Mr. Ai sat staring at it as at a rising ghost. Judge Wells went on quietly, his voice lowered.

"Mr. Courtney tells me that the aunt is the most inconsequent, the most helpless lady. He thinks she has once been beautiful and perhaps wealthy—a spoiled beauty. But undoubtedly she is now almost in want. She wears two shawls, he says, one white, the other a faded blue, all eight ends pointing different ways. He says there is no harm in her—there could be no harm in her, that he answers for it she will never offend again. Her niece calls her 'Aunt Delia.'"

Mr. Ai had lifted the little flask into his hand. He was turning it over and over, his heavy face altering to an unaccustomed expression, shocked and strangely helpless.

"Delia"—he said, incredulously. "Delia—in want! Selling whisky!" He looked up at Judge Wells almost piteously. "No, no! I can't have this. No—nor nothing like it."

His own words seemed to rouse him, to recall to him his power. He drew himself together.

"Tell Mr. Courtney," he said briefly, "to go back there at once and tell them it's all right. Rivers can come to see me early in the morning, and before he sees the Commissioner. Understand—*before* he sees the Commissioner. I'll attend to it all then, and—some other things."

The Judge waited a moment as if for further instruction, but none following—

"And the little still?" he asked, evenly. "You don't now wish Mr. Courtney to bring it in there to wake up our dinner? You give this up as—as a—er—ah—little Presidential caucus?"

"Confound the caucus!" said Mr. Ai, testily.

"My precise sentiment from the first," agreed the Judge, suavely.

He sat looking at the huge, relaxed, uncouth figure of his silent guest, his gray eyebrows lifted over his young eyes with a kind of wonder in them, and a touch of delicate triumph.

"It 'rules the court, the camp, the grove,'" he murmured, with the same exquisite and moving emphasis of his earlier rendering.

But Mr. Ai did not hear him. He was still scowling down at the little flask with its charming decoration of wild pink honeysuckle, its faint, sweet perfume of flowers, of a distant past; his host rose unheeded from his side and softly left the room.

Sabatier's Religions of Authority[1]

No modern writer surpasses Auguste Sabatier in the art of divination—that is, in understanding and interpreting the religious thought currents of his own time. He is essentially an interpreter. This quality of divination makes him always a modern writer, whatever his theme; it enables him in his "Apostle Paul" to explain the thoughts of that ancient writer in the terms of modern experience; to perceive and, in his "Outline of a Philosophy of Religion," to state clearly the essentials of religion and of Christianity, in forms of thought adjusted to modern habits of thinking; and in his "Religions of Authority" to interpret the transitions of our own time from a religion of external and ecclesiastical authority to a religion of authority internal and spiritual. Interpreting the interpreter, we state here the significance of the Zeitgeist in our own way, though substantially following his line of thought.

The movement of the nineteenth century has been away from authority toward independence—that is, away from the control exercised by one will over another will, toward self-control. Its characteristic virtues and its characteristic vices have both grown out of this transition. For in the process it has sometimes thrown off the external authority before the conscience and the reason had been sufficiently developed to assume authority. Then the independence has resulted either in anarchy or in a mere change of masters. Politically, the people of Europe have thrown off the autocracy of the Bourbons on the Continent and the authority of the landed gentry in England. Representative institutions have taken the place of a feudal system. In France the transition was too sudden; Bourbonism gave place to anarchy, and anarchy in turn to imperialism; but both have finally issued in a Republic. In the United States the attempt to confer upon a race of slaves the right of governing, which is always a futile right unless capability for self-government is bestowed by some process of education, issued in a condition little better than anarchy, and has led to the present reaction, but will lead, through processes of education more wisely conceived than those of the past, to the supremacy of conscience and reason in the as yet imperfectly developed classes of population in the late slave States. Industrially, the war against capitalism has substituted in some quarters a despotism of trades-unions for a despotism of employers; but, crude and barbaric as the despotism of trades-unions is, it marks an improvement, because it leads on to that liberty of labor which can exist only as the laborer is animated by an industrial ambition and controlled by an industrial conscience. In the family the emancipation of woman from the despotic authority of man, a relic of an outgrown barbarism, has been accompanied with similar excesses, hardly saved from being ludicrous in certain phases of the so-called "woman's rights" movement, and not at all saved from being demoralizing and disgraceful in certain phases of the free divorce movement, but leading eventually, despite these incidents, to a better realization of the dignity of womanhood and a truer because more spiritual unity of the family. In religious institutions the same revolt against authority has taken place; the same transition from a religion of external authority to one of authority internal and spiritual. As in politics, industry, and the home, this transition has not been without its injurious incidents. The revolt against ecclesiastical authority has led many to abandon the Church altogether; they have passed, by a natural reaction, from a denial of its ultimate authority to a denial of its usefulness. The revolt against dogmatic authority has led many to an attitude of absolute disbelief; they have passed by a similar reaction from a denial of the authority of the creeds to a denial that there is any truth in them. But we are not to judge the ultimate issue of the religious movement any more than of the political or industrial movement by these natural excesses and turbulencies. The process is one of human development, from a social stage in which the weaker, the more ignorant, the less cultured, are governed by the strong, into one in which they possess a culture, an intelligence, and a strength which make them able to govern themselves.

---

[1] *The Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.* By Auguste Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York.

This, broadly stated, is the theme of M. Sabatier's volume. He deals, however, only with the religious development of the Christian peoples. This he does in three Books, the first treating "The Roman Catholic Dogma of Authority," the second "The Protestant Dogma of Authority," the third "The Religion of the Spirit." In these Books the theme is taken up historically. The Roman Catholic Dogma of Authority has grown from small beginnings until it has at last issued in the Vatican decree of the personal infallibility of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra*. It could logically have no other issue. And yet, with this increased claim of authority has gone an effectual revolt against it. Only the shadow, scarcely that, of the temporal authority of the Pope remains. The decree of excommunication has lost its old-time terrors. It would be as impossible for Pope Pius X. to play the part of Hildebrand as for King Edward VI. to play the part of Henry VIII. Splendidly loyal as the Roman Catholic hierarchy is to the Bishop of Rome, splendidly logical as is the completion of its formal hierarchical system, the Bishop of Rome has not the *real* authority which he once possessed, and it is perfectly safe to say that he never can regain it. The Protestant Dogma of Authority has passed through a similar process, apparently increasing, really dissolving the external authority on which it has mistakenly relied. This external authority is that of an ancient Book. Protestantism at first disavowed external authority; then, in its war against the external authority of the hierarchy, it appealed, naturally enough, to the Book the authority of which the hierarchy recognized; then it put the Book in the place of the hierarchy, and attributed to it infallibility; and latterly it has gradually been forced from that untenable position, step by step, without clearly seeing whither it was tending, or clearly apprehending what it could substitute for the authority which it no longer recognized as absolute.

What it must substitute is the Religion of the Spirit. For these external authorities, of the Hierarchy and of the Book, humanity must substitute the authority of the truth because man is able to see that it is truth, of the life because man is able to possess the life. For the intellectual submission which accepts the vision of another must be substituted the faith which perceives the vision for one's self; for the report by another's conscience that God has commanded, the recognition by one's own conscience of the divine command. To quote M. Sabatier: "In the last analysis, and to go down to the very root of the Christian religion, to be a Christian is not to acquire a notion of God, or even an abstract doctrine of his paternal love; it is to live over, within ourselves, the inner spiritual life of Christ, and by the union of our heart with his to *feel* in ourselves the presence of a Father and the reality of our filial relation to him, just as Christ felt in himself the Father's presence and his filial relation to him."

The readers of The Outlook hardly need to be told that The Outlook heartily sympathizes with the general principles and the vital spirit of this volume. Our only considerable criticism upon it is that it does not sufficiently recognize the real authority which does exist in both Church and Book. The Church has an authority—that of the concurrent spiritual consciousness of devout souls. The error of the Roman Catholic Church has been that of substituting tradition for spiritual life, in lieu of regarding tradition as an expression of spiritual life and a means for the development of spiritual life in others. The Bible has an authority—that of the spiritual consciousness of the great spiritual leaders of a people whose national genius was religious. The error of Protestantism has been that of substituting the Book for spiritual life, in lieu of regarding the Book as an expression of spiritual life and a means of developing spiritual life in others. The inevitable first effect of the revolt against the hierarchical authority of the Church and the dogmatic authority of the Bible was a tendency to reject both Church and Bible; but we are already coming back, through the religion of the spirit, to recognize the real, the only, authority of either Church or Book—namely, their expression of the spiritual consciousness and their power to evoke spiritual consciousness in devout souls.

We recommend Sabatier's "Religions of Authority" to all thoughtful men and women who desire to understand the meaning of the age in which they are living.

Our National Military Policy[1]

IF the average citizen were asked to name that branch of the public service in which the most important changes had been made since the close of the Spanish-American War of 1898, probably the United States Army would be the last to occur to him. Yet, apart from our military establishment, no problems have required organic legislation within the indicated period save those involved in the acquisition of territories beyond our continental boundaries. It is, indeed, on our military institutions that we shall find the deepest impress of the legislation of the last six years, legislation not originally suggested by the Spanish-American War, but made additionally urgent by the experiences of that tragic struggle. The personnel of the United States army when it entered upon that war was almost faultless. Its officers and enlisted force, taken man for man, were equal to any military force in the world, not only as to physique, character, and intelligence, but in the broad efficiency that accrues from long experience with the enemy under varied conditions—many hundreds of its members, for instance, including both commissioned officers and private soldiers, having been veterans of the Civil War and of important Indian campaigns which followed. But something went wrong. In spite of its excellent quality, the army was hampered and delayed, and when it finally reached the front its efficiency was gravely impaired by the processes of an administrative system and an unharmonious organization of supply departments under which urgent duties, being everybody's business, were nobody's business. When victory came, it was not because of our methods, but in spite of them.

Following closely upon the restoration of peace, there began an earnest agitation for reform in our military establishment. The first definite result of that movement appears in the Army Reorganization Act of February 2, 1901, which, besides effecting a compact and symmetrical organization of our military strength, established the principle of expansion whereby the President at his discretion may increase the enlisted strength of the army to a maximum of 100,000 without waiting for the sanction of Congress. After that came two equally important acts of Congress, the first approved February 14, 1903, creating the General Staff of the Army, and the second, approved January 21, 1903, entitled the National Militia Act. The law establishing the General Staff is designed to procure a higher degree of harmony, responsibility, and efficiency in the conduct of the various supply departments of the army, including those of information, subsistence, transportation, and medical service, and one of its primary objects is to insure a speedier and more direct execution of the orders of the real Commander-in-Chief of our military forces, the President of the United States. The National Militia Act draws clearly for the first time in our history the distinction between the volunteers and the militia, and makes ample provision for the development and instruction of a colossal military reserve which shall be available for purposes of public defense in time of peril.

It is an interesting fact that all these important reforms in the organic structure of our military establishment are as an entirety the fulfillment of a prophecy written more than twenty-three years ago by a distinguished and chivalric officer of the United States Army, Brevet Major-General Emory Upton. After the Civil War, in which he bore a conspicuously gallant part, General Upton devoted himself to a comprehensive study of the various wars in which the United States had engaged, his purpose being partly to elucidate the lessons taught by those struggles and partly to suggest a system of military policy capable of the largest usefulness to the peace, honor, and material interests of the Republic. When he died in 1881, his work was left in manuscript, and it was but the other day that it was given to the world, not through the enterprise of a private publisher, but by the tardy grace of the Government which Upton so loyally served in peace and war. In this volume will be found not only a complete forecast, almost mathematically correct, of a military system adapted to the actual needs of our National life, but a comparative analysis of American military methods, military organizations, military legislation, and military results, creditable or otherwise, which has no parallel in our literature.

---

[1] *The Military Policy of the United States.* By Brevet Major-General Emory Upton, United States Army. Published by the War Department, Washington, D. C.

The costly and not always satisfactory results of our earlier wars General Upton ascribed in about equal degree to the ignorance of our legislators concerning military needs and to the dependence upon forces of militia organized, equipped, and officered by the States from which they were taken. "Up to the Mexican War," he wrote, "there was little that was glorious in our military history." That war, however, witnessed a radical change in the whole trend of our military policy. The militia system, tried and found wanting, had fallen into decay, and the campaign in Mexico, unmarred by a single defeat, was fought largely by troops organized and paid by the National Government. Of the total force employed in the War of 1812—a struggle which, General Upton said, would have been a discredit had it not been for the splendid work of the navy—of the total force employed ten per cent. were regulars, eighty-eight per cent. were militia, and two per cent. were volunteers; whereas of those employed in the Mexican War thirty per cent. were regulars, twelve per cent. were militia, and fifty-eight per cent. were volunteers. The Mexican War was, in fact, the beginning of a new order of things in our military policy, not merely as to the status of troops raised for purposes of National defense, but in its bearing upon the subject of military education. Up to that time the training given to cadets at the United States Military Academy was regarded either indifferently or with open contempt by the rugged men who had achieved distinction as officers in the incongruous forces assembled for the various and sometimes indecisive struggles which had burdened the people with heavy sacrifice of both life and treasure. But when the war with Mexico ended in an honorable peace, General Scott, the popular hero of it all, gave generous testimony to the value of scientific military learning in these words: "I give it as my fixed opinion that but for our graduated cadets the war between the United States and Mexico might, and probably would, have lasted some four or five years, with, in its first half, more defeats than victories falling to our share; whereas in less than two campaigns we conquered a great country and a peace without the loss of a single battle or skirmish."

General Upton deplored the fallacy of mistaking military resources for military strength, and seriously expressed the belief that 20,000 regular troops at Bull Run "would have routed the insurgents, settled the question of military resistance, and relieved us from the pain and suspense of four years of war." He advocated the policy of conscription, declaring that no nation could safely depend upon voluntary enlistments in time of peril, and pointed out that the Confederate Government, by pouring conscripts into the old regiments after each depletion, enjoyed a tremendous fighting advantage over the Federal Government until the latter adopted the same policy. Another thing that grieved General Upton and aroused his most earnest protest was the popular jealousy of a standing army—a jealousy which, beginning in the time of Washington, taxed his patience sorely, and has endured in varying degree down to this day. To a passionate believer in the integrity and loyalty of the army like General Upton, this unreasoning jealousy of a permanent military establishment was a matter of keenest chagrin, and his resentment against it finds expression in some of the most striking passages of his great work. He was by instinct, training, and experience essentially a Nationalist, and, believing that the life of the State is inseparably bound up in the life of the Nation, he urged the development of a military policy under which military resources, when developed into military strength for purposes of National defense, should be officered, disciplined, paid, and controlled absolutely by the Federal Government. As the result of his exhaustive study of our own wars and of his careful inquiry into foreign military systems during an official tour of the world, he recommended a military policy embodying these cardinal features: The creation of a general staff of the army; the three-platoon formation for regiments of infantry and cavalry; the Regular Army, the National Volunteers, and the Militia each to be organized on the expansive principle; interchangeability in staff and line duty; promotions to be made only after rigorous examinations, and thoroughgoing schools of instruction for officers in the active service.

General Sherman, the steadfast friend and admirer of Upton, after reading the manuscript of the latter's extraordinary work, wrote on the margin: "I doubt if you will convince the powers that be, but the facts stated, the references from authority, and the military conclusions are most valuable and should be printed and made accessible. The time may not be now, but will come, when these will be appreciated, and may bear fruit even in our day."

Upton himself did not expect that his views would be soon adopted, but he confidently predicted that they ultimately would be. He lived before his time, but not so far ahead after all, when we take into account that within the last three or four years nearly every one of his great structural preparations relating to our military institutions has been enacted into law. Certainly twenty-five years is not long to wait for the fulfillment of a prophecy so specific and far-reaching.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged under the Supervision of George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Illustrated. Vol. III. H—M. The Macmillan Co., New York. 8×11½ in. 394 pages. $6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Caleb Williams. By William Godwin. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 395 pages. $1.25, net.

Code of Hammurabi, King of Babylon, about 2250 B.C. (The). Autographed Text, Transliteration, Translation, Glossary, Index of Subjects, Lists of Proper Names, Signs, Numerals, Corrections and Erasures, with Map, Frontispiece, and Photograph of Text. By Robert Francis Harper, Ph.D., Professor of Semitic Languages in the University of Chicago. Chicago University Press. 6×9¼ in. 200 pages.

Hammurabi was to Babylonia what Rameses the Great was to Egypt, and more, because he was to Babylonia at once a Napoleon and a Bismarck. The records say that he reigned from 2342 to 2288 B.C., and the first glory of his fame is that he united Babylonia, Sumer, and Akkad into one empire, driving out the Elamites who had strongly established themselves in the territory. This empire—the Semitic Empire of Babylonia—lasted longer than that of Sargon, whom some have taken as a prototype of Moses. Hammurabi was a statesman as well as conqueror. He blessed his empire by building a great irrigating canal in an almost rainless region, by walling cities, erecting granaries and temples and palaces. There is little cause to doubt that Amraphel of Genesis xiv. 1, 9, is identical with Hammurabi, Emperor of Babylonia. This code of laws, it is almost certain, was not his original composition, but, like the Institutes of Justinian and the Code Napoleon of France, was a codification and harmony of the ancient laws of the kingdoms united by Hammurabi into the Empire of Babylonia. Those interested in the history of the death penalty and its relation to crime will be struck by the numerous capital crimes defined by this code. Unsustained charge of capital offense, false charge of sorcery, sacrilege, theft which cannot be made good, abduction of a child, harboring and assisting fugitive slaves, burglary, and brigandage are among the crimes punishable with death according to Hammurabi's code. Much space in these laws is given to property rights. Slaves are regarded as property. Care is taken to protect and carefully conserve the property rights of women and children. The antiquity of the custom of ducking as an ordeal for those accused of witchcraft is shown to be as great as the reign of Hammurabi. Probably it is far more ancient. The laws of marriage and divorce are minute. Physicians' fees were large, and are precisely stated, but "if a physician operate on a man with a bronze lancet for a severe wound and cause the man's death, or if with a bronze lancet he open an abscess [in the eye] and destroy the man's eye, they shall cut off his fingers." Society under Hammurabi was divided into three castes—the rich, or gentlemen, the freemen, and the slaves. Fees and penalties were regulated according to caste. The monument upon which these statutes are inscribed was discovered by M. de Morgan on the Acropolis of Susa. The obverse represents Hammurabi receiving these laws from the god Bel Marduk; the reverse contains twenty-eight columns. Five columns of the laws had been cut off. This legal code was evidently intended to secure impartial justice, according to the social conditions of the time. About the laws there is little or no ceremonialism, and no intricacy. They make manifest the candor and justice of this great monarch who reigned over a mixed people and diverse races more than four thousand years ago. Comparing them with subsequent legislation in Babylonia, we are impressed with their superiority in ethical value. Students of Assyrian owe a great debt to Professor Harper for this learned and carefully and completely edited text of this ancient and interesting code.

Friendship: The Good and Perfect Gift. By "Ruth Ogden" (Mrs. Charles W. Ide). Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 4½×6 in. 61 pages.

From Adams Peak to Elephanta. By Edward Carpenter. (New Edition, Revised.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 370 pages. $2, net.

This volume of sketches in Ceylon and India, based on actual experience in both countries, makes its appearance in a second and slightly revised edition, at a time when authoritative books relating to the East are much sought for and greatly needed. Mr. Carpenter describes the country, the people, their religion, their social habits, their fundamental ideas, devotes several chapters to a description of occult religion as practiced in these two countries, and gives very interesting accounts of caste, communism, the relations of the Anglo-Indian and the native, and the effect of Western science and commercialism on these old peoples.

God-Man (The): A Poem. By Rev. Henry Losch, M.D. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5×8 in. 177 pages. $2, net.

Good as Gold: A Comedy in Four Short Acts. By K. McDowell Rice. Published by the Author, Worthington, Mass. 5×7½ in. 44 pages. 25c.

This little comedy is intended for use in girls' schools and for amateur performances generally. It is very difficult to find plays that are at the same time entertaining, unobjectionable from every point of view, and capable of being acted by a small company of amateurs. This want the present amusing comedy seems to supply in an original and amusing way.

Hid in the Heart: Scripture that a Child of Ten Should Know. Chosen and Edited by George E. Horr, D.D. The American Baptist Publication Society, Philadelphia. 5½×7½ in. 52 pages.

Historic Highways of America. Vol. VIII. **Military Roads of the Mississippi Basin.** By Archer Butler Hulbert. Illustrated. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland. 5×7¾ in. 237 pages.

The ground covered in this new volume in the series called "Historic Highways of America," of which we have spoken already several times with appreciation, includes the routes taken by Clark in his campaigns against Kaskaskia and Vincennes in 1778 and 1779, and the routes of three campaigns against Indians in the Northwest, carried on respectively by Harmar, St. Clair, and Wayne in the period between 1790 and 1794. Perhaps the volume contains less of dramatic and human interest than some of its predecessors, but it forms a valuable record of the exact methods and topographical difficulties of these early expeditions in the Northwest. In more than one instance, moreover, the tragedy and heroism of frontier fighting are depicted vividly.

History of the Moorish Empire in Europe. By S. P. Scott. In 3 vols. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5¾×9 in. $10, net.

Reserved for later notice.

John Robinson: The Pilgrim Pastor. By Ozora S. Davis. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 366 pages. $1.25, net.

Throughout history from the first century of the Christian era until now there have been two conflicting conceptions of the Christian Church. One has been the conception of a great body of men and women, without regard to personal character, who inherit Christian privileges and traditions and receive power from on high through channels supplied in the provision of the Gospel by God. The other has been the conception of a comparatively small circle of believers, saved from evil and supplied with a Christian character, the true remnant of Israel, witnesses of the Gospel to the world. The former conception may be called Catholic, whether it is Roman, Anglican, or American and Protestant. The other view may be called Puritan, whether it is to be found in Savonarola or Cromwell or Jonathan Edwards. Each of these conceptions has its own measure of truth, but sometimes one needs to be emphasized, sometimes the other; sometimes the universality of the Church's embrace, sometimes the righteousness of the Church's demands. John Robinson arose at a time when there was need of the Puritan message. Like other Puritans, he had a controversy with the people; he was not so much a bearer of the Gospel as a prophet of righteousness. If we of to-day have a conception of religion that is ethical, we owe it largely to the Englishmen of the early seventeenth century, who wrought that conception into a conviction for which they were willing to suffer. Robinson belonged to that branch of the Puritans that, in protest against its evils, came out from the English Church. He joined the Separatist congregation at Scrooby and followed its fortunes. This biography is written in a judicial spirit by one who has at the same time the historic sense and a pride in belonging to that group of Christians who may claim John Robinson as one of their spiritual forebears.

Lavius Egyptus. By Thomas S. Spivey. Published by the Author, 370 East Eighth St., Cincinnati. 5½×8 in. 196 pages. $1.50.

Leaves from an Indian Jungle: Gathered During Thirteen Years of a Jungle Life in the Central Provinces, the Deccan, and Berar. By A. I. R. G. Illustrated. The Times Press, Bombay. 5½×8¾ in. 247 pages.

Leo Tolstoy: A Biographical and Critical Study. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Frederick Warne & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 190 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Letters from a Son to His Self-Made Father. By Charles Eustace Merriman. Illustrated. The Robinson, Luce Co., Boston. 5½×8 in. 289 pages.

As a rule, books of fiction founded upon other books of fiction are not altogether successful. The "Letters from a Self-Made Father to His Son" had the quality of rarely shrewd comment on business, life, and personal character, and were therefore more than merely amusing. The present book is at times amusing in a broadly comic way, but it very decidedly lacks precisely the quality which gave the other book its chief interest. We do not think that Harvard men will feel flattered by this particular specimen of a supposed undergraduate.

Master and the Chisel (The). By Alex. F. Irvine. Published by the People's Church, New Haven, Conn. 4¼×7 in. 103 pages.

Memoirs of Henry Villard, Journalist and Financier, 1835-1900. Two vols., with Portraits and Maps. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6×9 in. Per set, $5, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Municipal Year Book of the United Kingdom for 1904. Edited by Robert Donald. Edward Lloyd, Limited, London, England. 5½×8½ in. 508 pages. 3s. 6d., net.

Musk-Ox, Bison, Sheep, and Goat. By Caspar Whitney, George Bird Grinnell, and Owen Wister. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 284 pages. $2, net.

Still another of the capital volumes in the American Sportsman's Library. The contributors are Mr. Caspar Whitney, the general editor of the series, Mr. George Bird Grinnell, and Mr. Owen Wister. All three are recognizedly agreeable writers as well as keen sportsmen and students of natural history, and each treats his special subject with special knowledge. There are many finely printed full-page illustrations from well-selected photographs.

New England Romances. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (The Caxton Thin Paper Classics.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 4×6½ in. 713 pages. $1.25, net.

Old Sins in New Clothes. By George Clarke Peck. Eaton & Mains, Cincinnati. 4½×7 in. 317 pages.

Philippine Islands, 1493-1898 (The). Translated from the Originals. Edited and Annotated by Emma Helen Blair and James Alexander Robertson, with Historical Introductions and Additional Notes by Edward Gaylord Bourne. Illustrated. Vol. XI. 1599-1602. The Arthur H. Clarke Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 319 pages.

Preacher's Story of His Work (A). By W. S. Rainsford. The Outlook Co., New York. 5×8 in. 245 pages. $1.25, net.

Three incidents may serve to indicate the course of struggle, sometimes with inward questionings and powers of darkness, sometimes with a gripping and binding environment, that is told in this preacher's story. The first occurred when he was a curate in an English town. He had resolutely set aside a career in the army to which he had looked forward with delight, because he was determined not to be a man of pleasure. Now he had before him rare opportunities for advancement in the Church of England—opportunities that appealed, not to his self-indulgence, but to his consciousness of power. Then upon him came a searching doubt as to the efficacy of the ordinance of infant baptism which he was called upon as a clergyman to perform. There was not a man, not a book, that could satisfy his scruple. At this point comes the incident which reveals the character of this "poor, green, ignorant boy struggling with his first tremendous difficulty:"

> With despair in my heart I started off on a long walk, and at last, after much wandering, found myself in front of a low, dirty brick chapel in the south of London beyond the Thames. I saw that it was a Baptist chapel, and I bowed my head and said, "It is a long way that has led to this, but, so help me God, if I cannot see my way out, I will spend the rest of my life in a place like this!"

That ended his misery. But not his struggle; for he threw up his curacy and started as a mission preacher through America. Then came the second incident. At the end of a remarkable series of evangelistic meetings he had conducted in Toronto, which had stirred the city to the foundations of its social life, he began to doubt a doctrine on which he supposed all his preaching rested. From the heights of success he was cast into the chasm of failure. His audiences dwindled; his friends remonstrated. In his misery he turned to Phillips Brooks.

> I went to Boston solely to see him. He was a dear friend of mine; but Phillips Brooks could not help an

individual at all. What he said was: "I cannot help you; you must fight it out yourself." . . . What saved me from defeat was just this, that through it all I could and did keep saying to myself, "I must act as my heart tells me; I won't speak until I have the light, by God's help I won't."

He did fight it out, and the light did come. The third incident marked his struggle with environment. It was after his coming to St. George's, New York City. A good and liberal man, who feared for certain possible results of new methods, one day said to him:

> "Mr. Rainsford, I want to help you; you have a big fight to fight; now, if you will hand over the choir to me, I'll do anything you want for St. George's."
>
> I did not say anything, and he added,
>
> "What do you want most?"
>
> "I want a parish building."
>
> "How much will a parish building cost?"
>
> "Nearly $200,000."
>
> "Well," he said, "if you will let me run the choir, I will give you my check for $200,000."
>
> "I cannot do it," I said.
>
> "Then you are going wrong."
>
> "I cannot help it; I can't do what you ask."
>
> "Then I won't come to your church any more."
>
> "I cannot help it," I said.
>
> And he never did.
>
> I should have been ruined if I had accepted his offer. I got my parish building within six months without any conditions.

The story of Dr. Rainsford's success is the story of determination, time upon time, to fail. "Whosoever shall lose his life for my sake and the Gospel's shall save it" is a hard saying except to one who, as in this story of an Irish lad who became a great preacher and parish maker, has lived it.

Standard Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 6×8 in. 208 pages.

Teachers' Manual for Second Reader. Edited by Isaac K. Funk, LL.D. (Standard Reader Series.) Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 3¼×5½ in. 307 pages.

Tales of Mystery. By Edgar Allan Poe. (The Unit Books.) Howard Wilford Bell, New York. 4½×7 in. 498 pages. 51c.

This volume of the "Unit Books" contains twenty-one stories selected from Poe's works, printed in a compact volume which gives an impression of squareness, from good clear type, simply bound in green cloth and published at a very low price. In this series "The Marble Faun" and Lincoln's "Letters and Addresses" have already appeared. It is proposed to issue books of permanent position in literature, to include fiction, historical works, scientific works, records of travel, books of information, and the classics of ancient and modern times, to present in every case accurate text, carefully edited, legibly printed from new plates, substantially bound, the price regulated entirely by the length of the book, that is, the actual cost of production. The unit selected is twenty-five pages, and the price of each set of twenty-five pages is one cent; one hundred pages cost at this rate four cents, and five hundred pages, the length of this reprint of Poe's tales, is issued at twenty cents, to which is added the expense of the cloth cover and binding.

Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen. By Jacob A. Riis. Illustrated. The Outlook Co., New York. 6×9 in. 471 pages. $2, net.

A review of this book, together with Mr. Leupp's "The Man Roosevelt," may be found in last week's issue of The Outlook.

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 359 pages. $1.50.

This is not, in the main, a story of life at sea, as one might perhaps suppose from its title and the fact that the author has written very agreeable sea stories. Its hero is a doctor as well as a sailor, and the greater part of the action takes place on shore. Not the least readable part of the book is that dealing with the life in great hospitals and dispensaries, in which the author makes use of special knowledge in a vivid and dramatic fashion. The chief character of the book is a vigorous, hearty, and pretty hot-tempered young man who has made his way by sheer pluck and hard work through college and the medical school. Amos's adventures in the social world are told with spirit and often with humor. Although the ending of the book is a trifle theatrical and sensational, perhaps it is justified by the study of character and circumstance which precedes it; certainly this part of the tale is thrilling in an original way. Altogether the novel is decidedly above the average of the fiction of the season.

Trouble Woman (The). By Clara Morris. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 58 pages. 40c., net.

Twelve Apostles (The). By George Milligan, B.D. (The Temple Series of Bible Handbooks.) J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 4½×5 in. 104 pages. 30c.

Besides its chapter on the three "Unknown Apostles" this booklet makes the most that all sources of information give concerning the others. The "Points for Inquiry" subjoined to the several chapters add to its utility as a text-book for Bible classes.

Wings and Stings. By Agnes McClelland Daulton. Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 197 pages.

A nature book, in which, as the author says in her introduction, she has made every effort to give to dry scientific facts the breath of out-of-doors. In these little stories the bees, the blossoms, and most of all the birds, tell their own life histories in a cheerful and vivacious way which may very well appeal to the liking of children. The book is fully illustrated—chiefly with sketches made by the author. It will undoubtedly fulfill its author's hope to bring to little children a "vision of green fields, leafy forests, sunny meadows, and running brooks."

Spring in the South

By Henry van Dyke

Now in the oak the sap of life is welling,
  Though to the bough the rusty foliage clings;
Now on the elm the misty buds are swelling;
  See how the pine-wood grows alive with wings!
Blue jays fluttering, yodeling, and crying;
  Meadow-larks sailing low above the withered grass;
Redbirds whistling clear, silent robins flying,—
  Who has waked the birds up? What has come to pass?

Last year's cotton-plants, desolately bowing,
  Stand in the fallows, ragged and forlorn.
Red are the hillsides of the early plowing,
  Gray are the lowlands, waiting for the corn.
Earth seems asleep still; but 'tis only feigning;
  Deep in her bosom thrills a sweet unrest.
Look where the jasmine lavishly is raining
  Jove's golden shower into Danaë's breast.

Now on the plum the snowy bloom is drifted;
  Now on the peach, the glory of the rose;
Over the hills a tender haze is sifted;
  Full to the brim the yellow river flows.
Dark cypress boughs with vivid jewels glisten,
  Greener than emeralds shining in the sun.
Who has wrought the magic? Listen, sweetheart, listen!
  The mocking-bird is singing: Spring has begun.

Hark, in his song no tremor of misgiving!
  All of his heart he pours into his lay,
"Love, love, love, and pure delight of living;
  Winter is forgotten; live for love to-day!"
Fair in your face, I read the flowery presage,
  Snowy on your brow, and rosy on your mouth.
Sweet in your voice, I hear the season's message:
  "Love, love, love, and Spring in the South!"

Augusta, Georgia.

"Name on Every Piece"

LOWNEY'S

EVERY SEALED PACKAGE OF

Lowney's

Chocolate Bonbons

is guaranteed to be fresh or money refunded. A guarantee slip is in each package of half-pound or more. The Purity and Delicious Quality of these Bonbons have secured for them the largest sale of any confections in the world.

The Lowney Receipt Book sent FREE

The Walter M. Lowney Company
Boston, Mass.

ESKAY'S
Albumenized
FOOD

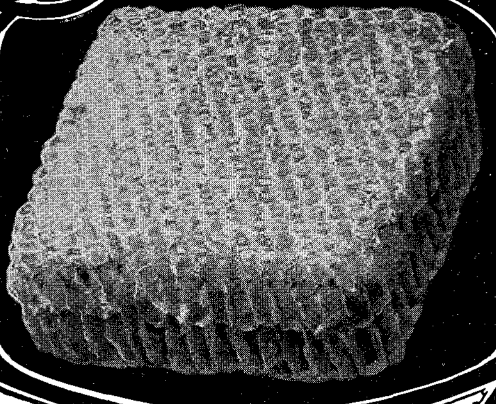
Two Years on ESKAY'S FOOD

From Sickness to the Ruddy Glow of Health

Mr. H. J. BAUER, 103 West 118th Street, New York, says: "Our little girl, Dorothy, when fourteen months old was so ill that physicians gave little hope of her recovery. Different foods were tried, but they failed to nourish. We procured ESKAY'S, her stomach retained it and in a few days she was out of danger. The physician believes that ESKAY'S saved her life."

Every mother needs our book, "How to Care for the Baby."
Sent free with generous sample of Eskay's Food.

SMITH, KLINE & FRENCH CO., 426 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.



Two Kinds of Honey

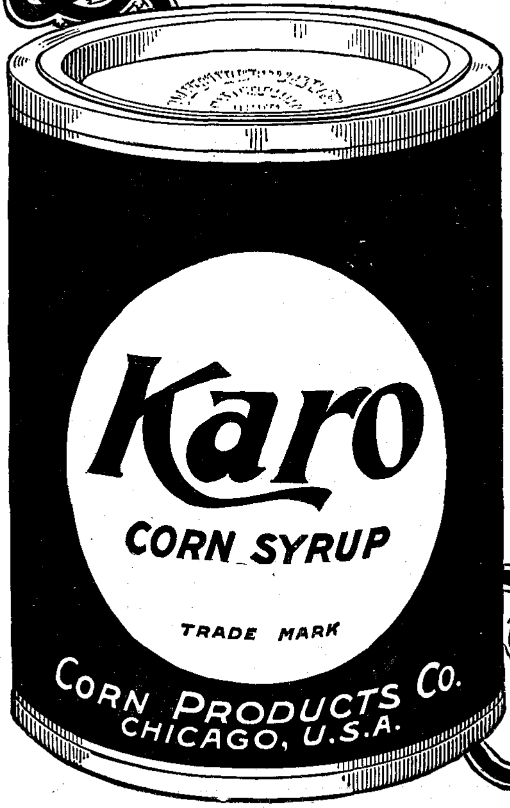
The two kinds of honey are bees' honey and Karo Corn Syrup.

Karo Corn Syrup is corn honey having the same properties as bees' honey; golden syrup made from golden grain retaining the healthful purity and wholesome goodness of the corn.

Karo Corn Syrup is more productive of muscular activity and energizing power than any other single article of diet. Mothers find it an economical and healthful food substance—good for every home use where sweetening is required. The children's spread for daily bread is

Karo

CORN SYRUP



It's a delicious and wholesome food, agreeing with them better than sugar, molasses or candy. It will not make them ill or out of sorts as candy often does. It's easily absorbed into the system and satisfies every healthy desire for sweetness. The children like it and thrive upon it. Try it. It's as pure as dew and ***better than honey for less money.***

Put up in airtight, friction-top tins, and sold by all grocers in three sizes —10c, 25c and 50c.

Free on request—"Karo in the Kitchen," Mrs. Armstrong's book of original receipts.

CORN PRODUCTS CO.
New York and Chicago

The Spring's already at the gate

You can work and work well in the lazy days of spring if you have the clear brain, the new life and health that come from the natural food – PETTIJOHN.

There is no substitute for health – none for Pettijohn.

PETTIJOHN

$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes

See new issue of Cereta Coupons in Pettijohn Packages.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire

NO carriage is fully equipped for pleasure unless it has upon its wheels the best rubber tire that can be made—the tire that keeps always between you and the pavement a cushion of real, lasting, durable, bouncing rubber.

The Kelly-Springfield Tire is fastened to the wheel just as securely as it is lodged in the public mind.

Booklet, "The Kelly-Springfield Idea" for the asking.

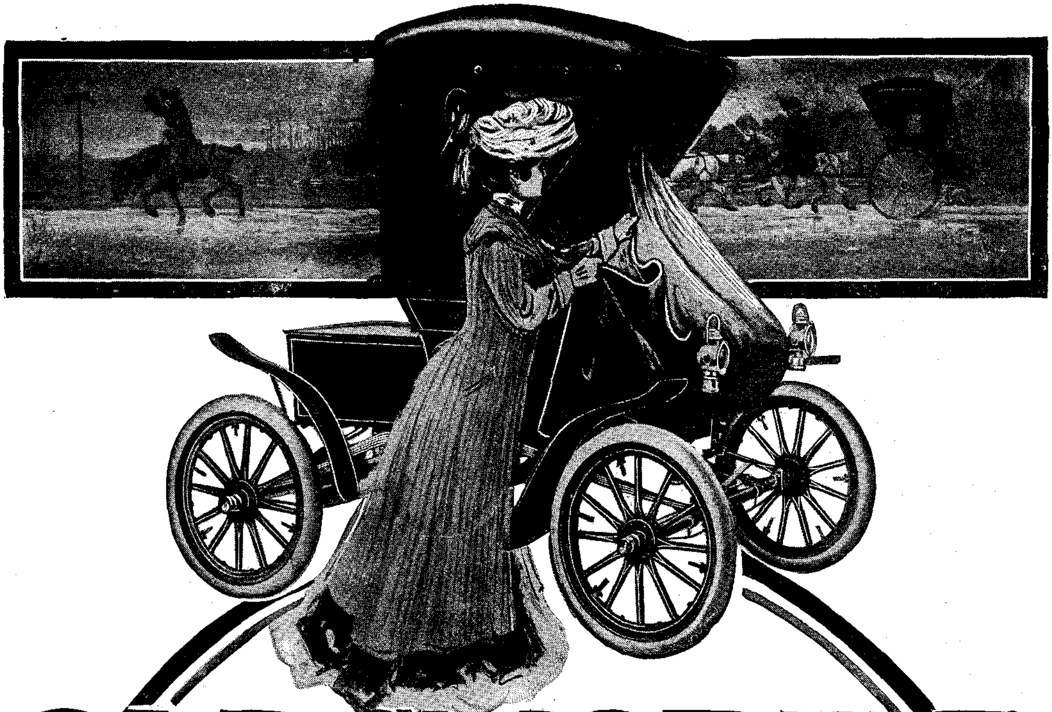
The Consolidated Rubber Tire Company
40 Wall Street, New York
Akron, Ohio

⅓ OFF from the FACTORY

That's the saving in buying your carriage from us. We manufacture high-grade vehicles, harness, etc., and sell direct, at cost, with only a small profit added, which means a saving to you of one-third on every purchase. We guarantee satisfaction or refund money and pay freight both ways.

Send for our free catalogue, which shows our complete stock and explains our plans.

THE COLUMBUS
CARRIAGE & HARNESS CO.,
Columbus, Ohio.



OLDSMOBILE

You see them wherever you go,
They go wherever you see them.

For business or pleasure, in rain or sunshine, the pioneer runabout has no equal. It is always ready. It represents the latest and best in automobile construction—the product of the largest automobile plant in the world. *All roads alike to the Oldsmobile.*

Price, $650.

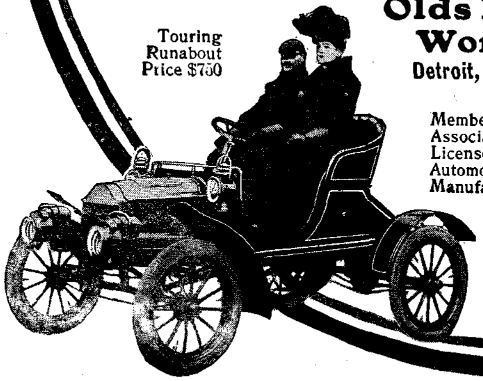
For full information regarding our several models see our nearest sales agent, or write direct. A captivating and beautifully illustrated automobile story "Golden Gate to Hell Gate" will be sent upon receipt of a two-cent stamp. Address Dept. C.

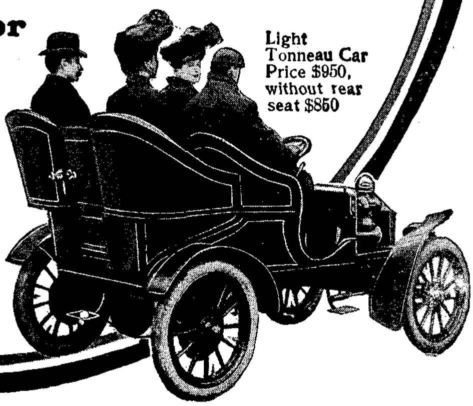
Touring
Runabout
Price $750

Olds Motor
Works,
Detroit, U. S. A.

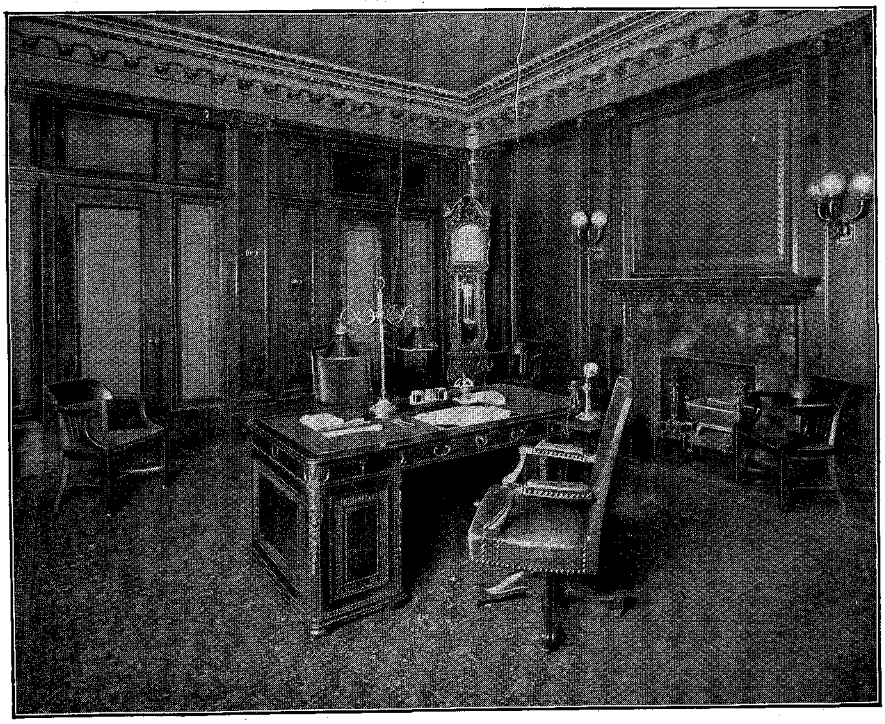
Light
Tonneau Car
Price $950,
without rear
seat $850

Member of the
Association of
Licensed
Automobile
Manufacturers





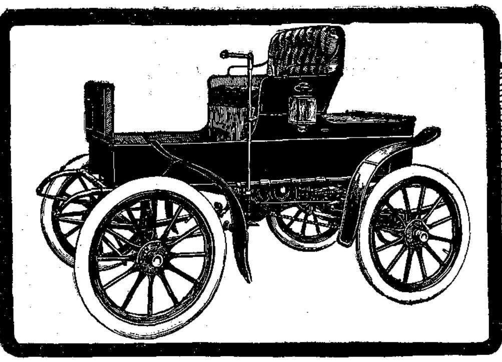
ORIENTAL RUGS



THE above illustration of the President's office, New York Stock Exchange, shows an India rug of very fine quality, woven by hand at our own factory at Amritsar, India. ¶ We can make to order rugs of any size desired, and perfectly reproduce old Persian or Indian designs as well as the French and other modern styles. ¶ Only vegetable dyes and selected wools are used, thus ensuring rugs of lasting colors and fine texture. ¶ We also carry a large stock of Oriental rugs in a great variety of sizes and colorings.

W. & J. SLOANE

BROADWAY & NINETEENTH STREET, NEW YORK



ELECTRIC
RUNABOUT

STUDEBAKER AUTOMOBILES

"The Automobile with a Reputation Behind It."

WE are prepared to meet the needs of those who are seeking an automobile for convenient local use—a machine which can safely and easily be handled by any member of the family—or a full-powered tonneau car for wide radius touring.

THE STUDEBAKER ELECTRIC

is equipped with Exide or Edison batteries, and has been thoroughly tested by years of actual use. Made on lines of the Runabout, Victoria Phaeton, Stanhope, Surrey, or Delivery and Truck Wagon (first two styles illustrated here). The most convenient vehicle for physicians' use.

THE STUDEBAKER TOURING CAR

A light, but powerful, Gasoline Tonneau Car, embodying the latest improvements in construction and sold at a fair price. Built by a firm whose reputation is a guarantee of thorough workmanship. Write for catalogue to

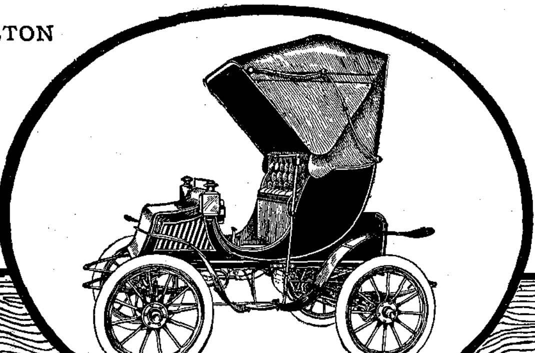
STUDEBAKER BROS. MFG. CO., Automobile Department,
SOUTH BEND, IND.

NEW YORK CITY: Broadway, corner 48th Street.
DENVER, COL.: Corner 15th and Blake Streets.
CHICAGO, ILL.: 378-388 Wabash Avenue.
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH: 157-159 State Street.

KANSAS CITY, MO.: 810-814 Walnut Street.
PORTLAND, ORE.: 330-334 East Morrison Street.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.: Cor. Market and 10th Sts.
DALLAS, TEX.: 317-319 Elm Street.

Branch Houses and Agencies in Other Principal Cities.

ELECTRIC
VICTORIA PHAETON



DRAWING
ENGINEERING
ARCHITECTURE
Taught by Correspondence

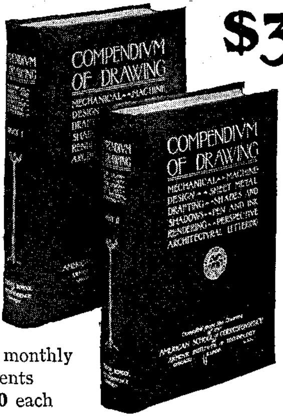
Illustrated bulletin giving full information regarding our 60 courses in Engineering sent free on request

To bring to the attention of those interested in drawing the high standard of our instruction, we have compiled from the regular instruction papers in Drawing a practical treatise under the title of

COMPENDIUM OF DRAWING

$3.00 ·PER VOLUME

Bound in green buckram.


COMPENDIVM OF DRAWING
MECHANICAL · MACHINE DESIGN · SHEET METAL DRAFTING · SHADES AND SHADOWS · PEN AND INK RENDERING · PERSPECTIVE ARCHITECTURAL LETTERING

Express Prepaid

Money returned if not satisfactory

BOTH VOLUMES $5.00

Or in two monthly payments of **$3.00** each

Page 7x10 in. Fully Indexed

900 Pages–Two Volumes–1,000 Illustrations

On receipt of the price (address Room 102L) **and the Names of Two Persons** whom you **know** to be interested in our courses (designating the course), the books will be sent, express prepaid. If the work is not all we claim, return it in **10** days and get your money back.

A compendium of such practical value and covering so many branches of drawing has never before been offered. The separate volumes necessary to cover the ground would easily cost $15.00. We offer the work substantially at cost, believing that it will be the means of interesting you further in the work of the School.

AUTHORS OF TREATISES IN THE WORK

PART I.

PROF. E. KENISON, M.I.T., Mechanical Drawing.
PROF. H. W. GARDNER, M.I.T., Shades and Shadows.
PROF. D. A. GREGG, M.I.T., Rendering in Pen and Ink.
PROF. W. H. LAWRENCE, M.I.T., Perspective Drawing.
F. C. BROWN, Architect, Boston—Architectural Lettering.

PART II.

PROF. W. H. JAMES, M.I.T., Working Drawings and Mechanism.
PROF. C. L. GRIFFIN, formerly Pa. State Coll.—Mach. Design.
WM. NEUBECKER, N. Y. Trade School, Sheet Metal Pattern Drafting and Tinsmithing.

The regular examination questions of the School are bound into each volume to test the reader's knowledge.

In each of our 60 different courses the character of the instruction is equally authoritative, equally thorough, and equally valuable to the student.

American School of Correspondence
at Armour Institute of Technology
CHICAGO - - - ILLINOIS

MENTION THE OUTLOOK

New England Watches

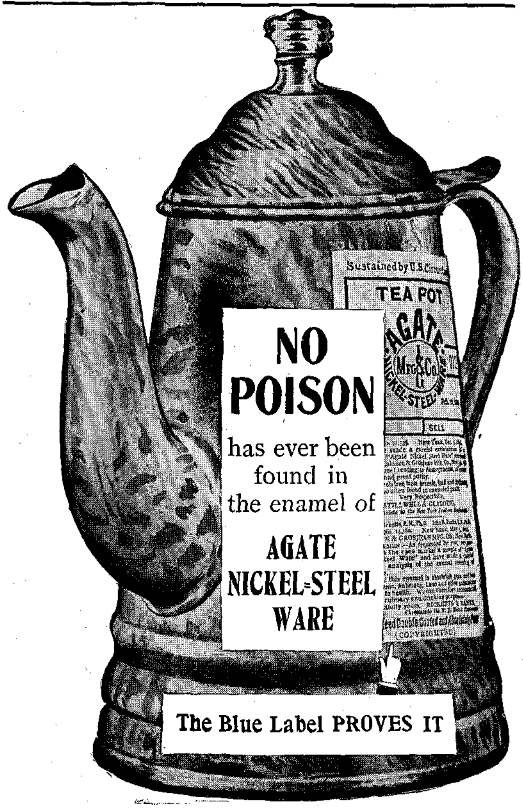
Ladies' watches with up-to-date casings, in all colors, harmonious with dress tints; enamels with vivid and quiet colorings to match any gown shade; gun metal with gold tracings that denote quiet elegance are a few of the many products of our factory.

FOR SALE BY ALL JEWELERS
CATALOGS SENT ON REQUEST

The New England Watch Co.
MANUFACTURERS

OFFICES
37 and 39 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK
131-137 Wabash Avenue, CHICAGO
Spreckels Bldg., SAN FRANCISCO

154


NO POISON
has ever been found in the enamel of
AGATE NICKEL-STEEL WARE
The Blue Label PROVES IT
TEA POT
AGATE NICKEL-STEEL

"Jack and Gill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water," and the disaster which befell them is familiar to most magazine readers. Carrying water has always been "*up-hill work.*" There is no more arduous toil than lugging water for domestic uses, a pailful at a time. That is why the installing of a

HOT-AIR PUMP

seems to the weary carrier like the dawn of a new life. This simple, valveless machine is an engine of low power and so cannot explode. It is practically automatic and runs all day or an hour or two, as may be required, with just force enough to deliver its fresh and living stream in ample volume for all the rooms of a country mansion or cottage, for the bath and every domestic use. Out of doors it freshens the lawn and garden, while the live stock delight in its constant and abundant supply. Then, too, what a safeguard it is from that suburban peril—fire.

The following testimonial means a great deal because it comes from a prominent citizen who is probably the largest manufacturer of engines and mining machinery in the United States.

ALLIS-CHALMERS CO.,
Milwaukee, Wis., March 28, 1903.

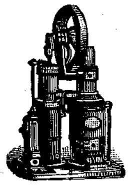
RIDER-ERICSSON ENGINE CO.

Gentlemen:—Your favor of the 14th inst. is received and it gives me pleasure to state that the pumping-engine (8-inch Rider) I purchased from you for my country place, about four years ago, has been in service every summer since and has given entire satisfaction, and no trouble whatever, being run by the gardener, who after starting it attends to his other duties, only returning to replenish with fuel if he desires to continue the pumping.

Yours very truly, WM. W. ALLIS.

This means that Mr. Allis, an expert upon engines and machinery, compliments the Hot-Air Pump by selecting it as the best domestic water-supply available. A few cents' worth of oil a day, or any fuel, runs the Hot-Air Pump, and *it works always independent of the wind.*

A Hot-Air Pump, representing a permanent investment which will outlast a generation, can now be bought at the very low price of $108. Descriptive Catalogue "D" sent free on application.



The Hot-Air Pump

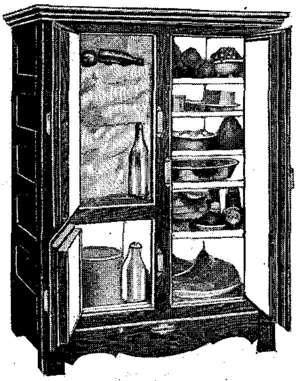
Rider-Ericsson Engine Co.

35 Warren St., New York. 239 Franklin St., Boston.
40 Dearborn St., Chicago. 692 Craig St. Montreal, P. Q.
40 N. 7th St., Philadelphia. 22 Pitt St., Sydney, N.S.W.
Teniente-Rey 71, Havana, Cuba.

The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator

LINED WITH

Genuine Porcelain Enamel



fired on sheet steel. You can not break, scratch or corrode this wonderful lining.

It will last forever, sweet and clean.

Sliding adjustable shelves, of same material, case of oak with quarter sawed panels. Hand polished golden finish, nickel trimmings, eight walls with mineral wool insulation. This style 35x22x46 in. **$27.50** freight paid as far as the Mississippi and Ohio rivers. We sell direct where we have no agent. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for booklet showing other styles from $8.25 up and **free** sample of our wonderful lining.

Beware of imitations made with white paint.

THE GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.

17 Ottawa St., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Burlington Venetian Blinds

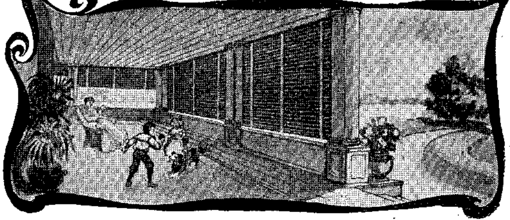
Your comfort during the summer would be much increased, if piazza and windows of your home were fitted with

Burlington Venetian Blinds

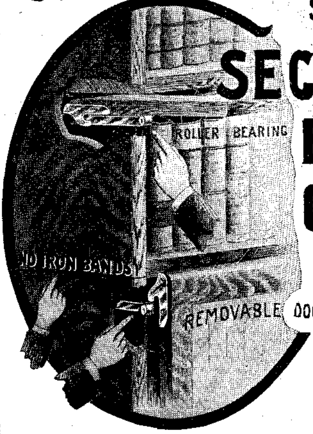
Keep out the sun, admit light and air just where wanted.

Also folding blinds and screens. Write for Catalog M.

Burlington Venetian Blind Co., Burlington, Vt.



"GUNN" IMPROVED SYSTEM SECTIONAL BOOK CASE

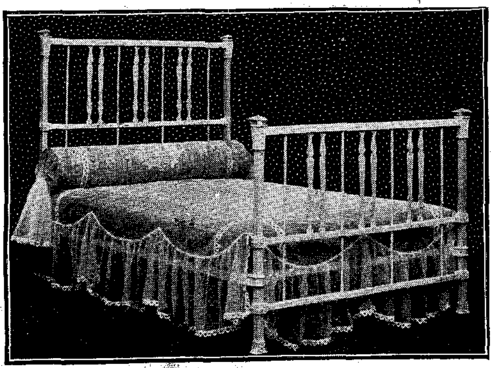


PATENTED

The GUNN has a handsome appearance with all the sectional earmarks eliminated. Cabinet-work and finish best of GRAND RAPIDS production. Removable anti-friction Doors; valuable books not soiled when cleaning the glass. For further information ask "The man with a GUNN"—He knows. Complete catalogue free. For sale by leading dealers or direct from the factory. No higher in price than the old styles.

GUNN FURNITURE CO. Grand Rapids, Mich.

Also makers of GUNN DESKS and FILING CABINETS.

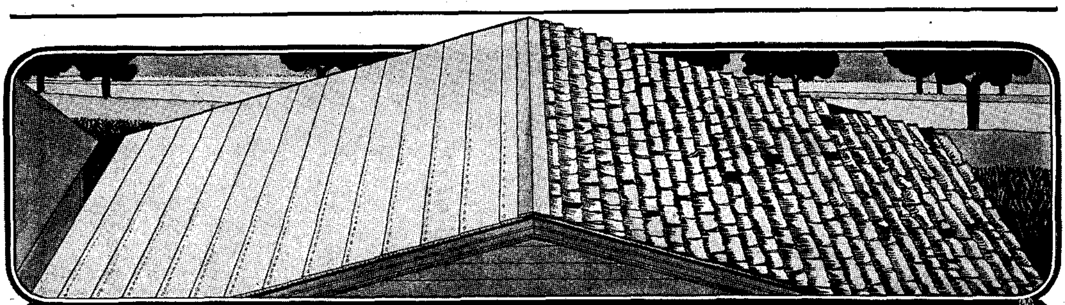


The chief reason for buying, and for being sure you get, an Adams & Westlake bed, is the quality of it.

We make many styles, in many patterns; beauty of design is as important with us as quality. You're sure of both if you see our name on the bed you buy.

Our full booklet of brass and iron beds illuminates the subject; sent free; as important for you to get as for us to send.

THE ADAMS & WESTLAKE CO.
CHICAGO



CONSTRUCTION *vs.* DESTRUCTION.
CARE *vs.* CARELESSNESS.
BEST MATERIAL *vs.* POOR MATERIAL.
REX FLINTKOTE ROOFING *vs.* ALL OTHER KINDS.

The above tells the whole story, and means the only thoroughly reliable roofing *vs.* the other kinds that never give satisfaction. You can lay the blame for an unsatisfactory roof at your own door if you neglect to lay

REX Flintkote Roofing
TRADE MARK

Leaks are unknown where this roofing is used. Perfect satisfaction is the unvarying consequence. Fire underwriters endorse it; acids, alkalies, gas fumes, and rot have no effect upon it. Rats and all manner of vermin avoid it. **WARM Comfort in Winter. COOL Comfort in Summer.** An even temperature at all seasons. All this and more is enjoyed under this roofing. It outplaces, outwears, and outclasses all other kinds, and the prices are surprisingly reasonable. Easily laid, each roll containing nails, caps, and cement sufficient for laying, with full directions. We would like to send you our book, which tells more about it. Won't you write us to-day?

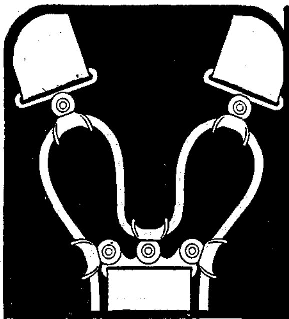
J. A. & W. BIRD & CO., 38 India Street, Boston, Mass.

Chickering
Pianos

THE name is familiar throughout the civilized world, and the wonderful achievements in the art of piano building are most fully exemplified in our instruments of the present year. They are the result of eighty years of experience in pianoforte construction.

We would especially call attention to the "Quarter (¼) Grand," the smallest Grand embodying modern principles ever made.

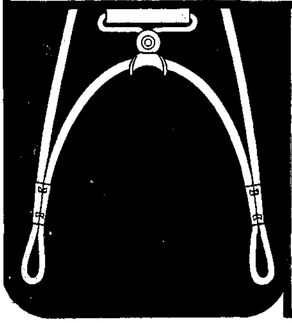
MANUFACTURED SOLELY BY
CHICKERING & SONS PIANOFORTE MAKERS
Established in 1823
801 Tremont Street, Boston, Mass.



The Comfort Back

adjusts itself with the rise and fall of the shoulders. Gives ease—takes strain.

PRESIDENT SUSPENDERS



Satisfaction, a new pair or your money back. Metal trimmings cannot rust—no leather to soil the shirt.

For summer comfort ask for the

LIGHTWEIGHT PRESIDENT

Price 50c and $1.00 any store or mailed.

THE C. A. EDGARTON MFG. CO.,
Box 314, Shirley, Mass.

"The only Linen Mesh Underwear that is guaranteed to wear to the satisfaction of the purchaser."

Stick to Undergarments
that won't stick to you.

Belfast Mesh

Linen Underwear

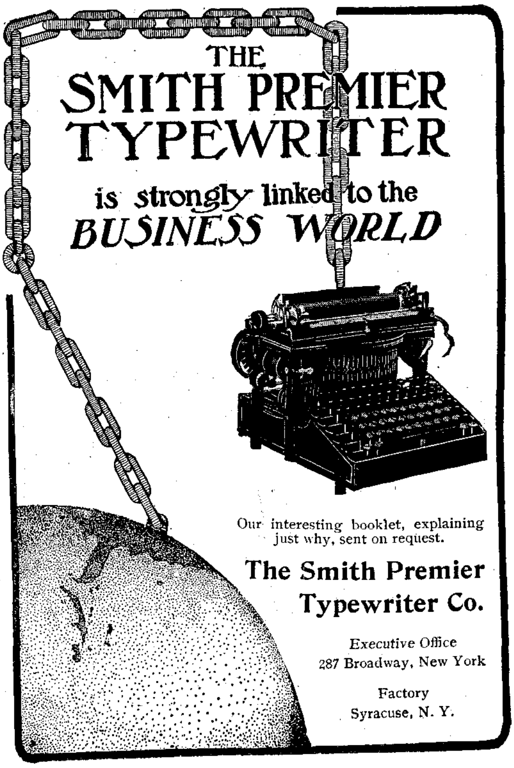
quickly absorbs moisture and as quickly dispels it—keeps you cool, clean, comfortable.

Send for Free Samples

of the fabric and our convincing book.

"Belfast Mesh" is for sale by good dealers everywhere. If yours will not supply it, do not take any other, but buy of us direct. Please let us hear from you at once—our samples will please you.

THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.
316 Mechanic St., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.



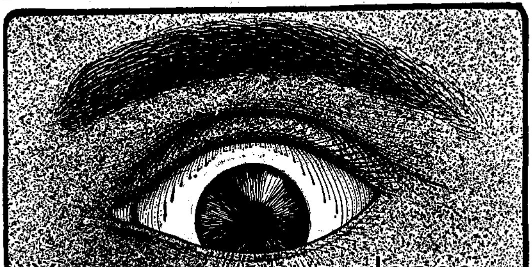
THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER is strongly linked to the BUSINESS WORLD

Our interesting booklet, explaining just why, sent on request.

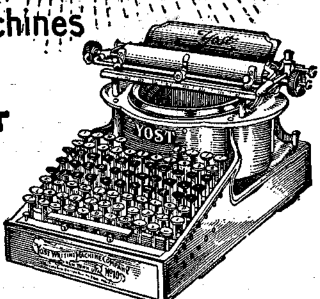
The Smith Premier Typewriter Co.

Executive Office
287 Broadway, New York

Factory
Syracuse, N. Y.



You can see at a glance why the YOST is superior to all other writing machines call and examine THE YOST



YOST WRITING MACHINE CO.
245 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.